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AUG. 11, 1934

Liberty

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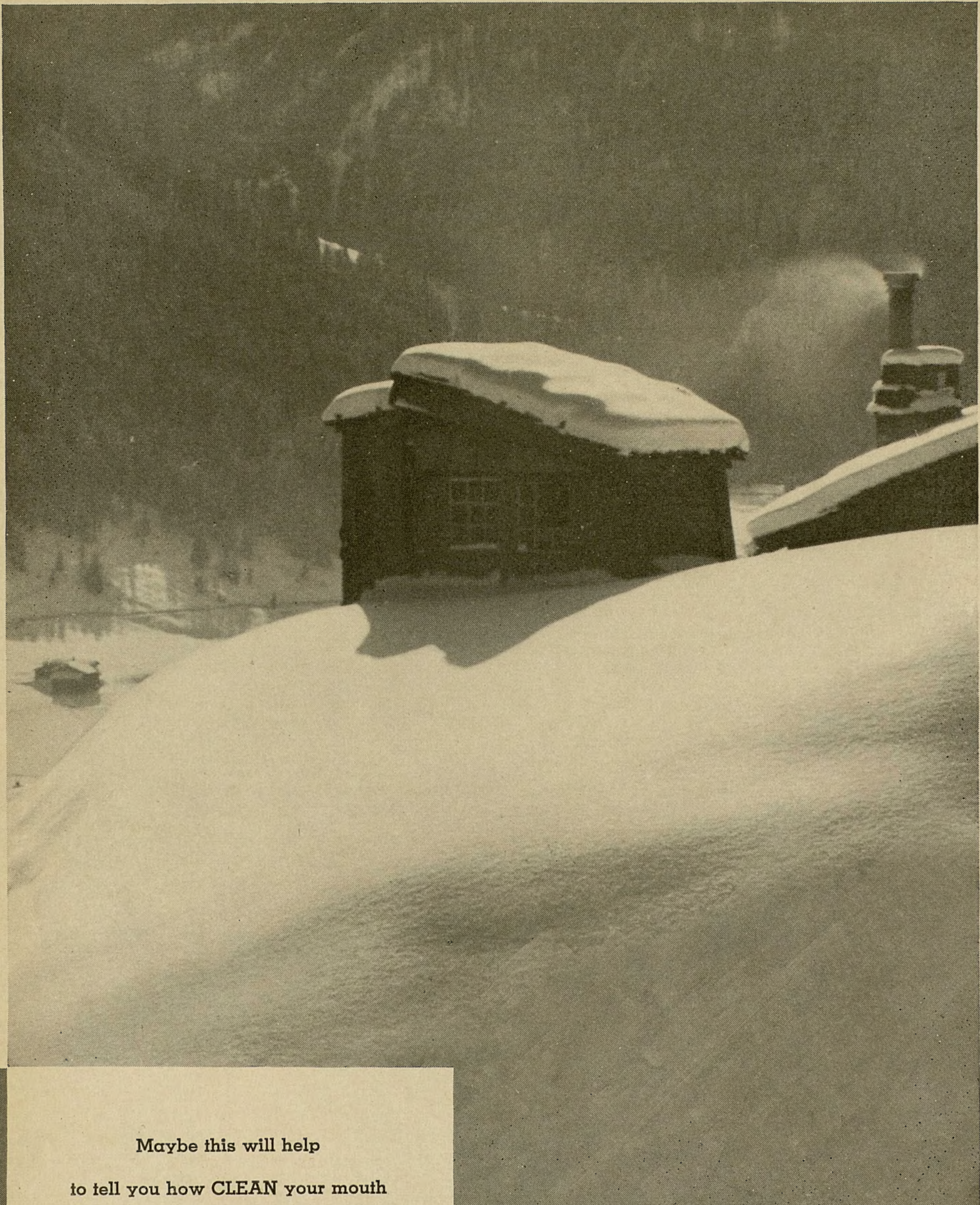

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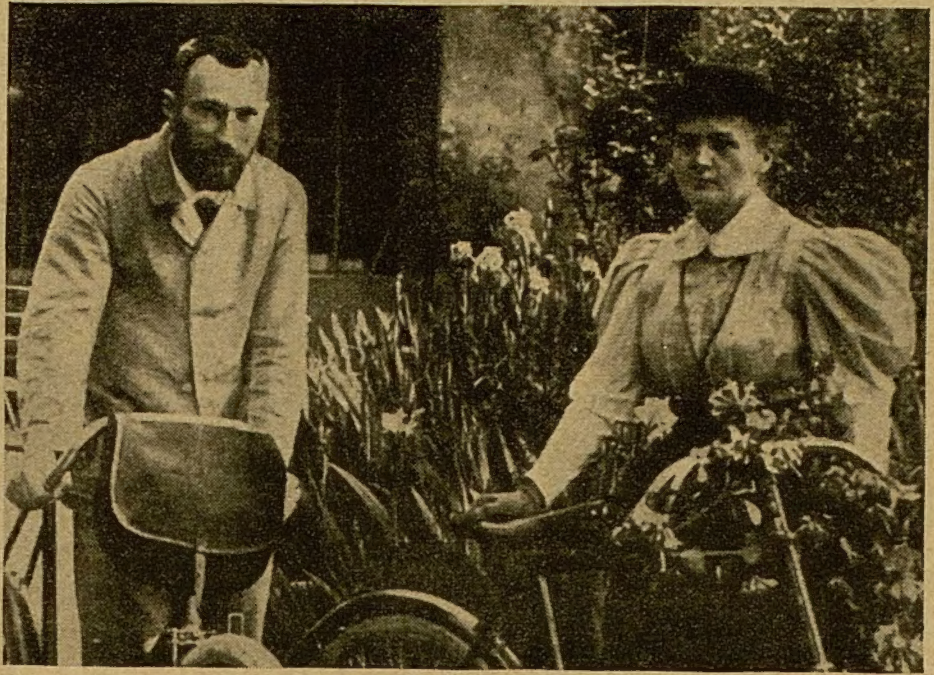
TOGETHER AGAIN

A Backward Glance at One of the World's Great Romances—How the Discoverers of Radium, Now Reunited in Death, Found Each Other in Life

by MABELL S. C. SMITH

READING TIME
4 MINUTES 10 SECONDS



U. & U. photo

Pierre and Marie Curie not long after their marriage.

THE tall Frenchman turned to greet an incoming fellow guest, a pretty Polish girl. He was Pierre Curie; she, Marie Sklodowska. Their host was a Polish professor on the faculty of the University of Fribourg, but living in Paris at the time. He and his wife had asked these two to meet at their table—an eager girl student of physics and an already well known physicist.

The meeting was highly successful. The one woman Pierre had known well was his mother. She was well educated, but far from learned in the sense in which Marie was.

Pierre asked if he might not see Marie again. They met at gatherings of the Physics Society and in the laboratory. He invited her to be present when he defended his thesis for his doctor's degree. Then he asked if he might call on her in her apartment. Finally he asked her to marry him.

The girl could not deny that she loved him. But she postponed a final decision and went home to Warsaw for her vacation in the summer of 1894 with the intention of discussing it all dispassionately with her father.

MABELL
S. C. SMITH
began as author with a novel, A Tar-Heel Baron, and has also written a history of Paris, biographies of Jeanne d'Arc and Napoleon, and other books. She is a Bostonian by birth. At one time she lived among the mountains of North Carolina.

Pierre wrote to her all summer—letters in which he told her of his hopes for the future. October found her again in Paris. On a July day in 1895, one of the city's twenty mayors officiated at their wedding. Marie's largest wedding present, a sum of money, she spent in buying two bicycles on which they might take rides into the country. Marriage did not check Pierre's work or Marie's. They found a three-room apartment not far from the school. Here Marie did the housework and cooking. Their companionship was of the happiest. Their scientific work was of mutual interest. They were *together*—a unit.

A daughter was born to them in September, 1897, and characteristically named Irene—Peace; but after only a week's rest Marie returned to the laboratory. She somehow found time to clothe, feed, and bathe and dress her baby.

Soon after Irene's birth the Curies' friend Henri Becquerel, who was making a study of uranium salts, happened one day to leave some uranium compound on a photographic plate covered with black paper. He found that the plate when uncovered looked as if lightstruck. Just what was in that compound? Marie determined to find out.

By a long series of painstaking examinations she found that thorium also had the power of giving out rays. She called this property "radioactivity," and concluded that there must be some unknown constituent influencing it.

This was exciting, and she urged her husband to join her in her research. They persisted until, in July, 1898, they reported to the scientific world the finding of a new radioactive element. Marie named it polonium, after her country. In December of the same year they announced the discovery of radium. Neither element was then isolated, and the Curies went on with this task.

Their first laboratory was a damp little room at the school. When they secured a ton of pitchblende from Bohemia they moved into a wooden shed. It had a leaky glass roof, was cold and poorly lighted, with only a balky cast-iron stove. The important isolation would have been made in two years instead of five if the persistent Curies had not been so hampered.

They practically lived in the laboratory. "Tranquillity," Marie says, "reigned in our poor shabby hangar."

AFTER two years they thought they would make better speed if they divided the work. Pierre continued his studies in radioactivity and Marie her search for radium salts. As a result of the publication of their discoveries belated honors began to flow in upon them. They were awarded (with Becquerel) the Nobel Prize, and, in England, the Davy Medal. In the midst of all this came a new baby—Eve Denise (1904).

In 1906 Pierre was run down by a truck and killed. So ended the earthly life together of Pierre and Marie Curie.

But he had often said, when thoughts of the death of one or the other had come to them, "Whatever happens, still one must always work." Marie worked on. She became interested in the therapeutic use of radium. She personally developed radiology and Curietherapy (radiotherapy) during the World War.

She received the Nobel Prize—the only person who has received it twice. Twice she visited America to receive gifts of radium for her personal use. She was interested in the work her daughter Irene (Mme. Joliot) is doing with radium and the atom. She was given her husband's position at the Sorbonne.

Marie once wrote of Pierre: "His tenderness was the most exquisite of blessings, sure and helpful, full of gentleness and solicitude. It was good to be surrounded by this tenderness; it was cruel to lose it after having lived in an atmosphere completely permeated by it." And he once wrote to her: "I think of you who fill my life, and I long for new powers. It seems to me that in concentrating my mind exclusively on you, as I am doing, I should succeed in seeing you, and in following what you are doing; and I should be able to make you feel that I am altogether yours at this moment."

Now again they are together.

THE END

AUGUST 11, 1934

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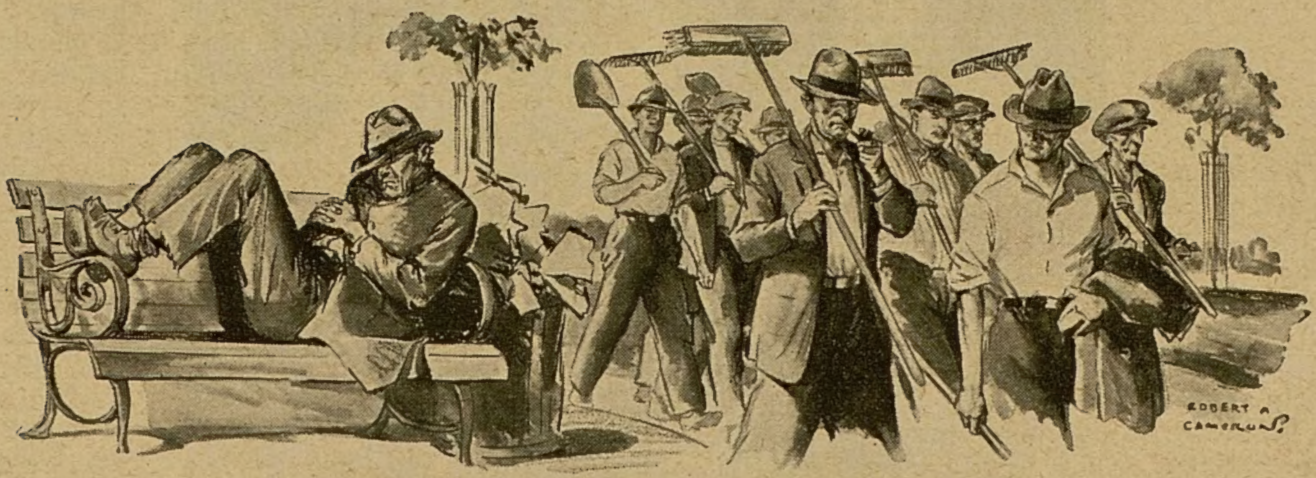
BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR

JOB INSURANCE FAR BETTER THAN UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE



THE President has demanded some form of unemployment insurance, and many legislators are searching for a plan which will protect workers who suddenly find themselves minus a job.

At first thought one is inclined to indorse this idea of unemployment insurance. Many workers spend all they earn; but few of them have formed the habit of saving.

Although the guaranties of unemployment insurance may not be a dole, the rewards come without immediate effort and if continued too long encourage laziness and idleness.

But the necessities of life can be guaranteed in a different and far better way!

And that is through job insurance!

There should be no such thing as unemployment. Every one should be insured a job—not necessarily for the wages he might previously have earned, for that is usually impossible, but there should be work of some kind for every one who desires to earn enough to pay for the actual necessities of life.

And if there is work of some kind for every victim of unemployment, idleness could be penalized. The dole could be entirely eliminated. Those who refuse to work could be denied food—that would soon make workers of everybody.

With the stimulation of hunger there would be but few slackers. Although a little fasting now and then is often beneficial, but few understand this psychology. When we stop eating we are supposed to begin immediately to starve to death. But the writer has fasted one day a week for nearly thirty years, and he considers himself America's youngest man at sixty-six years of age. He has personally conducted fasts all the way from one up to thirty days—hundreds of them—with no deaths recorded and with benefits in nearly every case.

Furthermore, when one is carrying unemployment insurance there is not the same compelling desire to hold on to a job. The security which is given through such a procedure would have a tendency to make some people careless. Why work when wages can be secured without working?

Every community should have some public improvement, or, if nothing better, a rock pile, or labor of some kind for every unemployment victim.

With such a plan every individual now on the dole—there are millions of them—could be put to work. We have to feed them, and any kind of work is better than nothing. Although the employment that is furnished may not be profitable to any one except the worker, it saves him from the stigma of charity. Therefore what we need is not unemployment insurance—it is job insurance!

And all those who are now idle who cannot be furnished a job can be sent back to the land. The Subsistence Homesteads Plan now being conducted at Washington under the direction of Mr. M. L. Wilson should be helpful in this situation.

Adjacent to practically every community could be found fertile land which could be divided into two or more acres and given or rented to those who are unable to secure work. And then if they are furnished a shack and the implements necessary to dig a living out of the ground, their most important problems would be solved.

Only experience can make one realize the injuries that result from prolonged unemployment. With nothing but a weekly dole to replace wages, mind, body, and soul disintegrate—ambition is crushed. But with job insurance this is abolished.

Unemployment insurance may be far better than nothing, but job insurance is an effective remedy. It puts everybody to work. It removes the idlers and the slackers. And there will be no further need for charity. Furthermore, with work for everybody the building of a worth-while citizenship becomes automatic.—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 62

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THE HAPPY MARRIED WOMAN HAS HER *Facts* STRAIGHT

EVERYTHING USED TO BE SO DIFFERENT

CAN IT POSSIBLY BE MY FAULT!

I'M GOING TO SEND FOR THAT BOOKLET
FACTS for WOMEN

Send for this exposition of facts

(She never just THINKS or GUESSES)

ABOUT the small things of life, one may be careless . . . not take the trouble to be right. But a successful, happy marriage is too vital, too important . . . the stakes are so high that it pays to *know*.

Some women are lucky at first. The course of married love runs smooth. Then comes a subtle change. Who is to blame? Ignorance of physical facts often lies at the bottom of it. Would things have been different if the wife understood?

Risks women run from poisons

Even when mothers "tell" their daughters, their information is likely to be woefully inadequate and out of date. In their day, antiseptic cleanliness was obtained by the use of germicides, but those germicides were deadly poisons. Strange as it may seem, some women still run these risks, even though doctors and nurses warn them against the practice.

How unnecessary these dangers are! For Science has produced a new type of antiseptic-germicide, comparable in strength with those old poisons and yet as mild and gentle as pure water in its effect on human tissues. This new antiseptic is called *Zonite*.

Science comes to the rescue

Consider the advantages of Zonite. You can leave a bottle of it anywhere on a shelf or table without fear that small children may poison themselves. Then, when you are using it yourself, there is no danger of desensitizing delicate membranes or causing areas of hardened scar-tissue.

Everywhere, women are using Zonite and telling their friends about it—telling them of the *non-poisonous* antiseptic that is far more powerful than *any dilution of carbolic acid* that can be used on the human body.

In liquid and semi-solid form

You can obtain Zonite in liquid form—30¢, 60¢ and $1.00 bottles. The semi-solid suppository form sells at $1.00 a dozen, each suppository sealed separately in glass vial. Many women use both.

Tell your circle of women friends about Zonite. They will thank you for the news, because Zonite opens a new kind of life to many. Zonite is for sale at all drug stores —or send for *free booklet* which gives frank, scientific information that you may want to pass on to your friends. Use the coupon below. Write today *before the last mail goes*.

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MORE FOR THE SAME MONEY

THAT'S WHY THOUSANDS ARE SWITCHING TO PLYMOUTH

As far as prices are concerned, it doesn't really matter which of the three leading low-priced cars you buy. For, delivered to your door, they all cost about the same.

Keep that fact very clearly in mind.

Now, what about value? That's another story. That's where a comparison of "All Three" will show you startling differences.

We would like to point out a few of them to you. They should interest every motorist who thinks about his safety, his comfort and the enjoyment he expects to get out of an automobile.

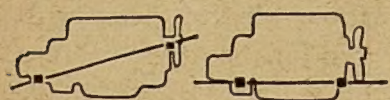
HYDRAULIC BRAKES FOR SAFETY

When you step on the brakes, you want your car to stop quickly and smoothly. You don't want to swerve to the left or right. That is why Plymouth has Hydraulic Brakes. They're always equalized . . . can't be otherwise. They save you frequent relining jobs. *Plymouth is the only low-priced car that has them.*

ALL-STEEL BODY FOR EXTRA SAFETY

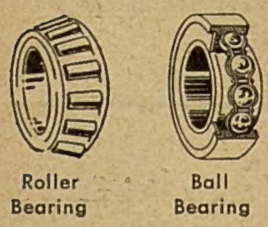
It stands to reason that a Steel Body... of steel reinforced with steel... is the safest kind to ride in. It's a self-evident truth. In these days of crowded highways, you can't afford to ride in any other kind. But there's more than safety involved. Plymouth's all-steel body actually stands up better. This body remains true . . . will not get out of line.

FLOATING POWER ENGINE MOUNTINGS



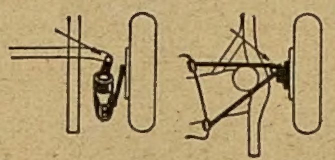
All cars now have rubber engine mountings of some kind. But don't let anyone tell you that these are the same as Floating Power. They're not. The use of Floating Power—a patented feature—is the modern way to suspend the engine in perfect balance so that vibration cannot reach the passengers. Only Plymouth has this extra feature in the low-price field.

THIRTY BALL AND ROLLER BEARINGS



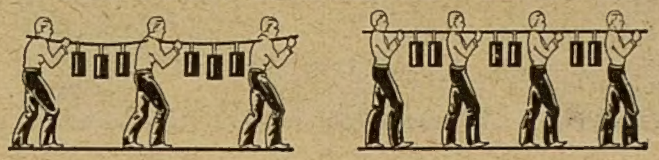
Roller bearings and ball bearings are marks of quality to those who know automobiles. The more anti-friction bearings, the better the car and the longer its life. Plymouth uses no less than 30 anti-friction bearings instead of bushings throughout its chassis.

INDIVIDUAL WHEEL SPRINGING



There are several types of individual or "knee-type" springs in use today. Plymouth has the scientifically correct type — one big coil steel spring on each front wheel. This is the same type that is used on the most expensive cars. Plymouth Individual Wheel Springing gives a much more comfortable back-seat ride. Bumps don't jar or jounce you.

FOUR MAIN CRANKSHAFT BEARINGS



The crankshaft is the backbone of the engine. Plymouth's crankshaft is supported by four main bearings. Other low-priced cars use *only three.* It is obvious that it costs more to do it Plymouth's way . . . and just as easy for you to see why this means much smoother performance and longer engine life.

ALUMINUM PISTONS WITH FOUR RINGS

3 Rings
4 Rings

In common with 80 per cent of all motor car manufacturers, Plymouth uses pistons of aluminum alloy. Then, to maintain maximum compression, Plymouth uses four piston rings instead of the usual three. This also gives you a worthwhile saving on oil. Plymouth is the only low-priced car with *four* piston rings.

SPECIAL VALVE-SEAT INSERTS

The necessity for frequent valve-grinding has always been a source of annoyance and expense to most automobile owners. Plymouth was the first low-priced car to adopt valve-seat inserts as an additional economy feature. Owners report that Plymouth's valve-seat inserts enable them to use their cars up to 30,000 miles without requiring a re-grinding job.

We have mentioned only eight Plymouth features. There are many more.

So since prices are all about the same, think of values! Go to any Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler dealer and ask to drive the new Plymouth.

Prices as low as $485 for the Standard Plymouth. Plymouth Special Six $560 up. De Luxe Plymouth from $595. All prices f. o. b. factory, subject to change without notice. Time payments on the Official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.

PLYMOUTH $485 AND UP F. O. B. FACTORY DETROIT

SOLD BY DODGE, DE SOTO AND CHRYSLER DEALERS

This Racket Called TENNIS

A Former Champion Speaks His Mind on Favoritism and the Money Angle in What, He Says, "Has Laughingly Been Called a Simon-Pure Game."

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

by ELLSWORTH VINES, Jr.

Amateur National Champion, 1931 and 1932

MONEY is the root of most evils in the amateur tennis world. I turned my back on amateur tennis and became a professional because the game has incorporated so much of my time I have no other means of making a living; because the amateurs, if paid at all, must sneak around corners to avoid the cry, "Professional!" despite the fact that some officials wink at the practice and call it a crime only when caught.

Perhaps the biggest source of income for the amateur rests in the "exhibition" matches which grow up around annual tournaments like mushrooms after rain. For reputations gained in the major competitions, officials of smaller tournaments are willing to bid. It is not uncommon to meet three or four scouts during a major court session who are present for the sole purpose of "picking up talent" for these exhibition matches. They are armed with cash offers or, in many instances, they will give away merchandise which can be taken around the corner and exchanged for cash. I have found myself in possession of a high-class leather suitcase; already having a leather suitcase, I turned the prize back to somebody who mysteriously appeared and made the offer of fifty dollars cash. It is not uncommon for the player to pit one scout against the other, thus selling his services to the highest bidder.

The Davis Cup competition affords five or six of the leading amateurs opportunities to save on liberal expense accounts, thus assuring the boys of a small but substantial award for a good month and a half of time given to the team. And why not? Certainly the cup competition attracts enough attention and makes enough money. In 1932, when we played in France, $120,000 was taken in

Acme photos

Ellsworth Vines, now a pro, in action. As champion he was—and he still is—America's most sensational young player since the rise of Tilden. Background: Vines vs. Henri Cochet at Forest Hills. Note the capacity gallery.

at the game. The net receipts were divided by the two countries and our American team was given a liberal traveling expense account. The lion's share, of course, went to the United States Lawn Tennis Association and the French Tennis Federation.

In America this money, along with the revenue from the national singles and doubles play, is converted into bonds and securities. A recent financial statement from the Tennis Association reveals a surplus of $30,000 for the last year despite the heavy overhead and other expenditures. The general audit places the wealth of this organization—built up by amateurs, mind you—at over $100,000.

Now the cup team, which is the goal of all amateurs, is chosen on a basis of ranking by a regular ranking committee of the U. S. L. T. A. However, the rankings, many years, are neither fair nor close to being correct. Which naturally puts our Davis Cup team at the mercy of a small group of individuals who insist on the stupid practice of rating the national players by their showing the preceding year. In other words, the 1934 national rankings have been made on the summer showing in 1933. But how about improvement during that winter period when many players work on their game?

Although not ranked in 1931 because of my showing in 1930, I had so improved my game that I won the Houston Invitational, defeating Cliff Sutter, then came North to defeat Johnny Van Ryn and George Lott (the Davis Cup doubles team that year), and finally won the national championship at Forest Hills. I was in the unique position of an unranked player holding the national title.

There is that more recent instance of Frank Shields, who had his worst year in 1932, but over the winter improved his game. Last year he swept through most of the major tournaments. Still, he was not named on the 1933 Davis Cup team because of a showing one year old.

The remedy? Simple enough. Set the national ratings over the winter, but do not announce them until after a spring tryout, which will clearly show whether they need be changed and whether the Davis Cup team will be really representative.

Big gates for the ranking tournaments and nominal expenses for high ranking players are the rule rather than the exception. Henri Cochet of France and myself played to 15,000 spectators at Forest Hills in 1932. At this time the tournament officials became so enthused with the spirit of amateurism that 1,000 extra tickets were issued, overselling the house and causing all manner of confusion in seating the crowd. Fourteen thousand spectators turned out to see Perry defeat Cochet last year in the challenge round of the Davis Cup.

FOR years it has been the cry of tournament managers that the expenses eat up the profits. More than often the announcement brings them in the "red." But year after year the galleries get larger, the players receiving no important money; and still money is lost, or nothing is left over—which may be quite correct after the constituted authorities get through dividing the spoils. If these tournaments lose money year in and year out, why do the clubs keep bidding for them?

I classify tournament tennis today with any other high-class amusement or entertainment. Officials are demanding more and more the services of "high-powered press agentry." Stimulation of public interest in sectional tournaments calls for boom-boom methods. The big gate comes from the interest outside the club circle—from Mr. and Mrs. John Public. Press agents with close newspaper contacts, advertising matter, and radio aid in bringing the public to the gate.

Then, of course, there is the "inside promotion"—the invitations extended to high-class drawing cards in England, Australia, and the Continent. Scouts have long been tipping off tournament managers to "watch out" for So-and-so. Newspaper clippings aid in the build-up of these players. All this is strictly according to Hoyle. Although the rule prohibits exploitation of the game or any of its players, officials of the United States Lawn Tennis Association or any other ranking body in the tennis world may take these steps at any time for the "good of the game or trying to improve general tennis conditions." Lord help the outsider or player who dares to initiate such a step!

There is still a more subtle build-up for the big gate. "Seeding" assures the meeting of the best players during the latter stages of the tournament. Although in many instances carefully arranged behind closed doors, it is far from being an underhanded procedure. And yet some ill practices grow up in it. Favoritism may be shown in the seeded draw. Two players may meet time and again in the early rounds throughout a tournament season. The draw includes, usually, sixty-four, and if it were made without seeding, the odds would be heavily against any two of the players meeting twice in early rounds. Cliff Sutter met Berkeley Bell five times in eight tournaments during 1933 and won all of these matches. Perhaps the officials who do the seeding overlooked the fact that Bell should be given a better break to reach the quarter-final round, but he never received it.

IN 1930 a prominent international player who started the season like a wild man defeated me in the national at Forest Hills. Later I was seeded in a prominent Pacific Coast tournament and my conqueror was not. By all manner of calculation I should not have met him until he had fought his way through the early rounds. However, "the luck of the draw" found me paired against him in a singles match the second day out, and he was eliminated—thus paving the way for the "seeded" stars to reach the quarter finals.

Special favors, designed to keep the topnotchers happy, have long been a grievance among the less fortunate players, those who have no name, no reputation to lend the tournament but who nevertheless make it possible to have tournaments. For instance, entry fees in major play run around two dollars for singles and four or five dollars for doubles. It is an "unbroken" rule that all players must pay their fees, which go to providing balls for the tournament. I can truthfully say that in three years, 1931-33, I paid only one entrance fee; this of course excludes the nationals, where no exceptions are made. How different it was during the early period of my competitive tennis! If the letter of the law had not been followed then religiously there would have been no Ellsworth Vines in tournament action.

Six major tennis tournaments make or break the American amateur player. They are all in the East where reside officials of that small closed corporation the United States Lawn Tennis Association, and where great influence backed by genteel affluence keeps the cream of tournaments. In order to get anywhere the young player must compete in all of them. Starting with the annual tournament at Seabright, they include Southampton, Rye, Newport, the national doubles play at Boston, and the national singles at Forest Hills.

At Seabright no traveling expenses are paid to any player—the theory they work on being, "If you want to become somebody in this game you will have to come to Seabright sooner or later." Pay your own way and Seabright will gladly see that you are given suitable accommodations *as long as you win.* Among those who were eliminated from the 1932 tournament and left before the finals were Berkeley Bell, Bryan Grant, Cliff Sutter, Keith Gledhill, and Junior Coen, the tennis protégé of Tilden.

Seabright club officials explain that it is necessary to have big gates for the annual tournament because six days' play on the grass courts ruins them. However, subsequently I learned that the dues at the club were exceptionally low. This, of course, forced a heavy tax on the big gate. In other words, that one annual tournament was carrying most of the financial burden which should have rested on the shoulders of club members who enjoyed club advantages the year around.

These big tournament gates are a bit out of proportion to the effort expended by the club toward the tournament's success. Usually the club's only contribution is the use of the courts and locker-room facilities. All of the club courts are tied up for two or three days, but when the matches near the quarter finals fewer courts are in use. Inconvenience to club members, then, comes only during the early rounds.

At Southampton no traveling expenses are forwarded or incidental expenses paid. Players are, generally, put up in private homes and invited to the family table. Crowds of 1,000 at two dollars a head are not unusual during the later stages of the play.

There is an interesting side light on this being "put up" in private homes. Too many times a player walks in the front door until he loses, and then is asked to come in the back. A prominent young player was invited to stop at a fashionable Southampton home. After he lost and dropped out of the play and just before the finals his hostess asked him to give up his room. However, she had provided for him in the servants' quarters if he wanted to stay for the rest of the tournament!

RYE rates the players according to ability. A top-notcher in this tournament gets more attention than Santa Claus at Christmas time. All his expenses are paid. Mediocre players, or the majority of the field, take a noncommissioned rating. Some of their expenses are paid, and they receive favors in proportion. It is a most ingenious method of rating—but fairer than the way these things are done in other tourneys. For there is always a chance of the field player stepping himself up into the more comfortable status. The one-match-and-out player at Rye receives proportionate attention—an admittance card if he pays his entrance fee in cash.

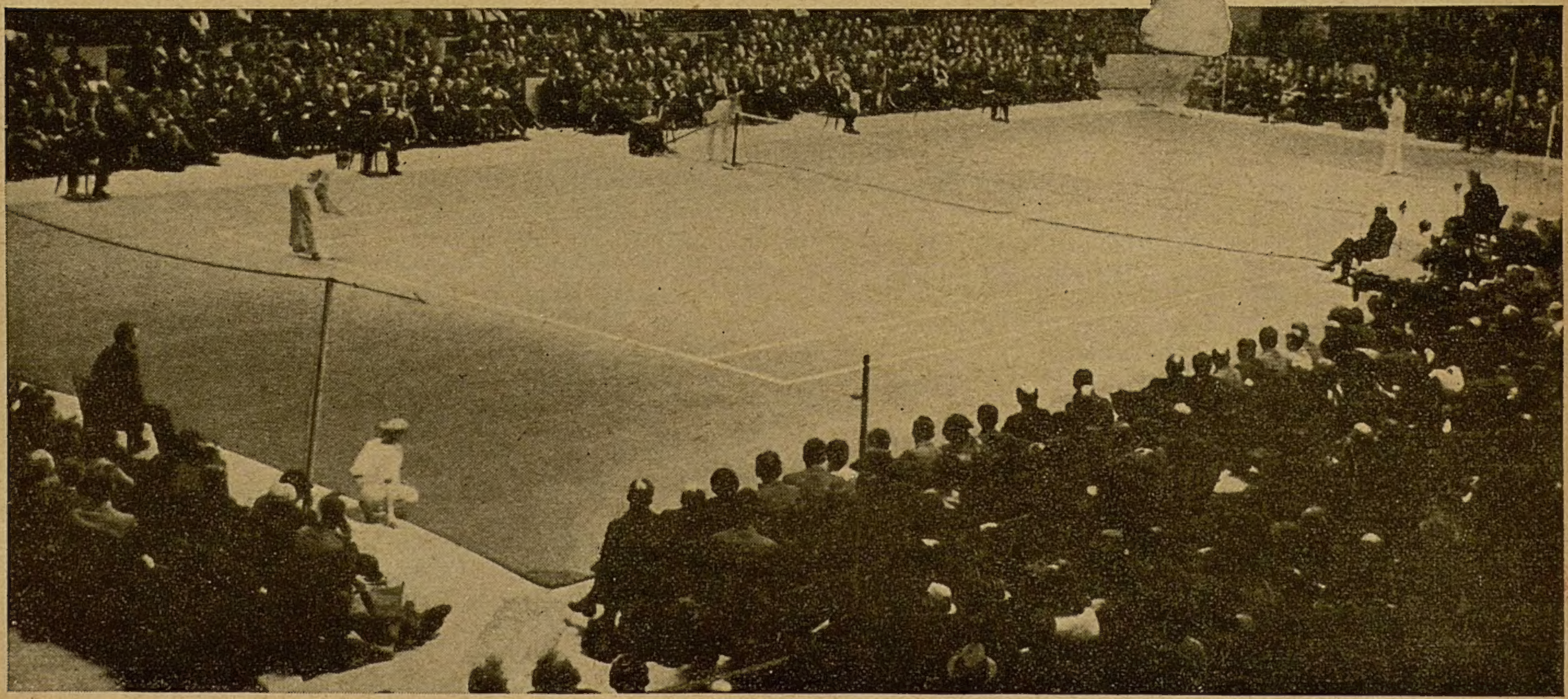
In all this amateur business Western players who show promise receive a far better break than Easterners. And because of that Eastern tournaments get a far better representation than Western. Every spring there is an exodus of California and southern California players who spread to the far corners of the country, playing in both major and minor tournaments. Many have all expenses paid, others are helped. On the other hand, Eastern associations' representatives pay their own way or stay at home.

Many Eastern ranking stars, such as John Van Ryn, Frank Shields, Gregory Mangin, and Sidney Wood, have never received any money from their Eastern Tennis Association. If they play they take their chances of paying their own bill or playing guest at the invitation of the tournament itself.

In my case the Southern California Association has been liberal, according me as well as other players a chance to meet the best competition in the majors.

Bill Tilden. Thanks to him, Vines says, pro tennis is now a "lucrative landing spot for the graduate amateur." Below: Tilden vs. Vines in a pro match in Madison Square Garden before 16,000 fans.

Acme photos



Newport is a great place for topnotchers but an uncomfortable tournament for those less conspicuous. Although no traveling expenses are paid, tournament tickets are free to the Four Hundred of the game, and the seeded players as well as the old-time champion are given the best of accommodations at the hotel. Ninety players are usually in the draw with twenty or so seeded. The announcement is hailed as a yardstick by which to measure the treatment to be accorded. Now don't get the idea that lesser-light players are purposely shunned, but in the hurry and bustle and, usually, the inefficiency, only the big names which mean big gates get attention.

At Newport I have seen twenty or thirty players—all of them just as concerned about their matches on the morrow as myself—trying to sleep comfortably on army cots in one room. No clothes closets and one bathroom to accommodate the bunch. Even the poorest race horse is given a separate stall and the best of treatment. Sure, the boys made the best of it. In fact it was a lark. But why should some of us sit in luxury while the big field, which made the tournament, lolled around laughing at their own predicament?

Many of the more fortunate, including myself, have gone to tournament committees requesting better accommodations for particular friends. It should not be. Either we should all travel first class or we all enjoy steerage together. I want to impress on the minds of tournament managers that a drawing card may be essential for their gate, but the class and grade of play throughout their tournament rests with those others who have the abdominal fortitude to accept the situation and still play until eliminated. They should be considered.

As for meals, the same rule holds. The topnotchers might and did eat what they wanted. The rest of the company retired to a good restaurant—in the back—and filled their wants with the wishes of the tournament committee. Usually it consisted of a special training dinner. There is another handicap placed on the players. They must be on time. Now this, you understand, is for invited guests—forget their playing ability. If they show up late, they have to pay for their own dinner. Would you request that of guests in your own home? And, going further, would you request it of a business man who was making you money, regardless of whether he showed up late for an appointment or not?

At Newport they have thirty-two boxes and sell them at seventy-five dollars a tournament. During the week 10,000 people watched us play at an average of a dollar a person. You may add a bit to these figures, for there was charge for morning and afternoon play.

In view of the big gate there was little excuse for not improving the players' accommodations. No electric lights had been installed in the locker room, and the general appointments might have suited a hardy war campaigner, but did not come up to the standard usually associated with tennis and Newport.

WHAT is lacking in athletic comfort and playing conditions, tournament managers attempt to make up by introducing players to an expensive and glamorous round of social functions. Several of the major tournaments depend upon the small but exclusive colony of Social Registerites to open the doors of their large and luxurious homes for entertainment.

It has been my good fortune to count among my friends Mr. and Mrs. James Stewart Cushman of Newport and New York whose hospitality and charm have many times lightened the load that an important tournament heaps upon one. Within the ranks of the game itself Bernon S. Prentice, Fitz Eugene Dixon, Sidney Wood, Jr., R. Norris Williams, and in London, Bunny Austin, all have contributed toward the entertainment side of tournament play.

Boston and its Longwood Bowl tournament was the first major play I ever had the pleasure of entering. The Vines of 1930 in Boston was a lanky youngster, a bit uncertain, and at times bewildered by the mechanics of the tournament. I kept pretty much to myself, was seldom asked anywhere, and spent most of my time on tennis. The next tournament, at Crescent Athletic Club in Brooklyn, paved the way for a tennis reputation and a multitude of invitations that never would have been extended to the Vines of the preceding tourney.

On the national singles at Forest Hills much can be said. Personally, in 1930 I was left alone, which I preferred. The United States Lawn Tennis Association took no part in paying my personal expenses, for the business end of the trip was handled by my local association. However, the U. S. L. T. A. would not have done it had the Southern California body been unable to send me East. Some written or unwritten law of the national body forbade paying any expenses, yet as national champion I played to 9,000 spectators on the final day in 1931, and to over 15,000 in the finals the following year.

Since it is practically mandatory that one play in the nationals, for no decent rating can be obtained otherwise, the backing of a local association is a comfortable feeling. Wilmer Allison, Keith Gledhill, George Lott, Frank Shields, and John Van Ryn are forced to pay their own expenses. No local association will help them, and neither will the U. S. L. T. A., so much more money to the good because of their entry. However, year after year they enter, adding class and color to the tournament —as well as writing checks to pay expenses.

IN fact, the officials of this tournament have gone so far as to sell individual tickets allowed players—in order to accommodate the paying customers. The player gives up his personal ticket; the U. S. L. T. A. pockets the money. During the finals of 1932 eliminated players were, as customary, allowed tickets on the center court to watch the wind-up of a tournament they were interested in. But the seat sale was too heavy and the temptation too great, so all players' seats were sold to the public, and those players who relied on official graciousness were forced to read the newspapers to learn how the match came out.

All the associations throughout the country agree that no player should make a move in the direction of the gate. However, in the past the California Tennis Association, a member of the parent body, has never hesitated to "exploit" Mrs. Helen Wills Moody, sending her about the country to exhibition tournaments where there is a satisfactory guaranty that some of the gate receipts will find its way back.

In California I can see much good from the exploitation of a star in the development of local tournaments because that gate money is used to produce young tennis players —to give them free rackets, free lessons; to send them to far-off junior tournaments. There is none of this spending money on club grounds, using it to cut down membership dues, or wasting it on handsome banquets for a few of the active players and an army of officials.

But in the last year a great deal of this exploitation has been wiped out by the association officials themselves. They are farsighted enough to see that the introduction of a money angle into what has laughingly been called a Simon-pure game is getting beyond control. It must be stopped somewhere or brought out into the open with alteration of the hidebound rules of amateurism.

In the development of young players the Far West is away in advance of the East—principally due to the interest taken in the youngsters by the California and Southern California Tennis Associations. A certain amount of the money received from the big gate of the Pacific Southwest is set aside for the development of the youngsters. They are brought along carefully and then sent East to compete in major competition.

It is significant that seldom do any of the Eastern tennis clubs send their youngsters to the nationals at Culver, Indiana, where many of the southern California boys and girls under eighteen have received the start that sent them skylarking into big-time competition.

I have not forgotten the Midwest. Most of the tournament play centers around Kansas City, Chicago, and Detroit. However, most of the major players pass up Midwest invitations because of the terrific heat which usually attends the play, and because they would be playing on hard surfaces just before the opening of the grass-court season in the East. As a matter of fact the Michigan state championships at Detroit and the Western championships at Chicago are two fine tournaments. Treatment of players is excellent. Most of those who have attended have enjoyed themselves more than they do during a season in the East.

The Midwest is not devoid of national ranking racket wielders. George Lott hails from Chicago, Frankie Parker from Milwaukee, and John Hennessey, formerly a high ranking star, from Indianapolis. There is a possibility that in the future, if the indoor game takes hold there, a new crop of hard-slashing, speed-ball players may spring up in the middle section of the country.

WITH the development of the outright professional game another stride forward has been made. Thanks to "Big Bill" Tilden, the professional field has blossomed into a lucrative landing spot for the graduate amateur. Within the next two years I expect open tournaments to be held where pro and amateur may rub shoulders without contaminating each other. Certainly if the United States Lawn Tennis Association frowns, the professionals, of whom I am now a member, will announce their own plans for an open tournament, inviting the country's greatest amateurs.

In all probability international professional tennis will take a big leap forward with the introduction of a professional Davis Cup competition and an international open tournament. Already the International Tennis Professional Association is hard at work on these plans.

Surfaces, perhaps, are the next big problem confronting American net officials. To be sure, the East does not wish to lose its grass courts, which are the surface for the national competition. But the time is not far away when the clay or composition court will predominate in this country as well as in France, Germany, Spain, and Italy. Only England, Australia, and America cling to the grass surface today.

Some of the actions of the U. S. L. T. A. may be explained by the fact that on the many committees are only one or two men who have been international or national players of repute. Favoritism and special privileges go hand in hand with big gates. If such a minor thing as a player's enjoyment should get in the way of big-gates schedule making, the player can like it or default.

A solution for the ills which attack the amateur game today may be found in closer coöperation between the U. S. L. T. A. and the high-ranking players. More active tennis players and fewer officials on the committees may pave the way for this understanding.

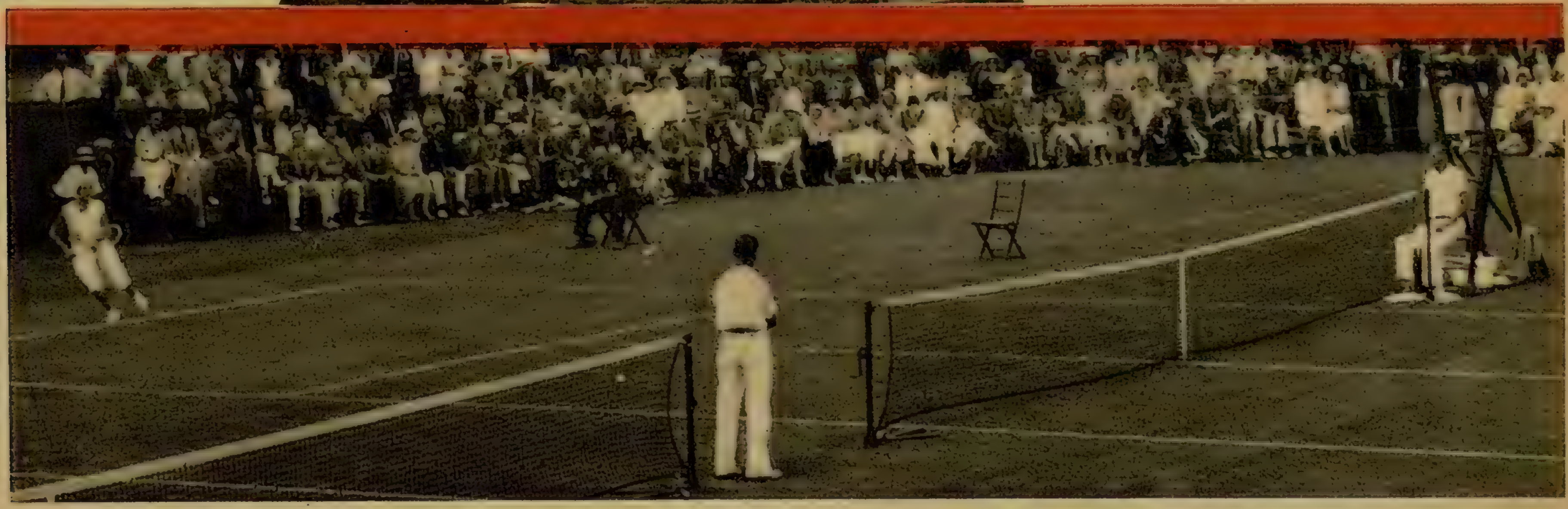
THE END

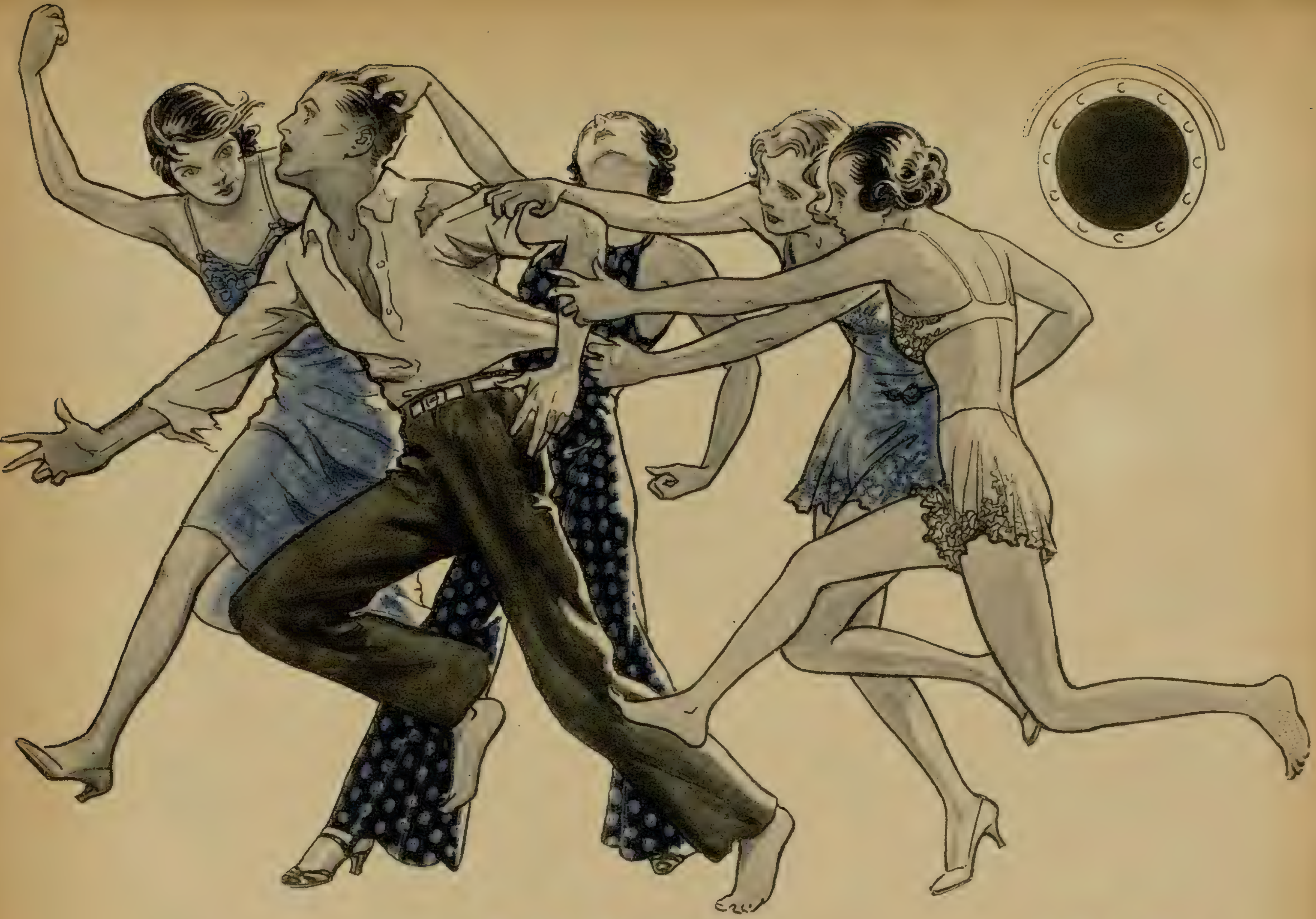
Acme photos

Four great drawing cards. Left to right: George Lott, John Doeg, Wilmer Allison, John Van Ryn.

Left: Frank Shields at the end of a full-power backhand drive. He is another magnet who draws in big "gates."

Below: The two Helens, Jacobs and Moody—the former playing in the court's left end—meet at Seabright.





Jack ran around the group toward the ladder to the crow's nest. It would have been different if they had been laughing. They were not.

What, No

The Hilarious Tale of a Stormy Voyage and Seven (Count 'Em) Sirens on the Loose . . . Reader, in This Predicament, What Would You Have Done?

READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES 11 SECONDS

JOHN BERFORD REXLEY DUVAL PARKER slid to the floor of his father's limousine and lay there. His father stared at him for a moment and chewed on his cigar.

"Hurry!" he bellowed at his chauffeur.

Angela Bates, the fourth occupant of the automobile, turned her face toward the sordid thoroughfare through which the vehicle progressed and tried to dry a tear without being observed. Her shoulders convulsed once. Her voice strangled a little when she spoke:

"I suppose it's no use to insist that Jack loves me, Mr. Parker?"

"Bah! Do you know how many chorus girls he's 'loved' in the last five years? Hundreds? And that doesn't count models—cloak and artists'. He's woman-mushy. A fine end for the son of a man who once mined coal! Love!"

The girl's face was pale. She tried again: "And it's no use trying to tell you that chorus girls—oh, well—that I went to normal school and studied to be a teacher? That I'm only—"

The older man looked at her. "Absolutely not! I wouldn't care if you were a cross between Mme. Curie and Queen Mary. You're in the front row of Hotsy-Totsy. That's enough for me. Look here. I'm in charge of this business. I got him drunk. If five thousand dollars would help dry up those tears—"

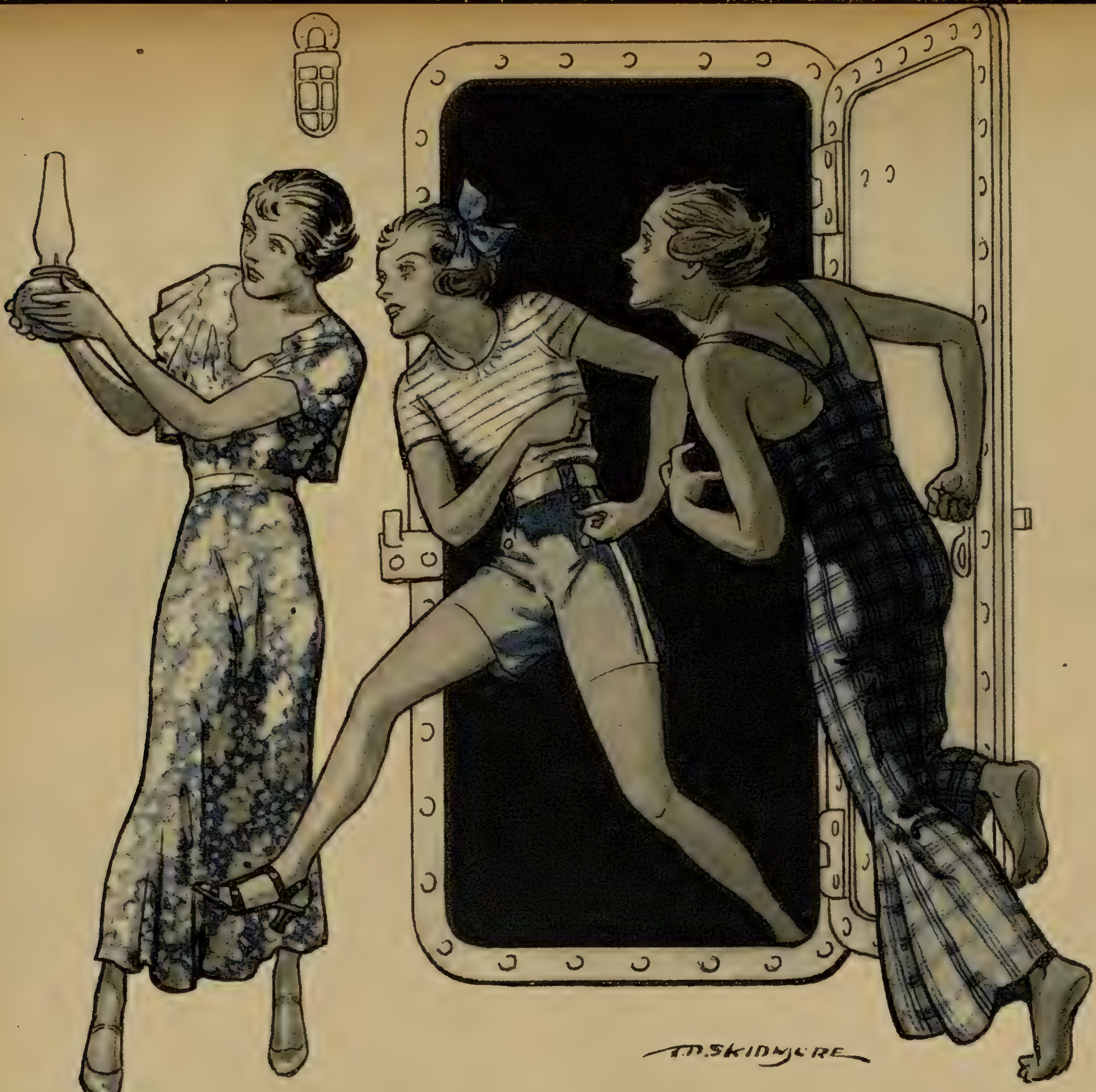
The girl whirled in her seat to face him. Her dark-blue eyes blazed. Her beauty was lost in fury. But she did not speak. The expression faded. "All right," she said. "Five thousand dollars—"

The car stopped. Its door was opened by a short Herculean man with a brown and evil face. "This him?"

Mr. Parker nodded.

"Hey, Bill! Ed! Give a hand here."

Two equally tough men bent into the car, seized Jack, and carried him across a pier to the gangplank of an



Harem?

by PHILIP WYLIE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY T. D. SKIDMORE

unsavory-looking steamship that had a single funnel, rusty sides, and a dismal whistle which croaked once as Jack Parker was taken aboard.

Angela wept quietly and to herself.

Mr. Parker snorted and slammed the car door. . . .

JACK opened his eyes. Pain spurted through his head.

" A beaut! " he whispered to himself. " Funny! " A frown crossed his pallid features. He recalled dimly that his father had been responsible for insisting that he take his last four or five drinks. It was very unlike the old man.

" A beaut! " Jack repeated, thinking of his hangover. Then his heart missed completely in its already uneven activity. Jack was in the dark, but he felt a lift and fall stronger than any that might have been caused by his condition and he heard the steady pounding of a ship's engines.

He was out on somebody's yacht! Whose?

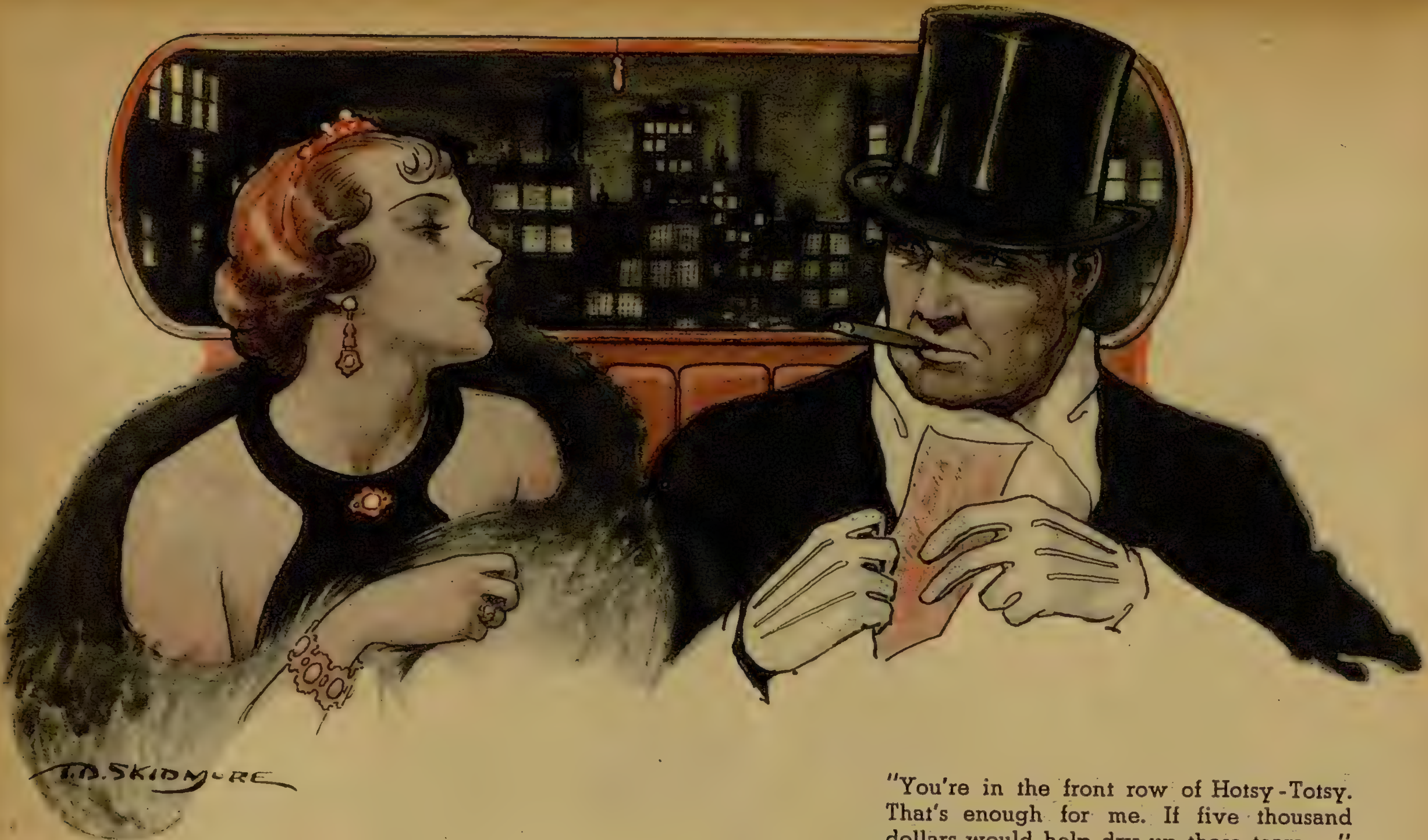
He saw a blur of light and a companionway. It did not look like the immaculate staircase of a private yacht, but he went up to it, rubbing his forehead. When he came out on deck he perceived that the Kathleen was by no means a palatial vessel. " What the hell! " he murmured. He saw three men in the murk on the bridge. He went there.

He asked questions.

One of the men, black-mustached and grimy, with a vast belly and a greasy cap marked " Captain," chuckled and handed Jack an envelope. In it was a letter from his father.

Snatches of that letter burned into his brain:

". . . didn't mind it for a year or two, but when you got to be known in town as the personal property of every blonde, brunette, titian, platinumette . . . The Kathleen isn't much of a ship and it's not going to stop for a long, long time, but I'm sure when you've polished your share of brass and painted your portion of deck you'll begin to see the light . . . hate to take extreme measures, but since you won't marry decently and settle down



"You're in the front row of Hotsy-Totsy. That's enough for me. If five thousand dollars would help dry up those tears —"

. . . and I don't want to see you until you've changed your mind."

"Turn around," Jack said calmly.

The captain shook his head.

"I said, turn around. My old man's made a horrible mistake. You've got to go back."

The captain grinned. "Too many girls, eh? Some people wouldn't mind that life, believe me. I wouldn't. Well, sleep it off. In the morning we'll set you to work."

"I said, put about."

There was something in Jack's voice that made the captain squint at him.

"You're not by any chance trying to get tough?"

"I will unless—"

"Unless what?"

Jack was seized by a fit of insanity compounded of anger and frustration and disappointment and fear. His state was not such as to enhance intelligent mental function. He spoke furiously.

"Why, you—" the captain said, and hit him.

Jack hit back. It was a good fight, considering that he was outnumbered. But when he dropped cold on the floor, the captain kicked him in the head and had him dragged below.

The next time Jack woke, his headache was worse. There was dried blood on his face and a cut above his temple. Some one brought a bowl of boiled potatoes and ham. The sight of food made him sick. Just before sundown he staggered out on deck. The captain saw him. "Hey, you!" he yelled. "Come over here. Take this swill and throw it overboard."

That was the beginning.

In four days hangover, headache, and debility had gone. Jack was tough. He had inherited a strong man's constitution. In fact, if he had not possessed an iron physique his excesses in the night life of the metropolis would have put him in a sanitarium long before. Only the sturdy can be Don Juans, hard drinkers, polo players, and squash champions simultaneously.

Jack kept his bitterness to himself and made friends with none of the slovenly and shifty-eyed crew. He did his arduous duty, ate the ship's vile food, and said nothing. If at night when he crawled into his bunk he recalled exquisite faces and heard the strains of music, if he dreamed of champagne and light love, of laughter and fun and long rows of dancing girls, he told no one.

At the first port he tried to escape. A fly-ridden shanty town at a pier end in the jungle. Just before he dived overboard, some one, presumably the captain, hit him over the head with a wrench.

He resumed the voyage bloody, aching, and silent. The stinking ship sweated and clanked through endless tropical waters. His sunburn blistered and became a tan. He worked without a shirt. A few of the men tried to communicate with him, but he never said more than was necessary. Five years of voluptuous living must have made this leisure time almost unendurable, but he never joined the other men in their lurid extraversion of denial—talk of love and lust.

WHEN the Kathleen caught fire, Jack with the others bent every effort to stifle the flames. The deck load of lumber blazed furiously. Darkening skies and an inky smoothness of the water urged them on. Storms in that region could be quick and brutal.

The lumber burned, sending a black column toward the black heavens. The crew slaved for their lives. And the captain, knowing that underneath the lumber was a cache of smuggled hand grenades and guncotton, abandoned the effort when the first insidious ripples of wind presaged a natural disaster if they delayed any longer. The boats went over.

They missed Jack because, wrapped in smoke, he had fallen to the deck unconscious.

When the pair of lifeboats rowed away from the Kathleen it was assumed by each of the two in command that Jack was in the other's craft. And the storm came roaring upon them, making the importance of Jack as nothing.

Torrents of rain fell upon the Kathleen. Nature did what man had failed to do: the flames were smothered before the vessel was blown to smithereens.

Jack was accustomed now to painful returns of sensibility. When he lifted his head this time, his lungs smarted. The Kathleen was writhing in a hideous sea. The air was black and full of water that flew upon him as if in pailfuls, sometimes fresh, sometimes salt. Only a little yellow light around the horizon lent a hellish visibility to the scene. He crawled from a cable that held the lumber in place to a winch and from it into the deck house.

Seas tore off the deck load finally. He knelt at a porthole and watched.

Twenty hours later the seas subsided and the sun came out. He was alone, master of the Kathleen, drifting somewhere in the South Pacific. He had no idea of how to start the ship, even if it had been possible. The propellers were not turning. The fires were growing cold. He went to the galley and made coffee for himself. He ate a can of corned beef. He observed that there was water in the lower part of the ship. He marked its level on a doorsill, and noted in three hours that it had not risen.

The ship, then, was in no danger of sinking. He had ample food. He read the log and found the approximate position of the vessel at the time of the last entry. Then he searched through the charts and studied ship lanes. Apparently the route of the Kathleen was not a popular one. He read about the weather in his latitude. He perceived that he could expect four months of calm—and that storms such as the one that had just descended were rare. The tendency of the prevailing winds and the ocean current was to carry him toward less and less frequented waters.

" A dull winter," he said to himself, thus completely defining the prospects.

FOR two days it was excessively dull. He decided that he could never hope to stoke the ship, run its engines, and steer. He'd have to wait. His only duties would be to feed himself and to watch. He found some rockets and got them ready. He fixed up a comfortable bunk for himself in the captain's quarters. He knew, from the missing lifeboats and from the residue of the illegal arsenal, that the men had gone voluntarily, and why they had gone. He threw the explosives overboard.

The sun was broiling hot. The nights were lush and starry. A flying fish accidentally came aboard on the morning of the third day, and he ate it. He decided to do a little fishing of his own accord, but he did not hurry his preparations, as he had time. Time. Æons of it! He thought occasionally that the lifeboats must have foundered, and he felt sorry when he imagined what his father's feelings would be.

Everything changed on the afternoon of the third day. It changed because of the appearance of a speck on the horizon. Through the glasses he saw that the speck was a boat. There were people in it—waving and rowing. He assumed it was one of the Kathleen's boats, and he hoped that the captain was not on it. He was vaguely disappointed. There had been something idyllic in his solitude. But the return of a crew would mean a quick trip to civilization.

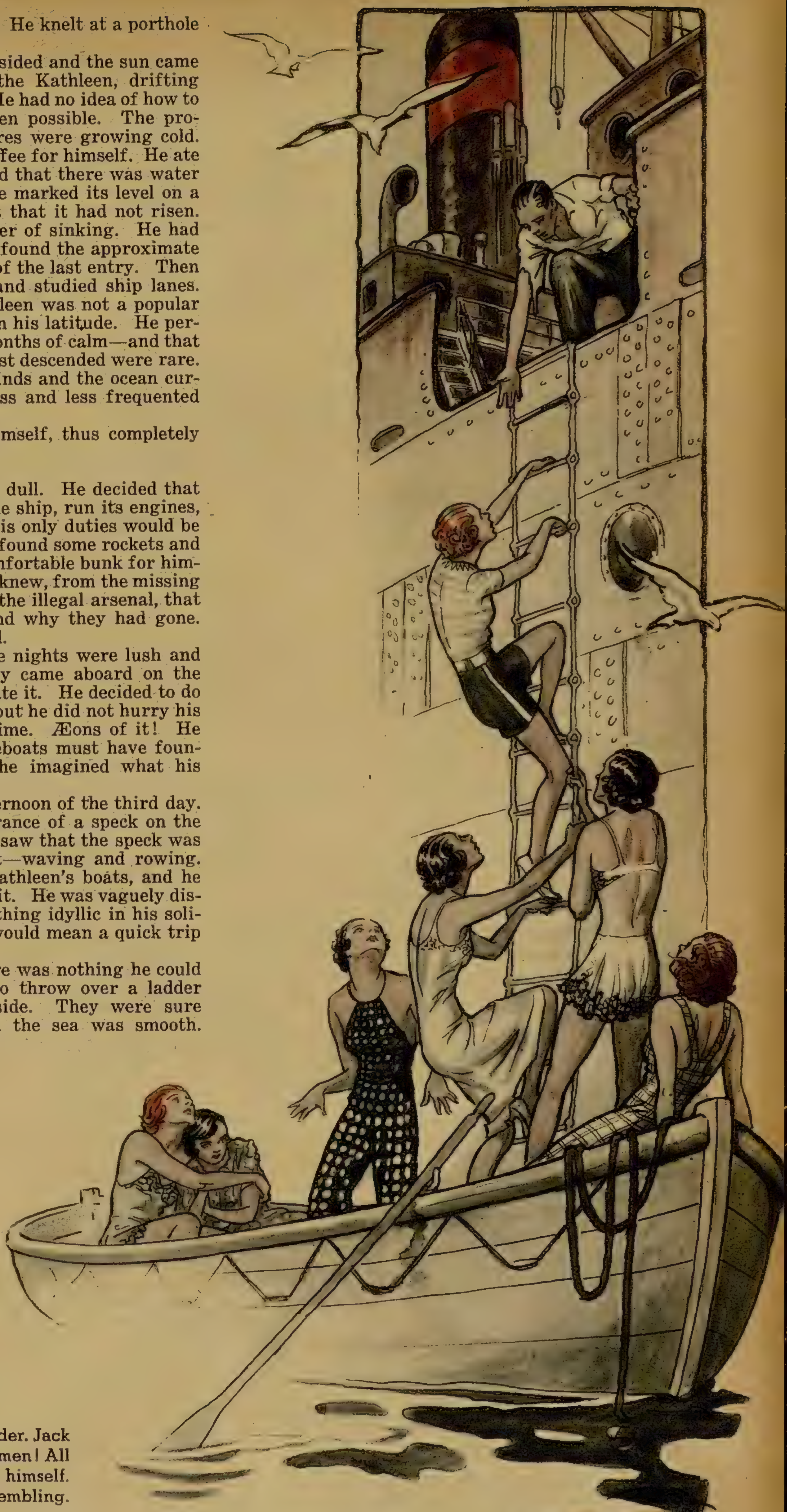
The boat came on slowly. There was nothing he could do to aid its occupants except to throw over a ladder when they reached the ship's side. They were sure to do that. No wind blew and the sea was smooth.

As the boat drew near, Jack noticed that the rowing was very unseamanlike. Then through his glasses he saw to his astonishment that one of the people in the boat was a woman. She stood in the bow, waving.

A white lifeboat. He ran to the rail and waved back. He heard cheers, feminine cheers. Suddenly he saw that *all* the people in the boat were women. Their flag of despair was a dress on an oar.

" Hello! " he yelled.

" Hello! " they yelled back.



Soon they came weakly up the ladder. Jack looked at the castaways. Seven women! All of them beautiful. Jack pinched himself. The girls came aboard sobbing, trembling.

Soon they came weakly up the ladder. Their lifeboat bumped the ship's side, drifted astern, and was forgotten.

Jack looked at the castaways. Seven women! Two wore pyjamas—salt-stained, torn, dirty. Two were in their underwear. None of them was more than twenty-five years old. All of them were beautiful—even thus disheveled, they were beautiful. Jack thought that a new and more dangerous state of mind had seized upon him. Insanity! He pinched himself. It hurt.

The girls came aboard crying, sobbing, trembling, helping each other. One fainted. Two more collapsed.

The tallest of them, a blonde, spoke to him: "We've been there three days. Water ran out yesterday."

Jack vanished like a flash. He came back with a pail of water and tin cups.

"Take it easy at first," he said.

The girls snatched the cups and drank. Jack's earnest advice to be sparing did no good. The entire pailful of water disappeared.

"Food?" It was whispered by a little dark girl with large eyes.

He went to the galley again. He came back with his arms loaded. Still crying—even the tall blonde was weeping now—they fell upon his provisions. And only after they had eaten mouthfuls did they take in their surroundings and ask questions.

"Where's the rest of the crew?"

"Left in boats."

"You the captain?"

"No; they overlooked me—I guess."

"You mean—you're alone?"

"Exactly."

"Well—start the ship."

"Can't."

All seven girls were listening. The tall blonde spoke for them. She stared at the empty davits, the surrounding sea. "You mean to say—we're stuck here?"

"Better than the boat." The girl shuddered. "Sorry. Yes. You're stuck here. But there's plenty to eat. And we're bound to be picked up sooner or later. I can guarantee good weather—"

"What do you mean—sooner or later?"

"I don't know. Tomorrow. In a month. Two months."

"Two months!"

He stared at his startled audience and nodded. "Mind telling me how you happened to be—"

"Ever hear of a show called Busy Days?"

"Of course."

"We're half the chorus of the road company."

He stared.

"On a world tour with the show," the blonde said. "We were aboard the Midsuti. I—I guess it sank. There was a storm—"

"Yes."

"They got us up at night yelling, 'Women first!' They shoved seven of us in a boat and started it down. The ropes broke, and then—well, pal, we were at sea until we found you. What's your name?"

"John Parker."

THE girl started. "Not Playboy Parker! Not with that five-days beard—and— My gosh, girls—it is!"

The show girls, their thirst and hunger partially assuaged, showed interest. A girl whose red hair had only been curled tighter by the wind and water gestured to him. "Then you know Gladys Song? And Billie Adore? And Sue Summer?"

"Intimately. All of them."

"Holy hell!" said the blonde.

Esther, Paula, Ruth, Maria, Charlotte, Dolores, and Cleo were their names. Seven of them.

And when they realized that the unshaven man in the torn shirt was Playboy Parker they also recalled the fact that they were only half dressed and without make-up, that their finger nails were broken. There was a little flurry into the deck house and cautious questioning about the wardrobe facilities of the vessel. When only heavy shoes and pea-jackets, flannel shirts and dirty trousers were produced, Esther, the blonde, went out on deck and spoke to John Parker.

"Look. There's nothing in this yacht fit to wear. It's hot here and clothes aren't especially needed. We're seven to one, and we assume that you've been in the baldheaded row long enough not to be startled by the female form divine. We've voted to forget about the garment industry more or less. If you don't like it you can lump it. And if you get fresh—why, remember, seven to one!"

Jack grinned. "I was on the point of suggesting it. Look out for sunburn."

"Sunburn me eye. We've been playing in hot countries so long we all look like high-yellow gals. Say! You've shaved!"

"Under the circumstances."

"Well, how about rallying us a little dinner?"

He grinned. "Sure. Lend me a hand."

"We're chorus girls, not cooks."

"O. K. You can wash dishes."

He started back to the galley. Esther wandered into the officers' quarters, which had been confiscated by the girls. "Our boy friend has shaved. He's cooking us a meal. And I may say—finnies! I saw him first—shaved, anyway."

"Oh, yeah?" Cleo, Dolores, and Ruth spoke simultaneously.

Paula, combing her golden tresses, said, "It's going to be tough around here—with only one man."

Charlotte was rubbing the single garment she possessed between her fists to get the stiff saltiness out of it. "I wonder how long we'll be here."

Ruth said, "Maria's coming to. Look."

MARIA, who had fainted upon arrival, had secretly produced her pocketbook, which she had rescued together with herself from the foundering passenger ship. She had taken out a lipstick and was engaged in expertly reddening her lips.

"Hey! After you!"

"Nix," said Maria. "It's mine. And I keep it—for emergencies."

Some time later Jack stepped from the galley and banged on a pan. He had placed an improvised table on the deck. It was set with forks and knives and spoons and tin plates. The girls appeared and moved toward the table, some barefooted, some in shoes, and Ruth in mules.

"Caviar, of course," Charlotte began. "Then hors d'œuvres. Lemon sole—"

"Beans," said Jack. "Beans and pork. Potatoes. Coffee. And you gals had better say grace at every meal. Not to atone for your past lives—that's asking too much—but just in appreciation of the fact that out in the middle of the South Pacific Ocean—a large ocean, if any of you can read maps—you had the blind luck to run into this traveling hotel."

They sat down, laughing. "Who said *traveling* hotel?"

Jack stood and served as the plates were passed. "Drifting, at any rate. Drifting right out of the place where there are any steamships at all."

"Why not send an S O S?"

Jack scooped up a forkful of beans and regarded the tableful of ill-clad beauty. "Any of you girls run a radio?"

"You just have to twiddle that little thing. Three dots, three dashes, three dots. I knew an operator once—"

There was laughter.

"O. K.," Jack said. "Now, before you twiddle the gadget, all you have to do is to build a fire under the boilers, start an engine, and run a generator to get power. Which one of you had an engineer for a boy friend? And who learned electricity on their dates?"

There was a fanfare of colored sunset. The meal ended. Darkness descended while the dishes were being washed. Ruth asked Jack to turn on the lights. He lighted two oil lamps and set one in the hall outside the officers' cabins.

"All there is," he said.

The excitement of being rescued from the open boat had worn off. In half an hour every one on the ship except Jack was asleep. He stood in the bow, alone. Fishes turned up furrows of phosphorescence in the obsidian water. The stars winked. And once, thinking deeply to himself, he grinned. . . .

He was awakened by a knock on the door of the forecastle. He leaped up the companionway. It was day. Outside, in pyjamas, stood Dolores. She looked rested and fresh. She was carrying a tray. She had tied a red necktie around her hair to hold it in place. She smiled and spoke in a hushed voice:

"Nobody else is awake. I got up and made you some breakfast."

"Thanks."

He came out and sat down on a hatch cover. The sea was blue and sparkling. The sun increased its warmth so that the skin could detect its rate of rising intensity.

"Mind if I eat with you?"

"Not a bit."

"The idea of getting your breakfast wasn't really mine," Dolores said. "Esther told me last night before she went to sleep that she was going to do it. Only, she wasn't lucky enough to wake up."

"Lucky?"

"Sure. If it's really true that we're going to be here for weeks—why—what else could you think?"

Jack pondered. "Look," he began, but he did not know how to end the sentence.

Cleo yawned loudly when she woke, and the sound roused the others. They poured out on deck and professed to be annoyed to find Dolores with Jack. But if Jack had grinned the night before to think that it was his fate even in an empty ocean to be blessed with feminine companionship, that grin was not destined to remain unaltered.

"If my father could see me now—" he began at lunch, but he did not finish. Every one looked at him. Fourteen female eyes, all set in desirable faces and all with an expression that startled him a little.

There was a bridge game in the afternoon. Esther and Ruth checked the ship's stores and measured the water. They found that it would not last forever, but Jack reassured them: "I did study chemistry. And I could rig up a still if I had to. We can add to our food supply by fishing."

Some of the girls took naps. There was a little complaining about the general ennui of sea life. A half dozen books were rounded up. The most elaborate menus afforded by the ship's larder were designed. And it was notable that wherever Jack went on the small ship he had an escort—an escort never of one but always of two or three girls. Sometimes all seven were in his vicinity. He tried to get them to stand watch in turns, but they made poor lookouts—either going to sleep, or borrowing one of the books to read while they were on duty, or completely forgetting their task in order to kibitz on a particularly interesting bridge hand.

Supper was a notable success. There were meat and potatoes. There were two vegetables. There was fudge—contributed by Cleo. It might have been observed that the girls did not ask Jack to cook for them as the dinner hour approached. They vied, rather, for honors at the stove.

AFTER supper they sang—one barytone among the sopranos and altos. They sang songs they had learned when they were children and songs they had learned in shows. Entertaining was their profession. If they had been alone—seven girls on a floating ship—they might have been even more festive. Jack was a disturbing factor.

They straggled to bed. Jack said "Good night" and wandered up to the bows. He thought every one was asleep when Charlotte touched his arm.

Charlotte had a fine head, gray eyes, and a resolute chin. "Lonesome?" she whispered.

He turned toward her. "Not exactly."

"What were you thinking about?"

"How to get us out of this mess."

"It's not so bad."

"It could be worse."

She leaned against a bulwark. "I don't especially see why you'd want it to end, anyway."

"No?"

"Seven girls, all of them not hard to look at, all of them falling gradually for you—"

"What nonsense!"

"Is it?" She came a little closer. "I am. Do you mind? You know—these girls aren't boarding-school hockey players. Take me. I've been married twice. And besides that—" She shrugged. "They know who you are. And you've—well, they've been your dish for a good many years—"

"Are you trying to tell me that I prey upon women?"

She chuckled. "No. Your reputation is as white as it is black. But it's dull down here under the tropic moon."

He nodded. "Dull."

"And if it lasts many days you'll find you've got a problem on your hands. Natural, isn't it? No harm in it, is there? Can't avoid it, anyway."

He did not speak.

"Of course," Charlotte continued, peering down into the lapping water, "if you just picked on one of us—and made it clear—then you'd save a lot of grief."

"Suppose I don't pick at all?"

She looked at him. "That's impossible. Or—it will be."

"Well, if this idiocy ever becomes a subject of general conversation, you have my permission to announce that fact. I notice that almost anything can, and generally does, become a subject of conversation here. Say whatever you like. Say I'm married—"

Charlotte laughed. "For every single man those girls know, they know ten married ones. Was that meant to be funny?"

"Then just say applesauce."

"That goes for me too?"

"Double."

SHE stood in silence a moment. "Look. They've made a list of all the girls they can remember that you ever dated up or got in breach-of-promise suits with, or anything, and they can't decide whether you liked blondes best or brunettes. Which is it?"

Jack flushed in the dark. "Tell 'em I hate women."

"Charlotte!" It was Esther's voice which rolled over the deck and spoiled the lull of the night. "Where in hell are you?"

"Up here with Jack."

"Chiseling, eh? Just what I thought! You come back here."

She whispered, "See?" and left Jack to his meditations. . . .

Two days passed. The sky remained cloudless, the sea unruffled. There was nothing to do except to cook and eat, cook and eat. Other occupations had to be invented. Maria invented one. She found three men's shirts. She washed and ironed them and waited all day for an opportunity to present them to Jack—privately.

He thanked her. "Sweet of you, pal."

"They'll cost a kiss apiece."

"Hey!"

Cleo came around the deck house and saw Maria collecting her first payment avidly and to the distress of Jack.

"Gang!" Cleo yelled. "Our boy friend is being assaulted!"

Heels ran along the deck. In a moment all seven girls were present. Seven tanned and languid ladies, six indignant, one both embarrassed and triumphant.

Jack looked at them. "Listen, you," he said. "This business has got to stop. We may all be here for weeks. And I want it clearly understood that there is to be no"—the corners of his lips twitched—"necking, petting, or other amatory conduct. I forbid it. It's off the books. It doesn't go. Get it? What the devil is the matter with you anyway?"

"Guess!" said Esther.

Jack stalked away and climbed the ladder into the crow's nest, where none of the girls followed him.

That night he locked his door. He was awakened by a shuffling sound. A window in his quarters that gave usually on a patch of stars was blocked by the head and shoulders of a young woman. She slithered to the floor and stood up. A year before such an invasion might have seemed both romantic and amusing. But now, in the darkness, Jack worried. He thought of making a dash for the door, but the girl whispered, "Hello!"

"Who is it?"

"Esther."

"Well, Esther, how about getting the hell out of here?

This is my chosen and appointed sanctuary. I'm busy trying to sleep."

"Trying! So was I." Her voice was close and he could see her dimly in the dark. Abruptly he felt himself kissed. "I'm crazy about you!" she said. "I love you." The candid and controlled Esther, the rather matter-of-fact girl who had involuntarily and yet naturally taken charge of her less stable sisters, had vanished somewhere in the cloying night. "Maybe we'll never get ashore," she whispered. That was, he reflected with a sort of insane clarity, a possibility. "All day I've been watching you go around this dingy little tub. I can't think of anything but you." She began to cry. "Say you'll marry me when we get ashore. I can't help it."

He felt her hair on his cheek. He felt the sobs which shook her. And maybe they would never be saved. A storm might come and send them all to oblivion.

He said, "Poor kid."

"Hey there!" From the deck outside came a chorus of shouts. Shadows moved as a light approached. Jack jumped up and flung open his door.

Six girls were approaching and one of them carried the kerosene light. "Reception committee, eh?" he called grimly.

Esther walked out and said nothing.

To Jack's astonishment, Ruth suddenly slapped Esther on the face. It was a stinging impulsive act and immediately both girls began to weep.

Jack, barefooted, in trousers and a shirt, with the lamplight shadowing his rather stern face, leaned against the hatchway and said slowly and ironically: "You girls are supposed to be sophisticated. You're supposed to have sense. You're even supposed to have manners. I've always liked and respected girls like you. You make your own way in the world. You're gay and you have a sense of humor. But this business—all of it—is the damnedest nonsense I've ever seen in my life. I can cook for you and help pass the time of day. I can cheer you up when you get blue. I can shoot off the rockets if we sight anything. I can make fresh water out of salt and tell you about where we are. But I'll be damned if I can fall in love with all seven of you, and, failing that, I'll also be damned if I'll fall in love with one!"

Maria stepped forward a little. Her precious lipstick was on her mouth, delineating it sharply in the half dark. "What's the matter with you?" she said sullenly.

Cleo looked at the others and then at him. "We've talked it over—tonight. We may all die on this boat. We're not kids. We're not used to this kind of life. Neither are you, no matter how much you deny it. There are seven of us. Seven days in the week. One of us gets you every day. We drew lots. Esther won today, only we disqualified her because she sneaked out. Dolores was second."

Jack couldn't think of anything to say. He tried "Is that so?" It didn't sound effective.

Dolores walked toward him. "We sort of feel sorry for you," she said. "But we feel sorry for ourselves—too."

Jack swung open the hatchway door. Esther stepped inside it so that he could not close it. He ran around the group toward the ladder to the crow's nest. Paula dived at him. He shook her off.

Chorus girls dance every night. The dances they do are arduous. They are not feeble. All seven fell upon him. It would have been different if they had been laughing, but they were not laughing. He went down. One of them got her thumb inside his mouth and outside his teeth. Another tied a rope around his writhing legs.

He fought furiously. Once, in that fight, a grim smile came on his face. He thought of the Amazons. And he thought of the millions of girls in the history of man who had been dragged to the slave block and forcibly sold.

He was propped against a mast—panting and tattered. Dolores, equally disheveled, knelt and kissed him. The others stood in the lamplight, looking at him.

"All right," Jack said. "You win. Untie me."

Then his eyes stared. On the distant dark horizon he saw a row of brilliant beads of light. A steamer!

The girls had forgotten their strange savageness before the first rocket twisted magnificently toward the stars.

RUFUS PARKER met his son at the pier. Strewn on the floor of his limousine were newspapers luridly recounting the romantic interlude. Jack and the seven girls came down the gangplank together and were photographed. Jack did not say good-by to them.

"I surrender," Rufus Parker said. "I'm licked. If you can find seven chorines in the middle of the South Pacific, then I admit they're your destiny."

Jack was abstracted. "Yeah," he said. "Now, where's Angela Bates? Do you happen to know? The girl who was with me the night you shanghaied me on board that boat."

"Don't know. I offered her five thousand dollars to forget you the day you sailed. You should have seen how quickly she took it."

"Took it?"

"That's what I said."

Jack did not reply. He was very silent that evening. He refused to answer to many of his father's questions. Next day he had lunch with his father at his club.

Mr. Parker was still in a hilarious mood. He was so relieved to have his son returned. "Look," he said. "I have tickets to Three Cheers! tonight. Swell show. I understand that girl Angela's in it—"

"No!" The word was said furiously. "I'm going away. I've signed up for a meteorological expedition to Greenland. If there was ever a man sick of women—and especially chorus girls—I'm the guy."

In the afternoon Jack went to his bank. He had agreed to finance the arctic expedition. He ran over his account with a cashier. "What's this five thousand dollars deposit?"

"Oh! Came in while you were away. From some Central American town. A girl had us send it there. Thought it would get you off that ship and back home. But our agents couldn't deliver the money when the Kathleen anchored, so it was deposited here."

Jack's mahogany-tan face paled.

"Girl's name was Angela Bates?"

"I think so. Yes. That was the name."

A moment later Jack had his father on the phone. "Those tickets to Three Cheers!—have you still got them? Good. Yeah. That Bates girl. We were on our way to get married the day you shanghaied me. Yes, I said married—m-a-r-r-i-e-d. Sure I still like girls. But I was a long time finding the one I liked best, that's all!"

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the United States army rifle holster for mounted troops called?

2—Why is the first permanent molar called "the keystone of the arch"?

3—Who was Franz Mesmer?

4—Where is the Lincoln Sea?

5—What President of the United States was born, inaugurated, and died on a Friday?

6—By whom and when was the Interstate Commerce Commission created?

7—When and where was the first lodge of Freemasons established in the United States?

8—Where is the canning of rattlesnake meat an industry?

9—Of what is tapioca made?

10—Who first used the arch in building bridges?

11—From what part of the whale is whalebone obtained?

12—What is bagasse?

13—What is a Dobermann Pinscher?

14—Ems and ens are what?

15—What letter always follows q in English?

16—What is the Apis mellifica?

17—What is termed a "blood count"?

18—What is the garua?

19—Who was called the Lady with the Lamp?

20—What tree must be killed by "girdling" three years before it is felled?

(Answers will be found on page 30)

CHINA TALKS BACK

An Authoritative, Outspoken, and Revealing Reply to the Claims of Japan as Recently Presented by Yosuke Matsuoka and Others in the Pages of This Magazine

© Harris & Ewing

by

Sao-ke Alfred Sze

(SAO-KE ALFRED SZE)

Chinese Minister to the United States

Dr. Sze has been Chinese Minister to Great Britain, was chief Chinese delegate to the Washington Arms Conference and to the first and second International Opium Conferences, was a delegate to the Versailles Peace Conference, has held several high offices in China. He is a Cornell graduate, with honorary degrees from five universities and colleges in China, the United States, and Canada. At left is his signature in both Occidental writing and Chinese characters.

施肇基

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

I HAVE taken great pains to keep myself as well informed as possible regarding the trend of public opinion in the United States so far as it concerns Chinese interests, and have obtained what seems to me to be abundant evidence that not only are the American people well informed as to the essential facts of the Sino-Japanese controversy, but that they are convinced that since September, 1931, the Japanese have had no sufficient justification for their acts of aggression against China. Furthermore, they are convinced that the Japanese have no real regard for their covenanted word as embodied in the Washington Nine Power Treaty, the Kellogg Pact, and the Covenant of the League of Nations.

These convictions have been conspicuously shown by the manner in which the various Japanese pronouncements have been received. A careful scrutiny of the leading American newspapers fails to reveal any favorable reaction whatever to the arguments advanced by such Japanese spokesmen as Mr. Matsuoka or Ambassador Saito, whereas there has been immediate and widespread disapproval of every new act of aggression on the part of Japan or every new and unjustified claim of right by Japan.

This dominant American opinion is not one founded upon *ex-parte* or one-sided information given to them by their press, for it is to the high honor of the American press, as represented by its leading newspapers, that they publish as fully the Japanese arguments and pronouncements as they do those emanating from Chinese or other sources. But they freely express in their editorial columns their opinions as to the validity of the arguments or assertions that are advanced and as to the significance of the facts which are reported.

The American people well know that when Japan asserts that it is her right and duty to maintain peace in the Far East, she means that she intends to regard as a threat to that peace any obstacle placed by any other power in the way of the realization of Japan's unbounded imperialistic ambitions; and that thus, under a claim of maintaining the peace, Japan is demanding that, without reference to whatever solemn and freely entered into international engagements she may have made, she shall work her will throughout eastern Asia.

The American people know that China has never disturbed the international peace of the Far East, whereas Japan has herself done so upon repeated occasions. During the first half of the nineteenth century China was the victim of wars waged against her by Western powers. In 1894-95 China was forced into a war with Japan—a war which Japan planned for and desired, and from which China was not able to escape.

Besides the Sino-Japanese War Japan fought the Russo-Japanese War of 1904-05; she eagerly availed herself of the opportunity of the World War to seize Shantung, the territory of China, which was then her ally; in 1915 Japan declared herself determined to wage war against China unless China should, within fifty-one hours, agree to treaties based upon the infamous Twenty-one Demands; in 1918, at the time of the Allied intervention in eastern Siberia, she violated all her promises to her associates and kept that region in condition of military turmoil until she was forced to withdraw her forces, four

Japanese marines in action during the street fighting in Shanghai, where Japan, "without a shadow of justification," Mr. Sze declares, "slaughtered thousands."

years later. For more than two and a half years now she has been waging an undeclared war against China—a war in which she has been formally declared the aggressor by all the other nations of the world. At Shanghai, without a shadow of justification, the Japanese attacked an unfortified city and slaughtered thousands of Chinese men, women, and children.

In the light of this record it does, indeed, require a high degree of faith in the force of mere words for Japan to claim for herself the title of "defender of the peace" in the Far East.

A still greater audacity, if that be possible, is the complaint made by Japan that she has not been permitted to enjoy to the full certain rights founded upon agreements imposed in 1915 upon China at the point of bayonet. Even did these alleged treaty rights rest upon a sound and moral basis, how ironical it is that they should be even referred to by Japan.

JAPAN is fond of claiming that she is a misunderstood country. It is, indeed, difficult to understand the frame of mind or the moral standards of a people claiming to be civilized which is willing to persist in the disregard of the elementary principles of international right and justice. One partial explanation of this is, however, to be found in the fact that, alone among the constitutionally organized countries of the world, Japan makes express constitutional provision for the freedom of the military branches of the government from effective civil control. Thus again Japan furnishes to the world a unique but not admirable example.

There is still one further matter which, because of its importance, I wish to refer to: Japan's opium and narcotic-drug policies in her puppet state termed "Manchukuo." It is evident that, controlled by sordid considerations, Japan is inflicting grievous injuries not only upon other peoples of the world but upon the inhabitants of the Manchurian provinces whose welfare she has for the time being taken control of.

The whole story of this disreputable enterprise is one too long for me to relate, and I must therefore content myself with quotations from the London Times of April 24, 1934, and from statements made by Mr. Fuller of the United States Department of State at the meeting of the Advisory Committee on Traffic in Opium and Other Dangenerous Drugs in November last.

Referring to the last annual report on the illicit drug traffic by the chief of the Cairo police and director of the Central Narcotics Intelligence Bureau, the Times says:

> It [the report] shows that in Europe illegal manufacture of drugs has been almost stamped out, and that the traffic has largely been brought under control. A fresh danger, however, is growing up in the Far East where, under the present régime in Manchuria, a new field of drug traffic is being opened up which may, in due course, menace the whole world. What appears to be a government opium monopoly, the report says, is functioning in Manchuria, and this encourages the growth of the local product and the import of Persian opium. The probable consequences . . . are only too clear.

MR. FULLER, referring to the establishment of an opium monopoly in Manchuria and Jehol, described it as being in defiance of Chinese law and as "an institution which has been aptly characterized as the largest single venture ever undertaken in the illicit traffic in narcotics. . . . We should have no illusions as to the character of this enterprise. There can be no question that the concern was established for the express purpose of extending and exploiting the smoking of opium. Mere perusal of its rules and regulations is sufficient to bring that fact home; but there are many other circumstances which evidence this purpose, not the least of which is the hypothecation of its anticipated profits as security for a loan. When one borrows money with specified profits as security therefor, he is at once under obligation to make those profits as great as possible. This appears to have been realized in Manchuria, for even the resources of modern advertising have been called upon to push the opium business. The money coined for circulation among the people bears a beautiful poppy in full bloom, so that the idea of opium will be brought continually to mind. . . .

"Some idea of the scale of the enterprise of which I am speaking," Mr. Fuller added, "may be gained from an examination of the budget for the year to end June 30, 1934, of the present régime in Manchuria. This budget estimates the profits of the opium monopoly at yuan 9,828,246, as compared with yuan 5,000,000 in the previous year. The total sum to be handled by the opium monopoly is estimated at yuan 32,893,394, of which yuan 17,851,885 is the estimated cost of opium. These are not small sums and they are regarded by those in a position to pass well grounded opinion as underestimates."

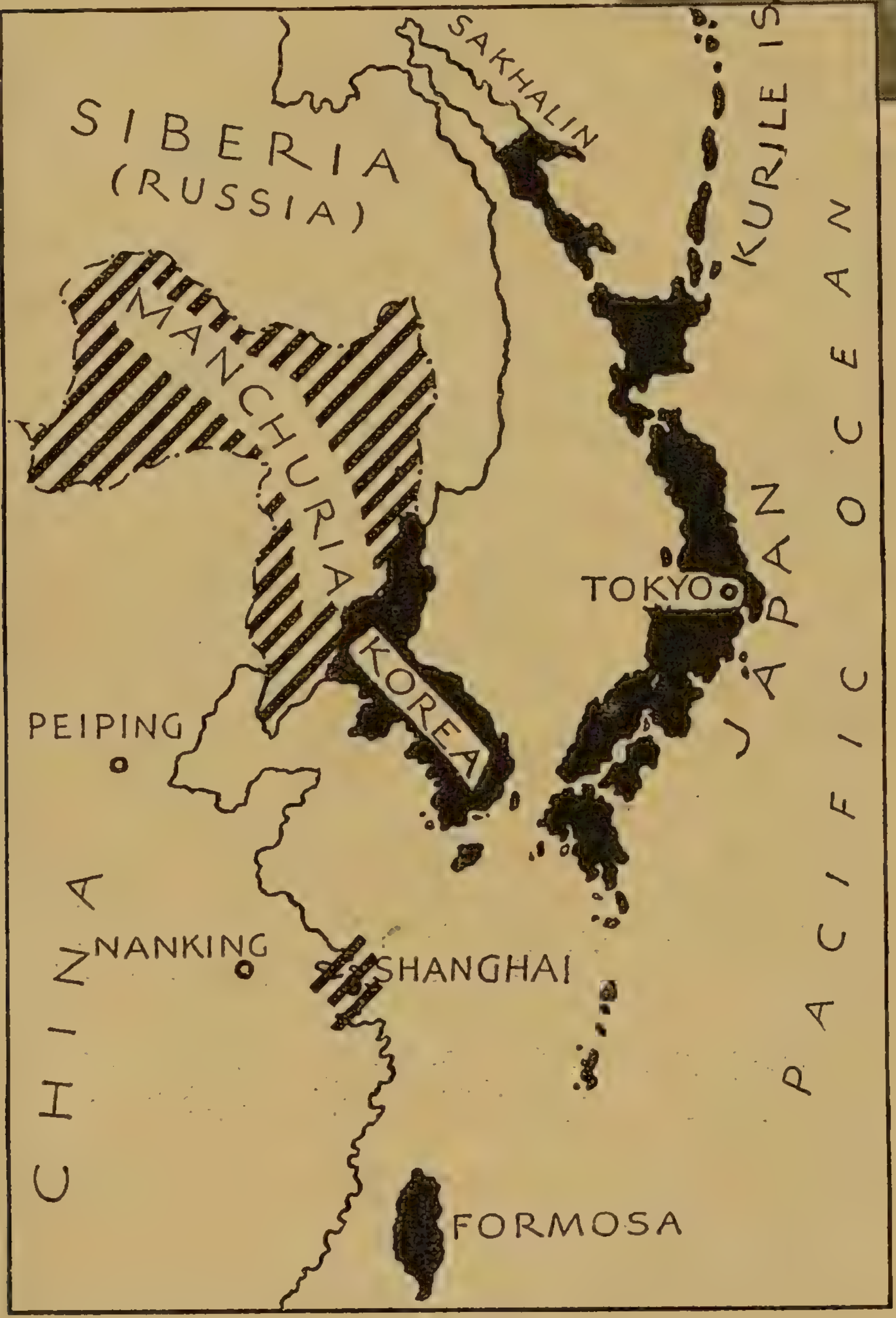
Later on in his remarks Mr. Fuller declared that it was reliably reported that every possible effort had been made during the year to insure the planting and harvesting of opium in Jehol on a much greater scale than ever before—that the new régime had circulated literature of all sorts in language easily understood by the common people to induce the raising of poppy on as large a scale as possible, and that some of this literature had been even distributed by airplane.

Notwithstanding natural calamities and foreign invasion, the policy of economic reconstruction in China has been steadily pushed forward. It is, indeed, more than a policy of the government; it is a national movement generally indorsed by the people. While the government aims to concentrate its attention upon the economic development of two or three provinces as a start, rehabilitation and reconstruction are needed everywhere in China. As shown by the reports from the recovery experts of the League of Nations, and from others, certain provincial and local governments, as well as private organizations, have been doing what they could. Such activities as road building, rural reconstruction, and mass education are pursued in different provinces often 2,000 kilometers apart. But these require to be coördinated by the central government; and as time goes on, the need for more rapid progress will become increasingly urgent.

Nor is the scope of the new reconstruction confined to a few things. The range of subjects upon which the Chinese government has been working, with the help of Chinese and foreign specialists, already includes a variety of topics, such as agricultural production and rural reform, improvement of cotton, sericulture, water conservancy, road building, hygiene and public health, education, etc. It is certain that with the development of the existing plans, new problems will have to be taken up. The present progress is but a beginning.

Chinese troops using graveyards, once sacred, as part of their system of trenches during the defense of Shanghai.

Below: Japan's expansion into Chinese territory. Her footholds around Shanghai, and the "independent" state Manchukuo, are shown by diagonal shading.



We are admittedly engaged upon a stupendous job. Slow progress is inevitable and some setbacks may occur, but it cannot be denied that in the last six months a good beginning has been made. We have a long hard road before us, but we are confident that, in the words of your courageous President, "We are on our way."

China believes in the principles of the Open Door policy and desires always to afford equal opportunity to all those interested in the development of trade and industry. In pursuing the stupendous task of economic reconstruction she wishes to avail herself of the knowledge, experience, skill, and, if necessary, financial coöperation of other nations. She has no intention to be discriminatory, but welcomes collaboration from all who genuinely desire to coöperate for mutual benefit and who pursue no policy incompatible with the consolidation, development, peace, and security of China.

The quest of technical collaboration abroad is not only an inalienable right of China as an independent state, but it is also based upon a firm conviction that her orderly and rapid economic reconstruction is equally essential to her own well-being and to the rehabilitation of the depression-ridden world. The wealth of her natural resources makes her a valuable storehouse of raw material for countless industries everywhere, while the potential power of consumption of the Chinese people makes her an unparalleled market for trade. Conscious of her mission, she is determined to continue her efforts to hasten her economic reconstruction.

IN the past China has counted, and not in vain, upon the friendly counsel and the support of the government and the people of the United States. It hopes and believes that this helpful attitude will be maintained and intensified today. America and China are both engaged upon a drastic change in their system of national economy which had endured so long—until indeed the world depression came.

Thousands of the young men who are being called upon in China to help in the reconstruction movement there have studied in America. They sat side by side in the American schools and colleges with the men of light and leading who have been summoned by the President to lay the course for America's return to its former prosperity.

These young Chinese and the young Americans who are so much in evidence in Washington at this present moment have drawn their knowledge and their inspiration from the same wise teachers.

In view of this happy circumstance there can be no room for misunderstanding between us. Our joint battle is for peace and prosperity under a government for and by our own people. We covet no man's land. We believe in free seas where the golden argosies of commerce may pass unhindered.

In the Far East we are as devoted to the policy of the "good neighbor" as you are in the Pan-American world. We too ask for a New Deal in consonance with the promise and the pledges of enlightened civilization.

THE END

Wild Wings

A Chapter of New Excitements in the Thrilling Love Story of One Mad Flight

by

Bogart Rogers

and

Frank M. Dazey

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

IT all started when Jake Berger stepped on his dog in Salt Lake City. Jake fell and broke his arm, and Jack Voler, chief pilot for Columbia Airlines, who is telling this story, had to cut short his vacation in New York and hurry westward to relieve Jake, who was pilot on the Salt Lake City-San Francisco division of Columbia's transcontinental route.

Before leaving New York, Jack telegraphs Trixie in San Francisco inviting her to dinner with him there the following evening. Then he boards a big Columbia airliner at Newark airport. The passengers include Egbert, spoiled young scion of a millionaire; a Miss Rollins, blonde beauty with a chic Continental air; Mrs. Harkins, a timid elderly lady making her first flight; Palmer, whom Jack is confident he has encountered before but can't place; Hugh Baggerly of Hollywood; and Dr. Evans, a brain specialist. Also aboard are Fat Rickhauser, pilot, his assistant, and Vi Johnson, the stewardess.

Flying as a passenger himself, Jack, a dare-devil airman who takes his women where he finds them, immediately becomes interested in Miss Rollins. But Vi warns him that she is a society girl who recently in Paris jarred some count loose from his bridgework by way of breaking her engagement to him.

This, however, only intensifies Jack's interest and, forgetting Trixie, he bets Vi two dollars he can take the haughty beauty to dinner when they land in San Francisco.

The flight to Chicago is uneventful. Egbert makes a nuisance of himself, romping about the spacious cabin, but the rest of the passengers are blanketed down by Vi and seem lost in their thoughts.

During the lay-over in Chicago, the passengers alight to stretch themselves in the night air and Jack figures here's his chance to lay the groundwork for the date. He seeks Miss Rollins in the darkness, and overhears her in angry conversation with a man who was not aboard the plane. Jack now continues his story in his own inimitable way.

PART TWO—"HOW ABOUT MINDING YOUR OWN BUSINESS?"

YOU'RE a liar—an even more contemptible liar than your brother," were the first of Miss Rollins's words I could understand.

"And you're a stupid, suspicious little fool," he shot back. "I tell you she's here—and so is Alix—and he has a lot of things he wants to discuss with you."

"I'd rather be dead than in the same room with him."

"Now look here, Felice," he pleaded. "You've got Alix all wrong. And as for Katherine, she came to Chicago—I'll admit that—but neither of us knows where she is now, and Alix doesn't care."

She said: "I don't believe it."

"But it's true."

"All right—you win. Let's forget it."

She started to walk away. He grabbed her by the arm.

"Wait a minute," he snapped.

Well, well! This looked interesting. Maybe I'd get a chance to see this female Jack Dempsey do her teeth-socking act.

"Let go!" she exclaimed, and wrenched herself free. She faced him defiantly. He adroitly altered his attack.

"Now listen, Felice," he cajoled. "I wouldn't tell you she was here if she wasn't. She came in from New York—and then decided not to go on through to San Francisco. The whole thing is quits—honest it is."

She said: "All right; I believe you—but I'm going to be in San Francisco at eight o'clock just the same. Then I'll *know* everything will be all right."

She started to walk away. He reached for her—said, "No you don't!"

She struggled to pull free—but only for as long as it took me to get there and cuff his hands off her. She stood back, breathing heavily. I said to him:

"You're a naughty boy."

Like a flash he swung—and missed. I swung, and connected—one-two—right on the button. He sagged to one knee—made a quick motion for his overcoat pocket. I kicked his hand—the kick that won the game for dear old Voler. A gun clattered to the concrete. He made a dive for it. I punted him out of danger and retrieved the rod. Felice didn't scream. She stood watching silently—breathlessly. I turned to her.

"Go on back and get aboard. I'll take care of this mug."

She said: "How about minding your own business?"

Frankly, that wasn't quite the answer I'd expected. Or maybe she liked to be manhandled. I said:

"Go on—beat it!"

She said: "You've messed things up beautifully, haven't you? If you'd left me alone I might have squeezed a little truth out of him."

I said: "Sca-ram."

She scrammed.

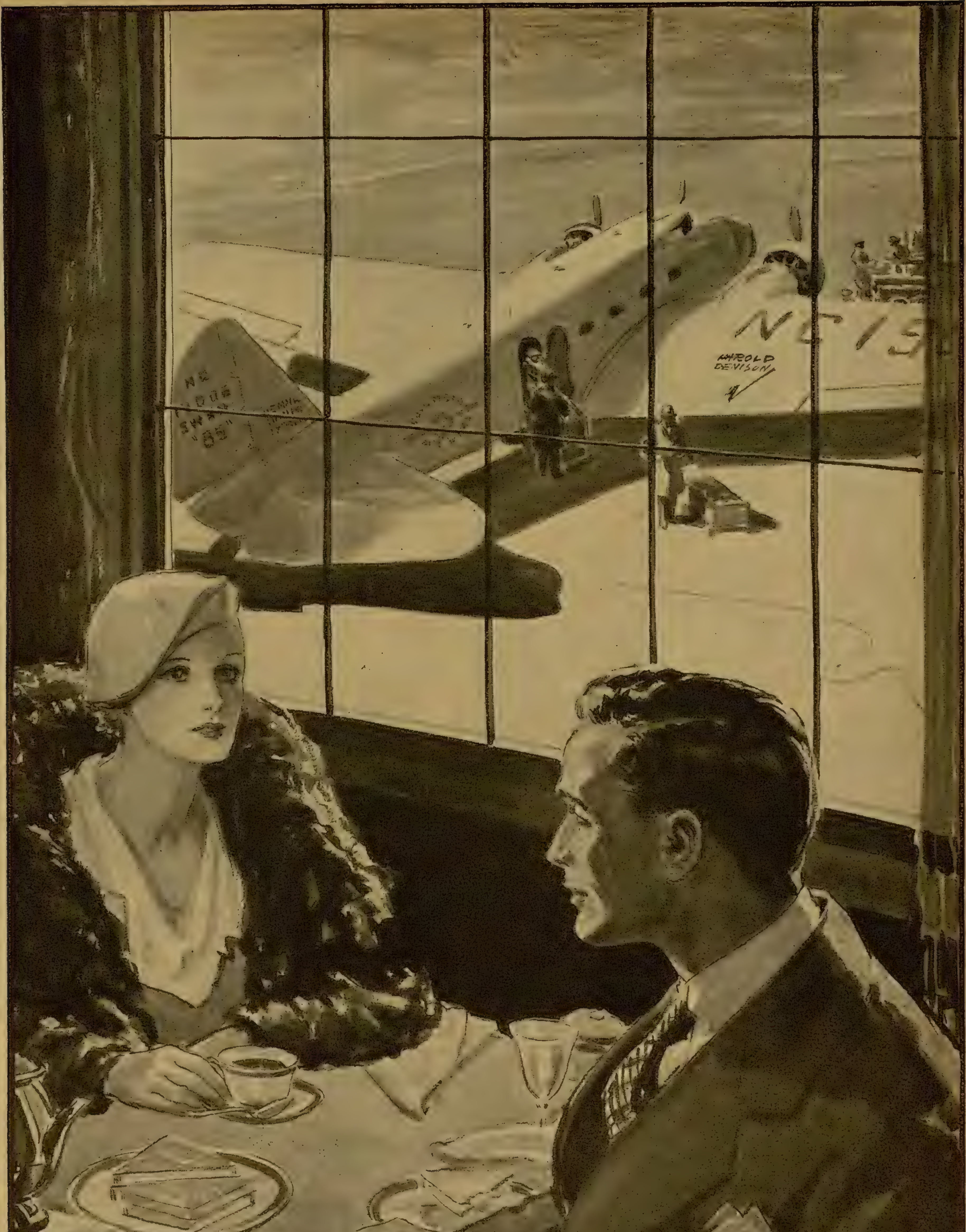
The mug straightened up, rubbing his chin. I watched—but he'd had plenty. I slipped the cartridge clip out of the gat, ejected the shell from the chamber, and handed the pistol to him. He slipped it in his pocket and looked after Felice with venom in every line of his face. To me he said:

"It's too bad."

"What's too bad?"

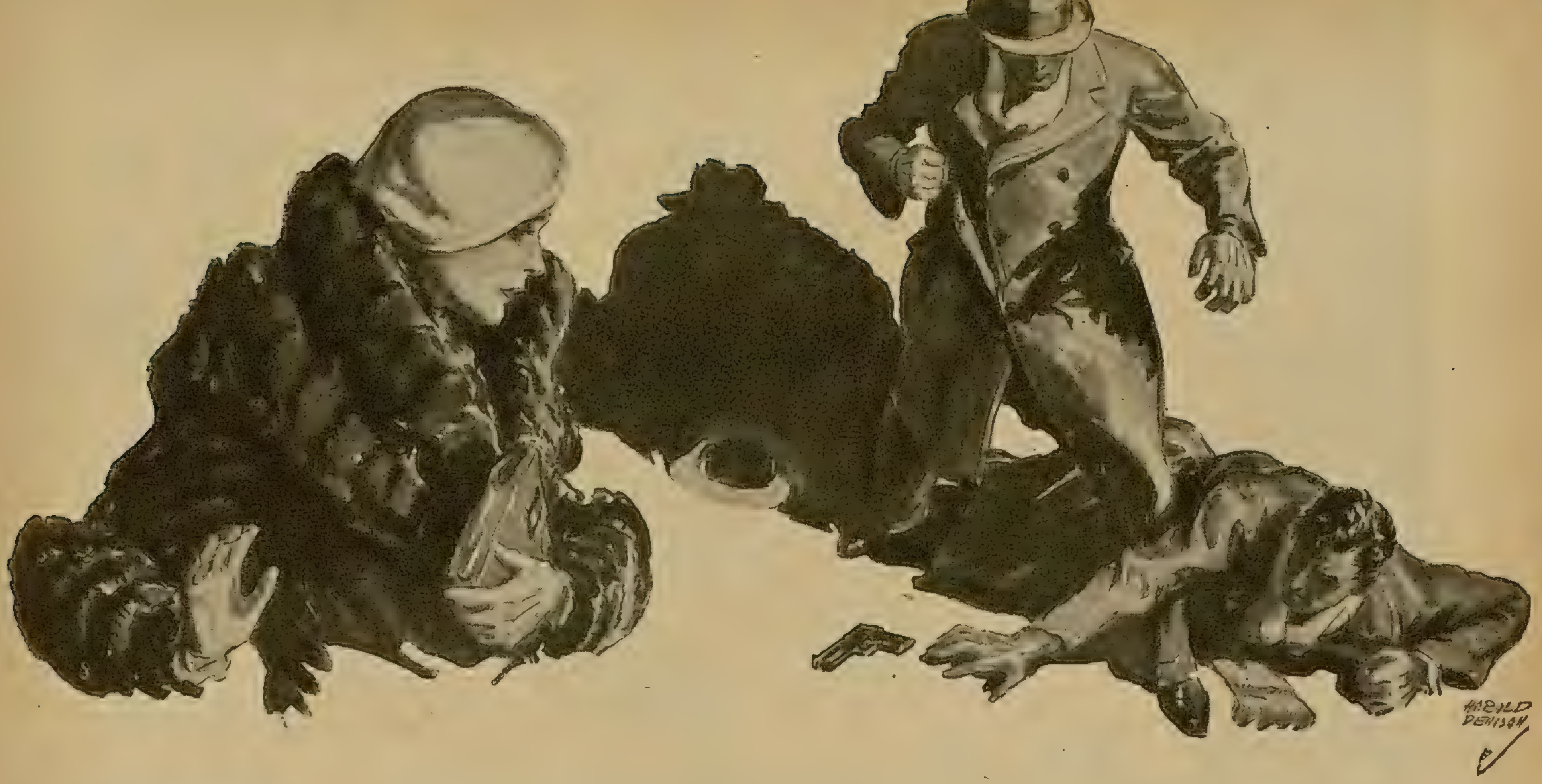
"She'd be much better off here in Chicago."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HAROLD DENISON


NC 13
HAROLD DENISON

I was ready to duck, thinking maybe she'd answer with a straight right.

Felice didn't scream. She stood watching silently—breathlessly.



I looked at him sourly. "You think so, do you?"

"I know so. It would save her a lot of headaches."

I said: "With you here and her some other place her head'll get along all right."

He faced me for a moment—like a snarling dog. Then an odd enigmatic smile slowly spread over his face. Without a word he turned and hurried away.

Miss Rollins was just boarding the ship when I caught up with her and said:

"You don't have to worry about that bozo any more. He's gone."

She swung around—and did I get a dirty look!

"In the future I'd prefer it if you'd permit me to handle my own affairs!" she snapped—and with that she went aboard.

So that was gratitude! Man braves gat for girl and gets hell for it. Well, life was like that. I should have had better sense.

I headed for the dispatcher's office wondering who this guy might be and what the argument was about. On the way I bumped into Dr. Evans. He was leaning against a little fence smoking a cigar. The burning tip glowed red in the darkness. He didn't see me approaching because he was craning his neck and shifting his position back and forth—watching something. When I drew into his angle of vision I discovered the something he was watching was Palmer, who was moving around inside the station. He was more than merely watching—he was definitely spying.

THE weather reports to Cheyenne were good, but not too promising from there on. That Oregon low-pressure area laden with rain and snow was moving south faster than it had been. Looked like we and it might reach Reno about the same time.

I was the last man aboard the plane. Ruth Bradford, the new stewardess, was holding the door for me. She said:

"One minute more and you'd have been left behind."

I said: "Two minutes more and you'd have been on your way back to pick me up again."

All the passengers were in their seats, settled down. One new passenger occupied the forward seat on the right side. He was reading a newspaper, only the back of his head visible.

I looked across at Miss Rollins. Her face was averted. But when the bright beam of the field beacon flashed through the window I saw she was crying. Slow tears were running down the face that I had up until now only associated with lifted eyebrows and a frown. At that moment I wasn't the least bit sympathetic. I thought to myself: "Go ahead, sister, bawl your head off. See if I care!"

We were well in the air when I asked Ruth Bradford: "Who's the new customer?"

"He's for San Francisco."

"Has he got a name?"

She said: "Stephani."

IT sounded familiar but didn't immediately percolate. But it percolated like a load of buckshot when he looked around, which was almost immediately. He turned and surveyed the cabin. I got a full slant at his face, nearly leaped out of my shoes, and muttered right out loud:

"Holy jumpin' Kay-ristopher!"

Our new passenger was the selfsame horse and buggy I'd smacked on the goatee five minutes before. He saw me, smiled sardonically as if to say, "What do you think about this, you dumb apple?" then he calmly turned back and resumed his newspaper.

The country between Chicago and Omaha is a flyin' feller's paradise—flat as a pilot's pocketbook and every other cornfield a safe place to land. Of course it is occasionally smothered by fog so thick that even the birds have to walk—or blizzards cold enough to freeze the balls off a pawnbroker's sign sweep down across it, nonstop, from the north pole. But by and large it's pretty grand. At least you don't have to dodge mountain peaks, which is sumpin!

Tex Riley, who is on waving terms—or better—with every farmer's daughter in northern Illinois, cut through the stringers of a thin mist at two thousand feet as straight and true as a slicer going through ham. It was dark when we left Chicago but when the Franklin Grove beacon flashed beneath our wing the first pallid shadings of dawn were streaking the sky behind.

Flickering streams of blue fire flowed from the exhaust stacks of the engines on the wings. Eighteen steel cylinders hummed a somniferous lullaby—which means the noise made you sleepy. The outside thermometer registered freezing—that raw penetrating cold of early morning. The cabin was almost in darkness, a dome light in the rear throwing weak shadows through the gloom.

And there I sat, wide awake, twiddling my thumbs and trying to figure out what's all the shootin' for.

Several things were obvious:

Stephani was a bad boy who didn't want Miss Rollins to go to San Francisco. I assumed, naturally, he was the same monkey she had been engaged to in Paris, and could now understand why she'd given him the gate. He just didn't seem to be ideal-husband material.

Palmer was curious about Baggerly. Dr. Evans, for reasons unknown, was sufficiently interested in Palmer to go around spying on him. Miss Rollins was terribly anxious to reach San Francisco on time. As to the whys and wherefores of all this, I couldn't even venture a guess.

I glanced around the cabin. Ruth Bradford had wrapped the customers in blankets as soon as we left Chicago. They were now all asleep—or pretending. To me there was something eerie about people sleeping snugly and peacefully as they sped through the darkness at a hundred and fifty miles an hour two thousand feet in the air.

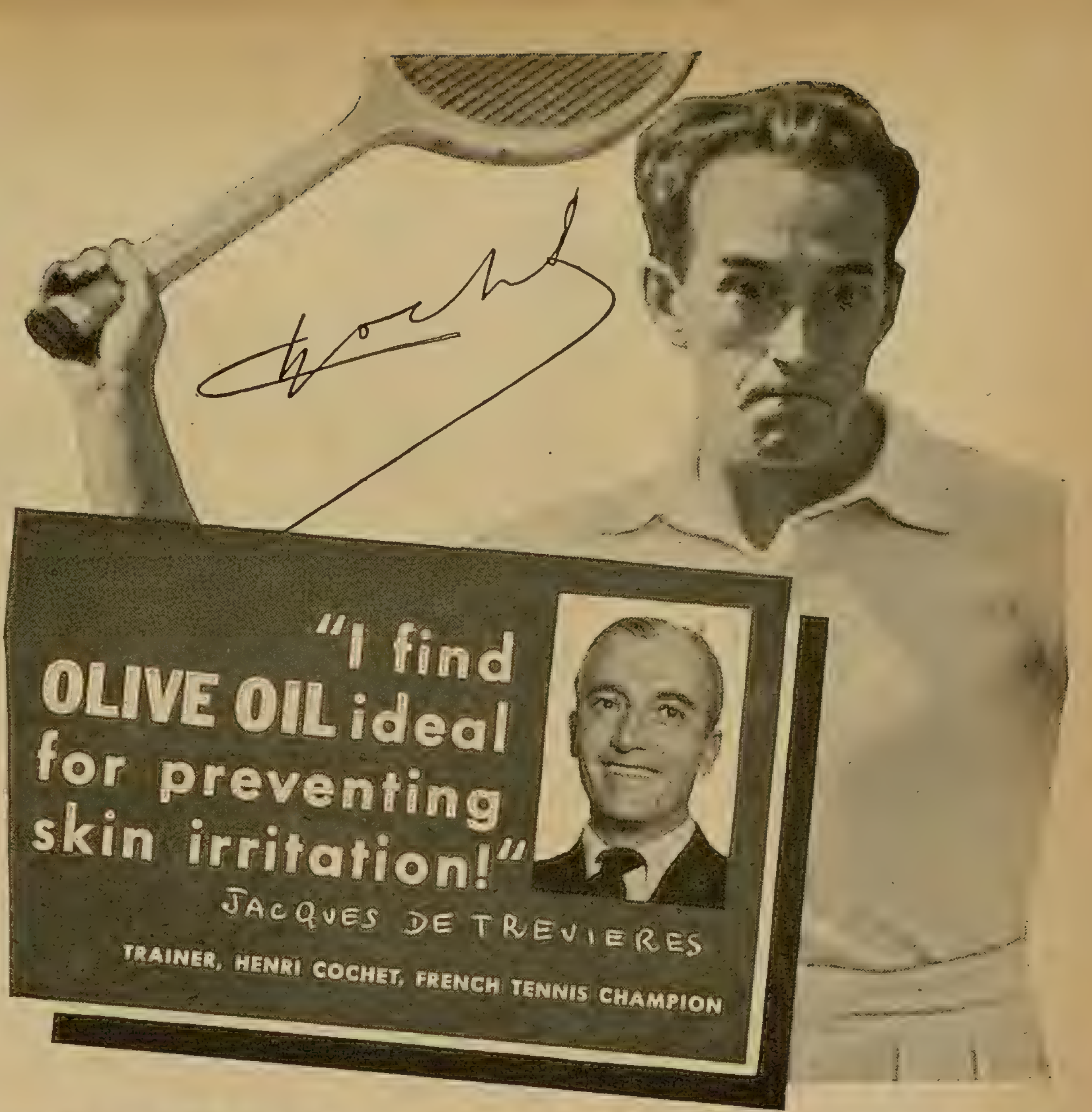
I peeked across at Miss Rollins. The blanket was tucked up under her chin and she lay, head back, like a sort of beautiful flower wrapped in gray-green florist's paper. How she could sleep after what happened in Chicago—and with her late sparring partner now aboard—was a puzzle. Nervous exhaustion, I guessed.

I counted four hundred sheep, one hundred cows, ten mules, and a nanny goat without blinking an eye. I'm the fussiest old back-seat pilot in the business anyway— nervous as your old Aunt Minnie with any one else at the controls. Besides, I was beginning to be plagued by unexpected and not completely comprehensible emotions.

THEY chiefly concerned Miss Rollins. When we left Chicago I didn't give a hoot if she melted away in tears. She was an ungrateful nose lifter and I couldn't be bothered. Seventy miles later my feelings had veered around to the point where I was telling myself Felice Rollins was nice people. She was in trouble, perhaps serious trouble. We Volers have ever been champions of damsels in distress—particularly if the damsels are good-lookers. We will go to unheard-of lengths to help beautiful women out of jams, even if it means helping them — and us — into worse difficulties.

This gal had good old-fashioned intestinal fortitude. Finding herself in a spot, she had spunk enough to stand up and fight back. I admired her for it. I suddenly found myself feeling sorry for her and wanting to help her. Which was bad—very bad —because long experience has demonstrated that when Jack Voler starts feeling sorry for a dame it always ends up with Jack Voler feeling sorry for himself.

Palmer stirred restlessly, which drew my attention from Miss Rollins and set me again to wondering who he was and where in heck I'd seen him before. He crawled out of his blanket, started back toward the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water jug in the rear, noticed I was awake, knelt down beside me, and said:

"It isn't any business of mine—but do you know who this guy is that got on at Chicago?" He spoke in a furtive whisper.

I wondered how much or how little he knew about Stephani. Maybe he didn't know anything, but he certainly was willing to learn. I said:

"Search me. Just another cash customer."

He said: "Yeah? Then why is he heeled?"

I pretended to be awfully innocent. "You mean he's carrying a gun?"

"You guessed it. What's he think he's gonna do—shoot buzzards on the wing?" said Palmer.

"Maybe you made a mistake," I ventured.

"Mistake nothing! I saw it—in his pocket. If he'd worn it around his neck on a ribbon it couldn't be plainer."

Of course I knew Stephani had a gun—I'd given it back to him after I had unloaded it. I had the cartridge clip in my pocket right then. But it suddenly occurred to me that just because I had removed the shells didn't mean he couldn't put more shells in again.

I said: "Perhaps I'd better look into this."

"Don't get me mixed up in it," Palmer said hastily. "It's none of my affair."

I said: "Don't worry—I won't." I rose and went forward—peeked to see if Stephani was awake. He was. I squatted beside him, said:

"Listen, brother—I don't know why you're here and I don't care. But here you are—so I'm gonna tell you a few of the rules."

He surveyed me with an even gaze and a faint mocking leer. "I should be charmed," he said.

A fresh guy, huh? That made me kind of sore. I lit right into him:

"Rule number one: Don't annoy the passengers. Particularly Miss Rollins."

"Perhaps Miss Rollins should decide that."

"It's already decided," I snapped. "You lay off—understand?"

"And what else?" Still the mocking leer.

"The cannon," I said.

He feigned surprise. "The cannon?"

"Yeah; cannon—cap pistol—gun."

"What about it?"

"I want it."

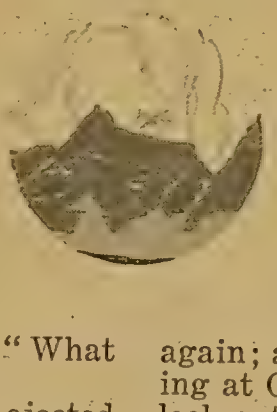
"It isn't loaded."

"I want it just the same."

"What for?"

"Because I want it—and because if I don't get it you'll ride as far as Omaha and no farther."

If I'd had any brains I'd have let him keep the thing, made an awful squawk, and had him thrown off at Omaha. It would have saved us a lot of trouble later. But I *haven't* any brains—which will become increasingly obvious.



HE scowled at me for a moment. My threat of having him put off at Omaha must have made up his mind. He slipped his hand into his coat pocket, produced the artillery, and handed it over. I concealed it against my body—in case some of the other passengers might be watching—and felt the bottom of the grip where the cartridge clip slips in.

The damn' thing was loaded again! I said: "What is this—a game?"

He didn't say anything. I removed the clip, ejected the shell in the chamber—and got a cute idea. I handed the bullets to Stephani, said:

"Let's play it this way—you keep the bullets and I'll keep the gun. How'll that be?"

He held the shells in his hand and continued to say nothing. I said:

"On second thought, you keep the bullets and I'll throw the gun overboard—that'll be even better."

He continued looking at me with that mocking sneer. I marched to the rear of the cabin, opened the door a crack, shoved the gun out and downward, so it would miss the tail fin. I was sure nobody had seen or heard what had happened except Palmer, who was doing a good job of pretending to be asleep by this time.

That minor precaution being taken, I went forward to shovel dirt with the boys. Tex Riley was working a cross word puzzle in a Chicago morning paper and Danner was at the controls. That's how the co-pilots get in their necessary flying time—handling the ship in the air between points. The chief pilots make the landings and take-offs, do the bad-weather flying, and are in charge at all times; but the youngsters relieve them on the long monotonous stretches.

I slipped into the narrow space between the pilot's and co-pilot's seats and we bartered the gossip of our trade. Tex magnanimously assumed partial blame for Jake Berger's broken arm because he'd given Jake the dog. He said Ed Marlow had gone broke selling automobiles and was back to flying again. Bob Parker's wife was going to have triplets—or it looked like triplets to Tex. The weather had been better than average. Mail loads were increasing steadily but passenger traffic had dropped the past week. And so forth. We finally got down to dirty stories.

By this time night was retreating before us and the first streaks of dawn were chasing our tail. You take all the rest of the inspiring sights you've seen or heard of—and I'll take a sunrise from the air. If you don't believe it, try roaring up the western slope of the Sierras some morning into a brilliant rose-and-silver sky—or watch a dazzling ball of golden fire surge up from behind the granite flanks of Mount Shasta. Boy, that's sumpin! It was even sumpin this particular morning over northern Illinois.

THE endless strings of beacons ahead of us, and the intermediate flasher lights, ceased blinking one by one. No human hand turns them off—or in some cases touches them for months on end. They are automatically controlled by means of a solar switch, an uncanny gadget some scientific chappie figured out on a little slide rule. When darkness comes, on go the lights. When daylight returns, they go out. It's so simple I can't understand it at all!

Ol' Man River was jus' keepin' rollin' along when we sped across him at Clinton, which lay quiet and asleep as we droned overhead. Here and there, on a farm or highway, life was astir. Smoke floated vertically from chimneys and we spied a nightshirted agrarian en route from the farmhouse to the little building with the crescent in the door.

I hung around while Tex reported his position in to Chicago—which the pilots on this line are required to do every twenty minutes:

"Riley in fifty-four—Riley in fifty-four"—that being the number of the plane—"sev-unn miles west of Clin-ton—sevunn miles west of Clin-ton—ceiling unlimited—visibility unlimited—O. K."

He switched off his transmitter, and I returned to my seat in the cabin, bundled myself up in my blanket, and started wondering if this Stephani was really going to be dunce enough to start something; woke up when we landed for a brief moment to drop and pick up mail at Des Moines; promptly fell asleep again; and came to when Tex cut the motors for the landing at Omaha. I knew it was Omaha without having to look out the window, because on the right kind of a day you can whiff the fragrant aroma of stockyards a mile up and ten miles away.

The rest of the passengers were awake, too. The stewardess was busily folding blankets and stowing them in the locker. I smoothed my hair a couple of licks and looked warily across at Miss Rollins. She was fresh and bright as a dew-covered rose—a neat trick for any woman. I said:

"Have a nice nap?"

She smiled and nodded. "Lovely. And you?"

I said I felt great—which I didn't. I hate to wake up—

and without an immediate cold shower I look like a bad job of embalming. And act the same.

"Are we on time?" she inquired.

I consulted my gold watch and chain.

"Five minutes ahead."

"Thanks," she smiled. "I won't even ask about the weather, because I can see for myself it's a lovely morning."

To myself I said: "This, my boy, passeth the Voler understanding." It was too deep for me! When we left Chicago Felice Rollins was apparently mad enough to pop me right in the teeth. Now, two and a half hours later, she was sweet as an ocean of grenadine. I figured either the sleep had done her some good or she was trying to square herself.

We glided down across the Missouri River, circled the field, and landed. I invited Miss Rollins to have a bite of breakfast. She shook her head uncertainly.

"I doubt if I'll have time."

"We're here for twenty minutes," I urged.

She said: "I'm sorry."

I wasn't sure if I'd better drag the subject out of the closet and rattle the bones—decided I should, said:

"You don't mind if I sort of keep an eye on you?"

SHE shook her head and smiled cheerfully. "It won't be necessary. There'll be nothing like—last night. Not here."

I leaned across the aisle. "I chucked his cannon overboard."

She frowned.

"And I told him to keep strictly away from you," I went on.

She seemed mildly annoyed. "Wouldn't it be better if you let me handle the situation in my own way?"

I said: "O. K. by me—but if you want any help, holler."

Still no explanation—and if she was afraid of anything happening to her in Omaha, or of having Stephani aboard, there was no indication on her face. Whatever her problem, she was keeping it strictly to her pretty self alone.

Everybody piled out at the station. Egbert led the attack on the restaurant. He appeared somewhat subdued, a condition I attributed to physical weakness from nearly three hours without anything to eat whatsoever except Peanut Patty Cakes and Coconut Smacks. Stephani edged over toward Miss Rollins, smiled, and said, "Good morning." She cut him flat—and he didn't like it a bit. She asked me where she could find a Union Pacific time-table. I took her inside and got one from the ticket agent. She said, "Thanks awfully"—and deliberately drifted away from me. Well, if she felt that way about it—

The ticket agent handed me a telegram. It was from Trixie.

Well, well! I *did* have a date with Trixie, didn't I—that very night. Somehow or other it had slipped my mind. I recollect wondering if I perhaps hadn't been a bit hasty about wiring her. After all, it had been four years since I'd seen her, and I remembered distinctly that on her last appearance she had displayed unmistakable symptoms of approaching embonpoint. In other words, maybe Trixie had gotten fat. I don't like 'em fat.

I bumped into Palmer on my way to the restaurant. He nodded significantly and said: "I see you took care of the boy friend's hardware."

I said: "Yeah."

"What was the idea?" he asked.

"Nothing serious."

He lowered his voice confidentially.

"He's not a dick, is he?"

"Nope—he's not a dick."

Palmer looked at me evenly for a long instant, shrugged his shoulders. "Well, it's no skin off my nose."

"Mine either."

We were just entering the door when Miss Rollins overtook me.

"May I speak to you for a minute?" she asked.

I said: "Sure."

We walked aside.

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LIKE JANE, many another girl *thinks* she removes cosmetics thoroughly, but actually leaves stale make-up in the pores to *choke* them. Soon she discovers the warning signals of unattractive Cosmetic Skin—enlarged pores, tiny blemishes—blackheads, perhaps.

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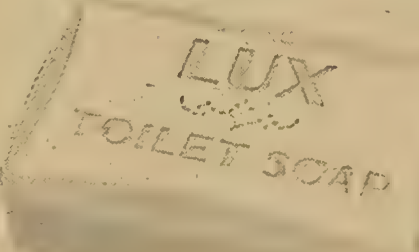

Naturally I use cosmetics, but with my regular **Lux Toilet Soap** care there's no danger of my getting Cosmetic Skin

NRA CODE

KAY FRANCIS WARNER BROTHERS STAR

"I hate to bother you," she apologized, "but—well, I need a little help—right away."

I said: "As for instance?"

She drew a deep breath, like somebody paving the way for a ten-dollar touch.

"It's this," she said. "I want to find out for sure if a certain girl is aboard the Overland Limited that goes through Salt Lake this morning."

"What time does it get there?"

"Eight o'clock. That's the same as nine o'clock here, isn't it?"

I nodded and said: "I guess we can find out but we'll have to hurry. What's the girl's name?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know?"

"I mean I don't know the name she is traveling under. I'm sure she isn't using her own."

"Know what she looks like?"

"Oh, yes."

"We'll get the dope for you."

Her face brightened. "Do you really think so?"

I assured her I could by wiring Pop Andrews to check the passengers when the train arrived. Pop is a brother Mason, Elk, Eagle, or Moose to every brakeman and conductor on the Salt Lake division.

We returned to the ticket office and wired Pop. Miss Rollins described the girl she wished to know about as nineteen, slender and tall, blue eyes, brown hair—and a little scar on her left cheek bone. I said:

"The scar cinches it—and her real name is—"

I was frankly curious. I'm always curious about people who use phony names. She looked at me steadily—then:

"It isn't any of your business, but her name is Katherine Rollins. She's my sister."

I said, "Oh." That seemed to be all there was to say.

I asked Pop in the wire to meet us at the airport when we arrived at Salt Lake.

With the wire on its way, Miss Rollins eased up a bit. I suggested:

"Toast and coffee, maybe?"

SHE said: "Toast and coffee absolutely."

"Last night you said you didn't drink coffee," I reminded her.

She said: "That was last night."

We slipped into a corner of the restaurant, ordered, and told the girl to make it snappy. At first we just talked around in circles—about toast and coffee and what people ate for breakfast and how did she like flying. Not a word about Stephani or the sister or the things that were giving me the old curiosity itch. Finally I popped out with:

"Too bad your palsy-walsy didn't stay in Paris, isn't it?"

I was ready to duck, thinking maybe she'd answer with a straight right; but she said calmly:

"Oh, you know about that, do you?"

"Only what I read in the papers," I said carefully.

"I suppose you believe everything you read?"

I shook my head. "Not since I was a little boy."

"Most of it was pretty correct," she said, "except they didn't print it all."

I gulped a little coffee, then inquired:

"Tell me—how did you, who seem to have something above the ears, happen to fall for a ringworm like this guy?"

She was puzzled for an instant. Then: "Oh, you mean this boy on the plane. He isn't the one."

"You mean he isn't the egg you scrambled in Paris?"

Her eyes twinkled. "No; this is his brother."

My comment was: "Nice bunch of boys. What does this fellow carry a gun for?"

"I have *no* idea." She spoke very emphatically.

I said: "Well, I've got an idea that if he doesn't behave his little self he's apt to do a parachute jump—without a parachute."

"I can take care of him," she assured me.

"You won't have to. I'm gonna do it myself."

Weren't we getting along swimmingly and wasn't she nice? My first impression of her had been all cockeyed. She was intelligent without being opinionated, had a neat sense of humor, and—oh, well, she was a thoroughly pleasant breakfast companion. And as for being a man-hater—this one!—ridiculous. I wished Vi Johnson was still with us, so she could see how elegantly I was progressing—which reminded me I'd bet Vi I'd take her to dinner in San Francisco that night—or the next. When I was paying the check I said:

"Now that we've started the day off right with breakfast together in Omaha, how's about finishing it in a blaze of glory with dinner in San Francisco?"

She dropped it on me out of a clear blue sky: "So you can win your two-dollar bet?"

I tried to cover my maidenly blushes with "You've been reading my mail"—but my face would have glowed red through four coats of calcimine.

She said: "Those cabin acoustics are treacherous."

"Aw—Vi Johnson and I always are kidding each other like that," I alibied.

"It's risky business, this trying to open doors," she chided. "You might bump your nose."

I said: "I'll take a chance. How's about it?"

She shook her head. "Not tonight. And besides, you have an important engagement tonight—I presume with a charming young lady."

"She's just an old friend of my sister's." It didn't sound convincing. "I'll break it."

Miss Rollins stood pat with "Oh, I couldn't let you do that! It wouldn't be fair to the young lady." She looked at me evenly. Something was going on in the back of her head. Then: "All right—on one condition."

"That being—"

"If we get there tonight I'll have dinner with you tomorrow night."

BICYCLES and SAFETY

By TOM A. BURKE

[EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the twenty-first of a series of short articles on the proper way to drive an automobile to avoid accidents. The articles are based on an extensive study of accident statistics.]

BICYCLE riding has returned to the popularity enjoyed during the "Gay '90s." But its revival finds a new hazard little dreamed of in the old days, the danger of collisions with automobiles.

Cyclists should observe the laws and the principles of common sense and courtesy on the highways just as religiously as the careful motorist observes them.

Among the dangerous habits practiced by thoughtless cyclists are: failure to carry lights for night riding; ignoring the ordinary rules of traffic; failure to use signals; riding double; failure to observe one-way streets; ignoring intersection stops; running traffic lights; stunt riding; hitching on to motor vehicles; "weaving" in and out of the traffic line; and other dangerous practices.

Bicycle riding is great sport and comparatively free from danger if the rider will just observe simple safety precautions.

I said: "It doesn't make sense—like I'll see you tomorrow if I don't see you yesterday."

"No. If we get there tonight I'll have dinner with you tomorrow night."

"And if we don't get there tonight?"

She smiled sweetly: "I won't dine with you tomorrow night."

"Or any other night?"

"Or any other night."

"You wouldn't fool me?"

She shook her head. "I wouldn't fool you."

I said: "The funny part of it is, I don't think you would."

"I wouldn't," she assured me—and we hurried back to the plane.

Tex Riley was studying the weather sheet which had just come out from the dispatcher's office. I scanned it over his shoulder. It was good to Cheyenne, which was all Tex had to worry about. I asked:

"What is it west of Cheyenne?"

NOW that Miss Rollins was being so nice, I decided to repay her in kind by giving her a weather forecast before she weakened and asked for it. Tex said he thought it was fair but wasn't sure. That's characteristic of pilots. The only weather in the world they give a hang about is the weather along the route they are about to fly.

Everybody reëmbarked. Egbert was wide awake and back in form—mean as a toothache and full of bananas and cream, three dishes of which, smothered in powdered sugar, he had consumed for breakfast. Supplemented by an occasional Patty Cake and Coconut Smack, that should keep him from starving to death until we reached Cheyenne, provided diabetes didn't claim him in the meantime. Baggerly's breath was pungently aromatic again, and he displayed the calm, placid mien of a man who had been dragged back and forth through a knot hole. The searching rays of a bright morning sun weren't making him any easier on the eyes. On the contrary, he began to resemble something you find under a rock.

Mrs. Harkins was taking things easier but was still worried. It came out that she was speeding to Salt Lake to the bedside of a desperately ill son. She had expected a telegram which hadn't arrived and she was doing her level best to conceal her worry and disappointment. I made a stab at trying to prove the old theory that no news was good news—I hope.

Dr. Evans and Palmer boarded the plane at almost the same time. In fact, before they went aboard they stood together for a moment and traded small talk.

I asked: "Any more word from your patient, doctor?"

He shook his head. "Not since last night. I'm assuming that no news is good news."

I said that was what I'd been telling Mrs. Harkins.

As greatly as the good citizens of the state may resent it, I am forced to

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confess that a bird's-eye view of Nebraska is a pretty dull sight. It may have been, and no doubt was, wild and exciting country in the days of the buffalo and the belligerent Sioux; but today it's just farm after farm, with the Platte River ambling along for miles and getting nowhere. The Columbia descriptive folders say that in four minutes one of the eighty-nines can, will, and does travel as far as a covered wagon did in a whole day—to which I cannot help but retort: "Who cares?"

Tex nosed down to five hundred feet as we passed above North Platte—for sentimental reasons. It used to be a regular stop in the post-office days and a handy refuge from the terrors of an unexpected Nebraska line squall.

I was up front with Tex Riley when the first message for Dr. Evans came through on the radio. "Omaha calling Riley—Omaha calling Riley," came faintly through Tex's earphones. "Personal message for Dr. Evans—personal message for Dr. Evans."

THE co-pilot, wearing earphones also, took down the message on his pad. I read it over his shoulder as he wrote: "Situation critical. Patient may not live until night." It was signed "Dr. Gulliver." I said:

"I'll take it back to him."

The co-pilot folded the sheet. I went back and handed it to Dr. Evans.

"This just came through for you," I said.

He said, "Thanks," unfolded it, read it. I looked around as he read it. His personal messages weren't supposed to be any of my business, even if I did know what was in them. I noticed that Palmer, across the aisle, was watching him intently. He turned away when he saw I was looking at him. Dr. Evans said: "Hm-m-m—that's too bad." He folded the message, slipped it in his pocket, went back to his book. He was still reading about brains.

I haven't the least idea what it was that suddenly inspired me to put the finger on Palmer. Certainly not the hills of Nebraska. Probably it was just that I'm a Canadian Mountie at heart—I never give up till I get my man—identified. At any rate, I wasn't even trying to place him when it came to me—bang! like that—full-blown. Convinced I had placed the man, I studied him surreptitiously.

He was older, of course, and had changed somewhat. But there was no doubt about it. I had him pegged at last.

I moved in on him.

Who is Palmer? What part is he destined to play in this strange admixture of comedy and drama now winging its way westward? The furtive interest displayed in him by Dr. Evans threatens fresh complications. Also the presence aboard the big plane of Stephani seems to bode evil for Miss Rollins. Don't miss next week's installment of this delightfully told story.

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NRA CODE

VITALIS

Keeps Hair Healthy and Handsome

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 18

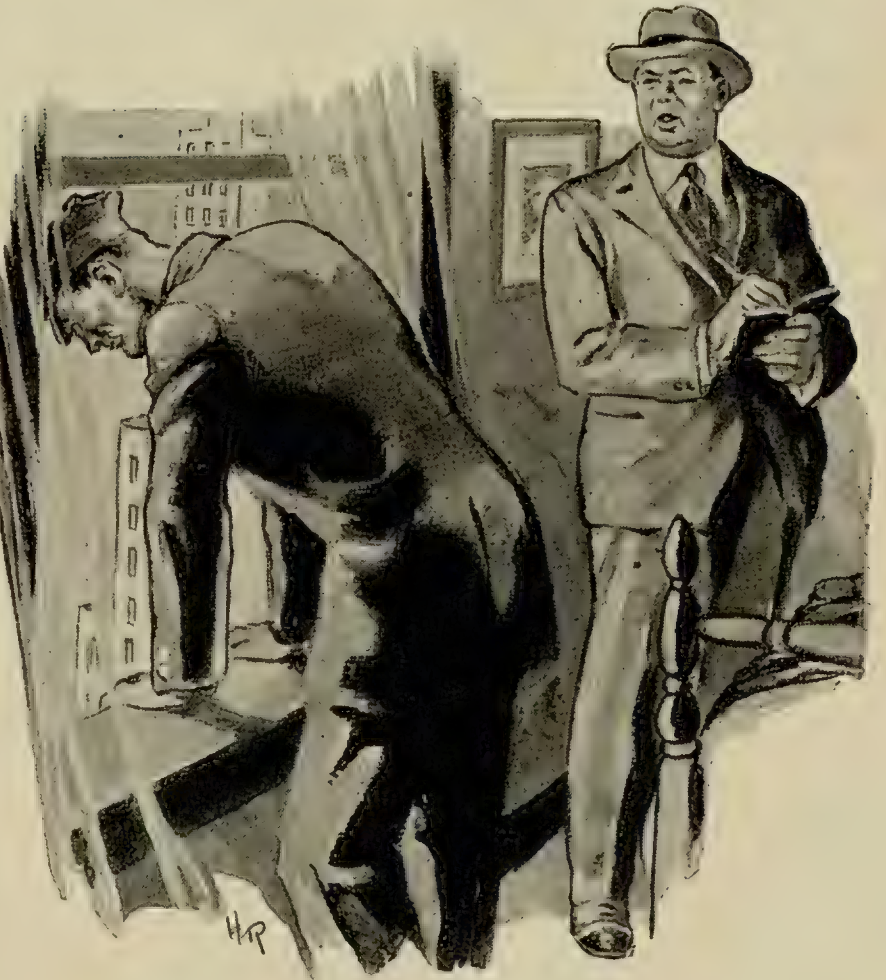
1—A boot.
2—Because the other teeth are guided by it.
3—The originator of mesmerism, in Vienna, about 1775.
4—In the Arctic Ocean, north of Peary Land, Greenland.
5—Franklin Pierce.
6—By act of Congress, February 4, 1887.
7—In 1730 at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
8—Arcadia, Florida.
9—Cassava, grown in South America and other tropical countries.
10—The ancient Romans.
11—From the palate. Its real name is baleen.
12—The fibrous residue from sugar cane after the juice is extracted.
13—A cross between the German shepherd dog and fox terrier.
14—Printer's measures of width.
15—The letter u.
16—The honeybee.
17—A separate enumeration of the white and red blood corpuscles.
18—The wet fog of the rainless Peruvian coast prevailing from May to October.
19—Florence Nightingale of Crimean War fame.
20—The teak; otherwise it is too heavy to float to the mills.

Miss Wilkes-Barre

A Short Short Story

by COREY FORD

READING TIME
4 MINUTES 7 SECONDS



THERE were three letters lying on the desk blotter. She had not signed the longest one. It was written in an upright hand, on the cheap impersonal stationery of the hotel, and was addressed to " Bob dear."

" Bob dear," it read: " I think of you all the time, and just because I have not written every day, don't think it is because I have forgotten you. I am thinking of you constantly, and have sweet memories of bygone days.

" It's been a long time since I heard from you. It's funny when I don't get a letter from you every day, like we used to.

" Just a line to state that I have been making out fine here in the ' big city.' The show business is fine. I am not with the show I was in any more, because I got so many offers to go to Hollywood or else fashion-model or lots of things that I decided to quit this show. I am getting along fine on Broadway, like I told you I would; everything is breaking just right, so don't you worry about me. The show I was in wasn't any good. That was why I quit to do something better, because of course the manager begged me to stay, but I told him I had my career. Everything is fine here in the ' big city.'

" It has been a long time since you wrote me, Bob dear. Please drop me a line sometime and tell me if anything humorous happens back home. Mother sent me some clippings from the Argus about how I was making out fine on Broadway.

" I hope the folks back in Wilkes-Barre will admit now that I have a real career. Remember how when I was selected to be Miss Wilkes-Barre and got this job here in New York, how you did not think I should come here because you said I did not have a career? Well, I guess I am showing you and the folks, eh, what?

" How I miss you, Bob! I am thinking constantly of my Bob; I wish I was back home with you; but I am not coming back until I ' make good,' because I owe it to my career. Then I will come back to my Bob. My sweet baby, sweet dreams. Good night. Write me. I am thinking of you always—"

The second letter was not completed. It was addressed to " Dear Mr. Reinheimer."

" Dear Mr. Reinheimer," it read: " I am writing to you because I have thought over what you said, and I am not just a laughingstock. God knows I made a fool of myself with you, and I do not even blame you because you fired me from the show, but I am not a ' bum.' I am only asking you to give me back my job because I am broke, and wise to myself now, and if you will give me one more chance—"

Inspector Boyle turned the page over in search of the rest of the letter, and shook his head, puzzled. He picked up the third letter.

The third letter was signed " Millie." It was addressed to " My Sweetheart Mother."

" My Sweetheart Mother," he read: " I have just got your letter, and everything is fine here—I am feeling fine. I have got a line of offers for Hollywood and so I am all right, so don't worry. Well, I was so glad to get your letter today, and that is sure quite a piece of news about Bob Ellis getting married. I had not heard from him for quite a while and I had just finished writing a letter to him just now and was going to mail it when yours came—isn't that a coincidence? Well, I am all right, and tell everybody back home—"

" Where do you want these? " asked Patrolman Farrell, carrying an armload of dresses out of the closet.

" Put them there on the bed," replied Inspector Boyle. He finished the letter. "—that I am all right. I have a lot of offers from Hollywood and places, so don't worry. Tell Bob. I send lots of love, dear. Good-by, from your Millie."

COREY FORD
has written a number of humorous books and stories under his own name and under that of John Riddell. He lives in a house in Freedom, N. H., which he calls " Stony Broke." He boasts that he recently had a trout fly named for him.

" THIS ermine coat ought to be worth something," said Patrolman Farrell, laying it on the bed.

" That's got to go to the administrator's office," said Inspector Boyle, " till we see if we can locate her mother or somebody. Find anything else? "

" Naah," said Patrolman Farrell. He paused beside the open window. The lace curtains were swaying faintly in the breeze, and the sounds of traffic noises rose faintly from the street.

" Is this the window? "

" Yeah," said Inspector Boyle, making notes in a book.

Patrolman Farrell leaned over the sill gingerly and peered down at the street. " How many floors are we? Thirteen? "

" Get away from that window! " said Boyle nervously.

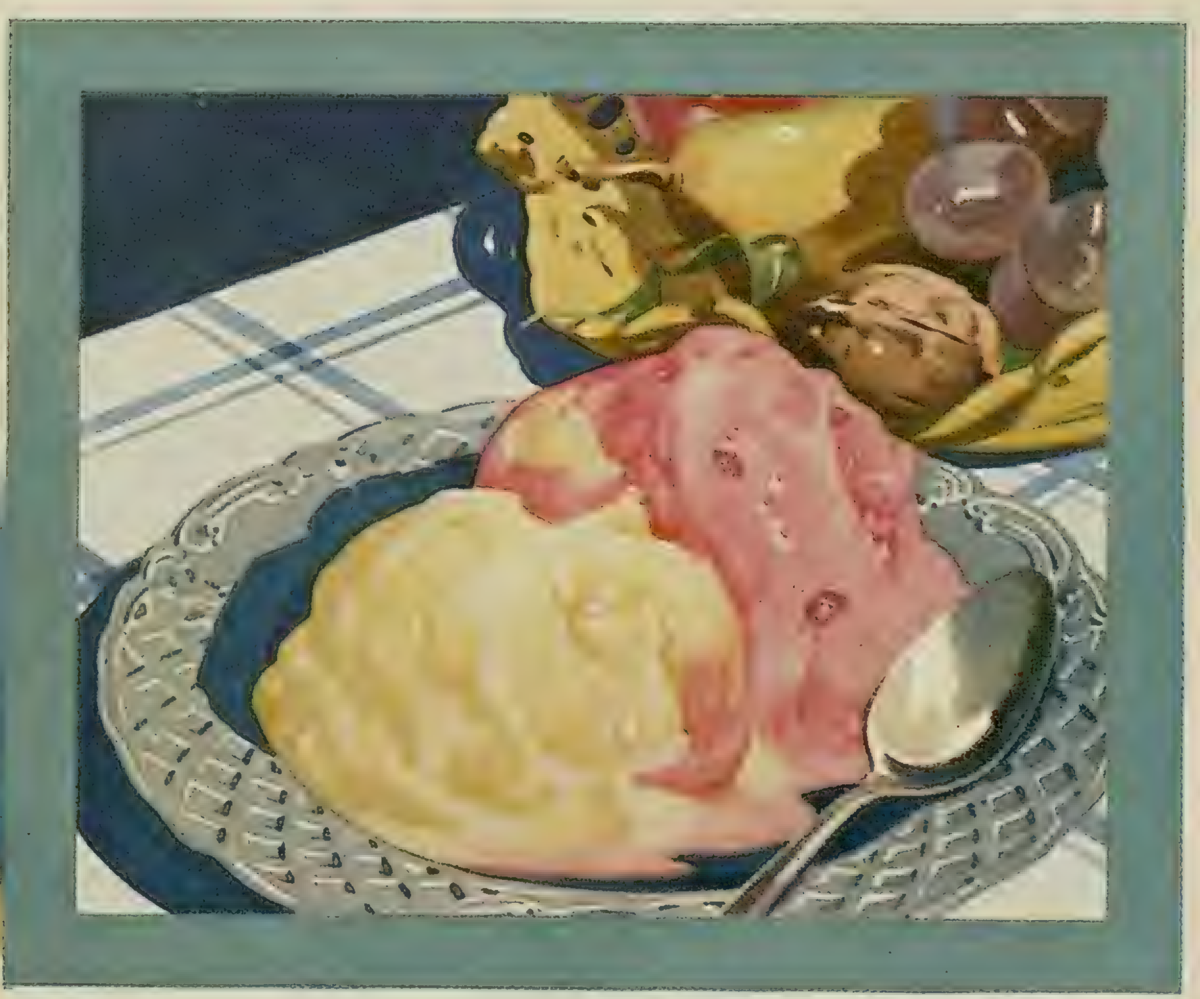
Farrell still stared down fascinated at the foreshortened figures in the street below him.

" It's a hell of a long ways to Broadway," he murmured.

THE END

BUY WITH

"GOOD HOUSEKEEPING BUREAU" TELLS



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Bear in mind that good ice cream is a pure food, not merely an occasional delicacy. Eat it whenever you are hungry — morning, noon, or night. It is stored with the body-building vitamins of sweet cream, fresh from sparkling dairies; the quick energy of pure sugar; the nourishment of fresh fruits and meaty nuts; the tongue-teasing zest of genuine flavors.

On the next page are the brands approved by *Good Housekeeping's* staff of scientists, as being worthy of your confidence. An unbiased source reassures you of their purity, cleanliness, strict laboratory-control, freshness, and quality of ingredients. Each of these brands is made to a single-quality standard; each is justly famous in its own locality.

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Altoona, Barnesboro, Bedford, Pa., and Cumberland, Md.

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LUICK ICE CREAM . . Milwaukee and Wisconsin, Northern Illinois, and Upper Peninsular Michigan

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Canton, Ohio

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SUPPLEE ICE CREAM
Philadelphia and Eastern Pennsylvania, Southern New Jersey, and Delaware

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Good ice cream improves a soda or a milk-shake. Be sure it's the brand Good Housekeeping approves.

Don't forget the energy-value of a sundae, made with ice cream approved by Good Housekeeping.

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FINAL ANNOUNCEMENT

$2,500 PRESIDENTS CONTEST PRIZE WINNERS

PUBLICATION of the names below completes the announcement of the 273 awards in the recent Presidents Contest. The other winners were announced in preceding issues of Liberty.

$100 THIRD PRIZE

Alfred W. McCardle
Los Angeles, Calif.

THESE ARE $10 WINNERS

Jeannette Morris, Philadelphia, Pa.; Bethel W. Whitson, Birmingham, Ala.; Mrs. J. A. Brown, Robsart, Sask.; Anita Eberle, Jersey City, N. J.; Rene P. Bennett, Cambridge, Mass.; A. Lee Carnaghie, Detroit, Mich.; Roy S. Baer, Kansas City, Mo.; Mrs. Geo. H. Little, Jr., North Dartmouth, Mass.; W. Morey Finch, Idalia, Colo.; Mrs. Hollis Oliver, Kansas City, Mo.; C. Bruce Johnston, Louisville, Ky.; Priv. E. J. Gamble, Fort Lewis, Wash.; Joan Zabel, Beatrice, Neb.; Mrs. Clela Forester-Rush, Clarksburg, W. Va.; A. V. Humphrey, Palo Alto, Calif.

Ruth Gregory, Dalton, Ga.; Mrs. Anna E. Bell, New York, N. Y.; Victor E. Meyer, Patchogue, N. Y.; Pauline Clark, Los Gatos, Calif.; Gladys Deaton, Springfield, Mo.; Mrs. Anna Palmer, Oak Park, Ill.; John W. Culp, Louisville, Ohio; William H. Wertz, Greensburg, Pa.; Mrs. Zida C. Ivey, Fort Atkinson, Wis.

LAST OF THE $5 WINNERS

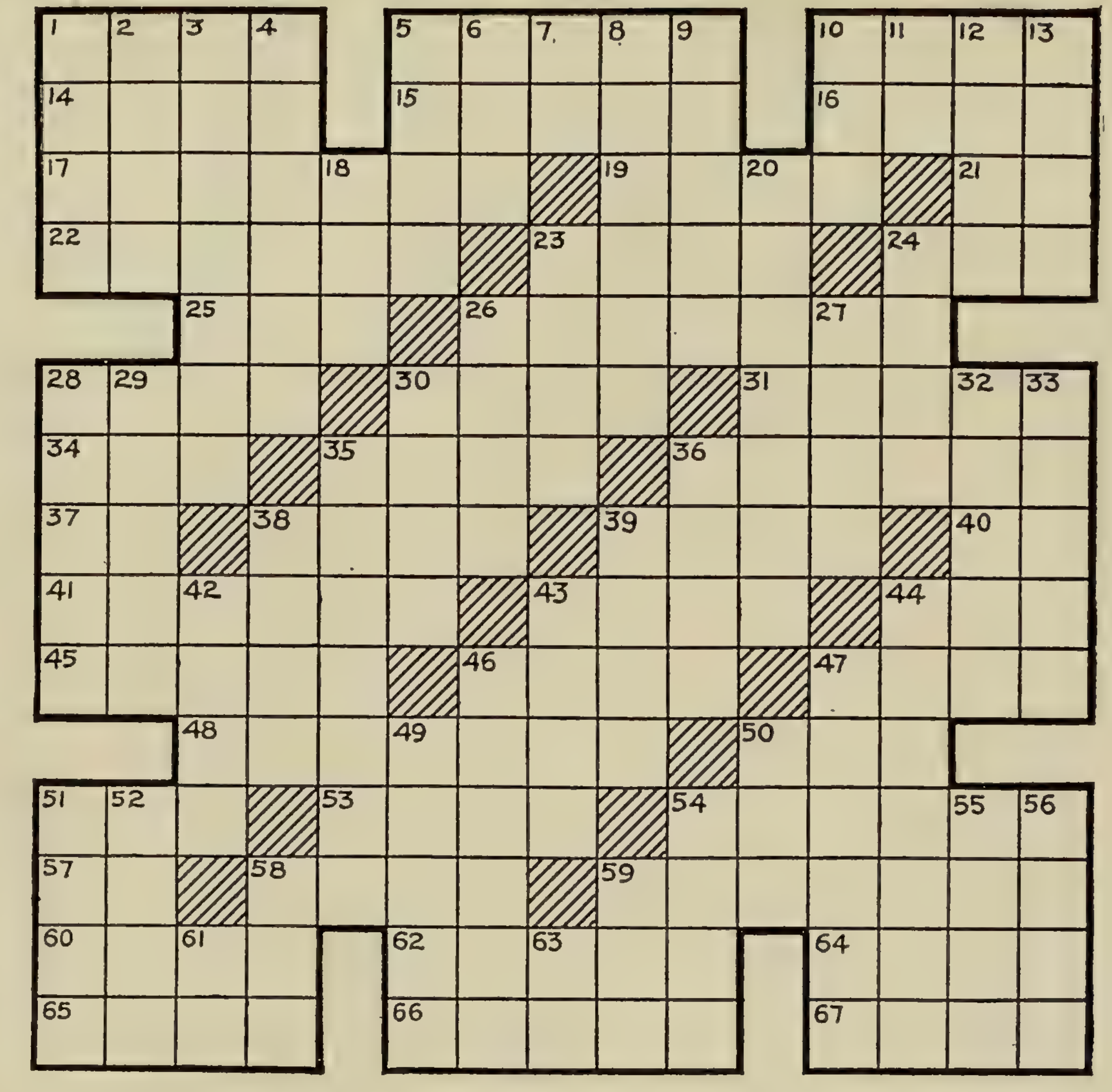
R. C. Schrodt, Des Moines, Ia.; Robert S. Krause, Quakertown, Pa.; Ella L. Kyle, New York, N. Y.; Geo. H. Lachey, West Los Angeles, Calif.; Betsy Lee, Ithaca, N. Y.; Mabel Tabor, Philadelphia, Pa.; William Taylor, Ridgewood, N. J.; Mrs. J. Frank Warmath, Jackson, Tenn.; J. F. Levy, San Francisco, Calif.; Harold S. Lewis, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Ralph MacKay, San Francisco, Calif.; F. E. Blackburn, Birmingham, Ala.; Anna M. Kane, Hollis, N. Y.; Jennie MacNeill, Beverly, Mass.; Floyd Coons, St. Paul, Minn.; Harry J. Mason, Norwich, Ohio; Jean Uhl, Boulder City, Nev.; B. W. Markwood, Keyser, W. Va.; Magdalene Mathieu, Chicago, Ill.; Daisy A. Oreb, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mrs. Walter H. Sanderson, Cranford, N. J.; Mrs. J. S. Osborne, Alameda, Calif.; Lawrence F. Sechrist, San Diego, Calif.

Mrs. James C. Parsons, Ventura, Calif.; Mrs. C. J. Cook, Oakland, Calif.; Hope Witten, Newark, N. J.; Michael Kampel, Cincinnati, Ohio; Blanche M. Swartz, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mabel I. Plummer, West Springfield, Mass.; Mrs. Martin B. Stonestreet, Norfolk, Va.; Raymond Poley, Knoxville, Pa.; Loretta Umnitz, Lyndhurst, N. J.; Mrs. Clark E. Fisher, Butte, Mont.; Lillian Popella, New York, N. Y.; Mrs. D. Russell Pyles, Miami, Fla.; Francisco Quintero, San Juan, Puerto Rico; Viola Dodd, Bay City, Mich.; E. D. Schonberger, Grand Forks, N. D.; Calvin Terwilliger, Jr., Porterville, Calif.

H. E. Read, Savannah, Ga.; Hector Herbert, Guilford, Me.; Mrs. Winfield S. Ellis, Jr., Chicago, Ill.; Leslie W. Honig, Bronx, N. Y.; Henrietta J. Sharp, San Diego, Calif.; Francis Quotidomine, Portsmouth, Va.; Margaret C. Eulberg, Normandy, Mo.; Frederick U. Rousseau, Springfield, Mass.; Mrs. Charles Streeper, Cynwyd, Pa.; Walter A. Sudbrock, Indianapolis, Ind.; Philip A. Trainor, Providence, R. I.; Mrs. H. G. Young, Louisville, Ky.; J. H. Colson, Omaha, Neb.; R. L. Reenstjerna, San Francisco, Calif.; A. R. Tucker, Baltimore, Md.; Homer D. Fey, Sioux City, Ia.

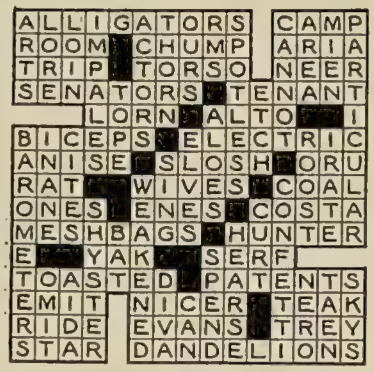
Mrs. E. S. Warner, Scranton, Pa.; Harry J. Fein, Cleveland, Ohio; Nan F. Duncan, Berkeley, Calif.; Georgine Z. Richards, Lansford, Pa.; Mrs. Erna A. Rogers, Aberdeen, Wash.; Florence Roland, Waukegan, Ill.; Frank J. Corbett, Milton, Mass.; H. Romer, Jersey City, N. J.; Erick H. Erickson, Shelton, Conn.; H. Paul Cook, Tucson, Ariz.; Paul Henrich, Buffalo, N. Y.

CROSS WORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 Metallic dross
5 A coarse woolen stuff
10 The male of the swan (plural)
14 A Shoshonean Indian
15 A command
16 River in Russia
17 Species of hawk (plural)
19 Town in Alaska
21 Not
22 Pulled up
23 Of large scope
24 Devoured
25 Combining form: denoting use of air
26 Irrigated
28 Gentle
30 Vessel, as a platter
31 Gross violation of human law
34 Those who are in political power
35 An insect
36 Defeated
37 Pronoun
38 Grains or seeds of a cereal grass
39 Unusual
40 The symbol for an element
41 Son of Chaos (Greek mythology)
43 Forbids
44 A pronoun
45 Part of a flight of steps
46 Parched with heat
47 Oily substances
48 Agitated
50 Remote
51 Perched



Answer to last week's puzzle

53 A string
54 Execrated
57 Month of the Jewish year
58 Native of ancient Media
59 Instrument of the xylophone kind
60 Pool or lake
62 Device for slackening threads in a loom
64 Gaseous element in the atmosphere
65 State of bliss
66 Declaim
67 Woman's name

VERTICAL

1 To demonstrate
2 To part with unintentionally
3 Requests
4 Bound around
5 County in Kentucky
6 Measures of area
7 A fish
8 Upper pole of the horizon
9 Wear away
10 A hint
11 A conjunction
12 To diet
13 Wild plum
18 Ever (poetic)
20 A dealer in textile fabrics (plural)
23 Bathe
24 Passage in a mine
26 Humorists
27 Language of the Scotch Highlanders
28 Mimics
29 Indisposed to move
30 Small marks
32 Intended
33 Moves by little and little
35 Man's name
36 To unite in a troop
38 Notice of a person's death
39 Hostile incursion
42 Point on a compass
43 Propagated
44 Rowers
46 That which is behind in payment
47 Starch
49 Round-up
50 Hairy coating of an animal
51 Like in quality
52 In bed
54 Responsibility
55 Black
56 American journalist
58 The counters used in checkers
59 Encountered
61 Note of the scale
63 The symbol for an element

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

SONGBIRD, SIREN, BUCCANEER

Grace Moore and a Superlative Musical, Cleopatra, Long John Silver, et al., Give You a Heartening Array of Better-than-Usual Pictures

by BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★★★★ ONE NIGHT OF LOVE

THE PLAYERS: Grace Moore, Tullio Carminati, Lyle Talbot, Mona Barrie, Jessie Ralph, Luis Alberni, Andres de Segurola. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. From the story by Dorothy Speare and Charles Beahan.

COLUMBIA'S One Night of Love, with Grace Moore in glorious voice, is one of the most charming musicals, and certainly the most intelligent, yet to come out of the Hollywood sound stages. Victor Schertzinger's warm and understanding technique in bringing melody to the screen may well start a cycle of imitative films. And if it does, nothing could be better in rescuing the movies from the rigid and unimaginative treatment of music in which the producers have managed to bog themselves in the short time since the noisy birth of talking pictures.

Whether or not it starts a cycle, One Night of Love should please every one, even those who fear its operatic background or shy at the title, which we nominate as the worst of the season. Burdened as it is with the misleading title, a story that goes in for a few bromidic situations, and a star who, though she has appeared in two pictures, is comparatively unknown to screen audiences, One Night of Love is quite likely to be the best picture you'll see, if you spend every night in the theater for the next six months. And to criticize its minor faults is to pick on a gift horse whose molars would be the pride of any dentist.

Developed in a manner which we cannot praise too highly, the story concerns a radio songster (Grace Moore), who travels to Italy to further her career, and there meets the world's leading voice teacher (Tullio Carminati) and promptly falls in love with him. Because of past experiences with pupils, maestro won't play, even though he feels himself weakening. After coaching Mary until she is ready to sing Carmen as her début in the provincial houses, the teacher continues his strict training methods long after her local triumph. Convinced that she is ready for the Metropolitan Opera, and believing that her teacher does not love her, Mary goes to New York. There she rocks the house with her Madame Butterfly while the forgiving and admiring maestro looks on from the prompter's box.

This skeletonized plot gives you no hint of the charm with which it is invested, none of the warm melodic appeal of its liquid movement, nor any of the masterful and unobtrusive presentation of the interpolated songs.

Columbia studios, with Lady for a

Grace Moore and Tullio Carminati in the extraordinary musical picture One Night of Love.

The famed Queen of Egypt, Cleopatra, played by Claudette Colbert in the film of that title.

Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper in Treasure Island, in which the former plays Long John Silver.

EYES BLEARY

ALWAYS TIRED

DR. RAMOND,
physician to the late President Doumer of France, says:

"An amazing improvement ...*in 3 weeks*"

"MR. Z——," Dr. Félix Ramond reports, "had been overworking." He had dull eyes, a tired body, swollen stomach, headaches, couldn't sleep . . .

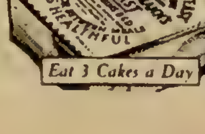
"My advice—yeast—proved just the treatment he needed. As his digestion and elimination improved, his headaches stopped, he slept well—regained his former energy."

Perhaps *your* eyes are dull and bleary, too. Perhaps *you* lack "pep," have a big stomach . . . are constipated!

Note what Dr. Ramond says:—"Poisons that form when intestines function poorly affect health in *many* ways . . . To counteract this condition, I recommend fresh yeast as the best corrective."

Won't you try Fleischmann's Yeast—for 30 days, at least? You can get it at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains.

Each cake is very rich in vitamins B, D and G. Start to eat Fleischmann's Yeast . . . right now!



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NRA CODE

Day, Twentieth Century, and It Happened One Night, graduated *magnum cum laude* from the "quickie" class. One Night of Love very nearly puts this energetic and alert little lot in a class all by itself.

VITAL STATISTICS: Grace Moore, born in Jellico, Tennessee, is the daughter of a banker-cotton-mill owner. Ran away for operatic career when family disapproved of stage, and sang for a living at the Black Cat restaurant in Greenwich Village. Lost her voice later; had it restored, bettered. Made her début February 7, 1928, in Bohème. Played Jenny Lind for Hollywood in 1930, picture being released as A Lady's Morals. Married Valentin Parera, the Ronald Colman of Spain, in 1931. Is excellent cook; believes excessive dieting makes Hollywood stars irritable and thus divorceable, and never stints herself in dining. Owns 250 dresses and 200 pairs of shoes; was one of Flo Ziegfeld's ten most beautiful women in the world. . . . Tullio Carminati—Count Tullio Carminati de Brambilla—was born in Dalmatia. Speaks five languages fluently. Made famous in part of opera singer in Strictly Dishonorable. Unmarried. . . . Director Schertzinger is a Brown and Brussels Universities graduate, ex-concert violinist, ex-musical-comedy orchestra leader. In 1914 he wrote special music for Thomas Ince's Civilization, the first film to be especially scored. Has directed more than 100 films. Has written many songs—most warbled, Marcheta.

★★★ CLEOPATRA

THE PLAYERS: Claudette Colbert, Warren William, Henry Wilcoxon, Gertrude Michael, Joseph Schildkraut, Ian Keith, C. Aubrey Smith, Irving Pichel. Directed by C. B. De Mille. Story by Bartlett Cormack.

ALTHOUGH it shows little of the intelligence of One Night of Love, Cleopatra, done in the best De Mille bathroom tradition, is good fun none the less. The picture opens with the conquering Cæsar encamped in Egypt, ready to pounce upon the richest country of the age, and ends when Cleopatra presses an asp to her lovely breast rather than be captured by the Romans, now under the command of Octavian (Ian Keith).

We were wrong about Cleopatra, though; for the supposedly wanton queen, as played by Claudette Colbert, turns out to have been only mildly naughty, not at all the unmoral wench we had imagined. Rather than rely on her personal charms for winning Cæsar (Warren William) and afterward Marc Antony (Henry Wilcoxon), Cleopatra has her court girls go through a few dance routines for the heroes, her terpsichorean taste running along the Busby Berkeley lines.

Essentially Cleopatra is a simple and sometimes moving love story despite its gaudy trappings. As the film reaches its climax and Cleopatra and Antony face an enraged world, it has, if you'll believe me, a tender and simple poignancy.

Claudette Colbert, more beautiful than ever, does her best with a part that would defeat most actresses. The minor players are all a bit ill at ease draped in togas; but Henry Wilcoxon is right at home in the settings and makes a splendid military Antony.

VITAL STATISTICS: Henry Wilcoxon, wounded deeply in leg when thrown prop knife, failed to perform as expected. Later gashed in hand again. . . . Claudette Colbert, under tutelage of De Mille, lost fear of snakes. . . . Typical lavish De-Milleion-dollar production: 5,000 people were employed in its making; 600 ostrich feathers went into the feathered arch over Cleopatra's couch; the bathtub, 100 by 150 feet, is the largest De Mille ever used—a replica of the ancient Roman baths; 12 researchers worked 9 months before a camera crank was turned; 4 tons of armor were cast in the studio foundries; 185 pounds of clothing were worn by Antony and Cleopatra in the love scene—110 pounds of armor, 75 pounds of gown; Cleo's barge, duplicated exactly according to history, was 400 feet long and held more than 4,000 persons; flashes of war at end took 3 weeks in the making; 2 months' actual time for filming entire picture; picture costs enormous, probably $2,000,000; 14 months of hard labor will take about 90 minutes to screen.

Cecil B. De Mille is of Jewish-English extraction. His father was a Belasco partner. Is of the D. W. Griffith spectacle school, using lavishness to overcome innate dullness of theme. Pictures gross millions. . . . Claudette Colbert, born Lily Chauchoin in Paris about thirty years ago, came here at five; is a graduate of Washington Irving High School, New York; is married to Norman Foster, an actor, with whom she maintains separate domiciles. . . . Julius Cæsar Warren William is a typical Hollywood Lew Cody-Warner Baxter type. . . . Joseph Schildkraut started in films as a sensitive-hero type; he is now strictly villainous.

★★★ TREASURE ISLAND

THE PLAYERS: Wallace Beery, Jackie Cooper, Lionel Barrymore, Otto Kruger, Lewis Stone, Nigel Bruce, Chic Sale. Directed by Victor Fleming.

THOUGH weakened somewhat by Wallace Beery's perversion of Long John Silver, that villain of all times, Treasure Island remains one of the most entertaining and beautifully photographed pictures of the year.

Some of the breath-taking frenzy of the original tale is lost because Beery is the same awkward, lovable oaf that he was in The Bowery and The Champ.

Had he given up his winsome ways for unadulterated cruelty the dramatic suspense would have been tightened.

Otherwise the film comes close to being ideal. In the capable hands of Otto Kruger, Lewis Stone, Nigel Bruce, Lionel Barrymore, and Chic Sale, the realer-than-life people whom you have known since childhood once again do their old but ever exciting deeds.

And the camera, with a sharp eye for the beauty of the search for hidden gold, is the real star.

Treasure Island is not the perfect picture it came very close to being, but it's easily in the front rank of Hollywood's recent output.

VITAL STATISTICS: Story filmed twice before: by Fox in 1918, by Paramount in 1920. The sailing vessel Nanuk, used in Eskimo, was transformed into the Spanish privateer Hispaniola overnight. The famous Bristol (England) Docks were approximated at Alameda Estuary, California, and most of the exterior work done on the spot, off the coast at Oakland, California. The coast guard was used to deploy curious craft from sailing within camera range. An airplane detour was instituted to keep airplanes out of range of the sound cameras. Once the coxswain's bark directing his U. of C. crew got caught in the microphone. Many retakes were necessary to avoid any such anachronisms. Production costs, well over a million. . . . Long John Silver Wallace Beery, weighing two hundred, had a hard time with his extra leg cramped in a sling, what with the mercury running out of the thermometer. Beery was the first husband of Gloria Swanson. He started as a female impersonator in movie comedies—no kidding! Is married happily; has three adopted children. Flies his own plane everywhere; is an expert on aëronautics. . . . Jackie Cooper recently passed an intelligence test with an IQ of 135, which is better than most adults. . . . Lionel Barrymore is the most energetic of Barrymores. He is married to Irene Fenwick, actress, and after work always dashes home to play the piano for relaxation.

★★½ HERE COMES THE NAVY

THE PLAYERS: James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, Gloria Stuart, Frank McHugh, Dorothy Tree, Maude Eburne. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. Story by Ben Markson.

THIS week's pictures show Hollywood at its very best, each film being a distinct type and all of them worth your while.

Even Here Comes the Navy, which tells the often-filmed story of the wise guy who joins the navy and comes out a gentleman, manages, through the wise and easy playing of Jimmie Cagney, to be above the average fare.

Frank McHugh, as Cagney's friend, is funny throughout in a running gag.

This is topped finally in a hilarious scene by Maude Eburne. The main thread of the story, though, is Cagney's conversion to properly patriotic ideals.

He achieves these in an act of heroism based on the tragedy at San Diego in which a sailor hung on to a landing rope of a dirigible that decided not to land.

The plot is never unusual; but, endowed with Warner Brothers' typically fast pace and the pleasant performances of Pat O'Brien, Frank McHugh, Cagney, and Gloria Stuart, it's full of laughs and action.

VITAL STATISTICS: The United States Navy coöperated with Warners in making the picture, most of it being shot on the Arizona, off San Pedro, California, at the naval training station there, and at the Sunnyvale, California, dirigible station. The departure of the fleet for the East is among the picture's many battle maneuver scenes. Interesting shot: shell going through fourteen-inch rifle. . . . James Cagney, who once bundle-wrapped for Wanamaker's, is an ex-dance-school director who rose to fame on a bop to the feminine chin. He recently disputed with Warners over salary, and after taking the matter before the Hollywood Council arbitrating such matters was raised to a paltry $1,700 a week. Married, his private life contrasts sharply with his screen life. He goes in for woodcarving, piano playing, and caricature making. He has recently purchased a yacht, and hopes to do a Barrymore between pictures. . . . Frank McHugh has trouped since boyhood. That tattooing on his chest and back is verses one and two of O Promise Me, and is stenciled on. . . . Pat O'Brien is a real hirsute he-man Marquette University football star and is married to Eloise Taylor. . . . Gloria Stuart recently demarried Blair Newell, sculptor, whom she wedded after whirlwind U. of C. campus courtship. . . . None of the participants in the film were socked by enlisted men, the usual occurrence in such picture-making. . . . Director Lloyd Bacon always starts a new film with a new hat, on which he gets all the picture's cast's autographs.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Twentieth Century, Tarzan and His Mate, Viva Villa! The Big Bad Wolf, No Greater Glory, The House of Rothschild, It Happened One Night, The Lost Patrol.

★★★—Grand Canary, The Last Gentleman, The Affairs of Cellini, The Man with Two Faces, Murder on the Blackboard, Little Miss Marker, Midnight Alibi, Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back, Manhattan Melodramas, Double Door, All Men Are Enemies, Sisters Under the Skin, Glamour, Stand Up and Cheer, The Witching Hour, I'll Tell the World, Famous Scenes from Pagliacci, 20,000,000 Sweethearts, You're Telling Me, Men in White, Wild Cargo, The Crime Doctor, As the Earth Turns, Looking for Trouble, David Harum, Wonder Bar, Carolina, The Cat and the Fiddle, Catherine the Great, I've Got Your Number, Nana, Four Frightened People, Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen, Massacre, Moulin Rouge, Hi, Nellie, Fashions of 1934, Lady Killer, Man of Two Worlds.

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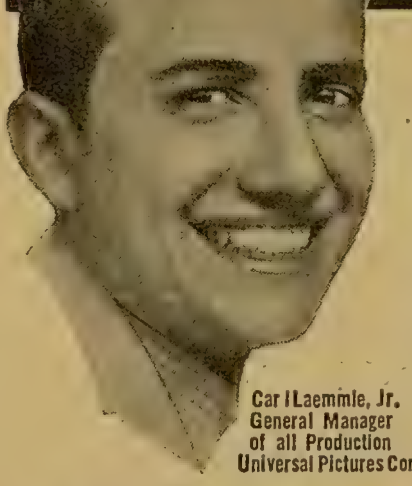

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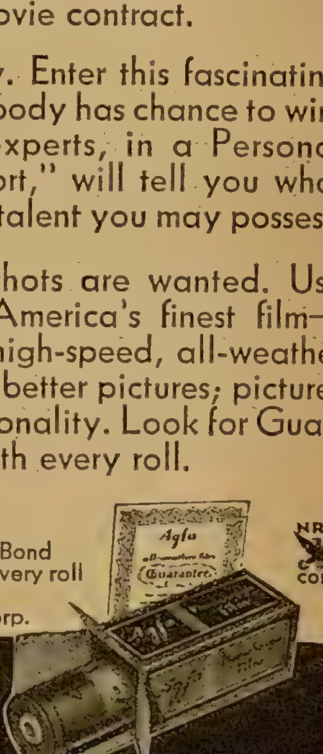

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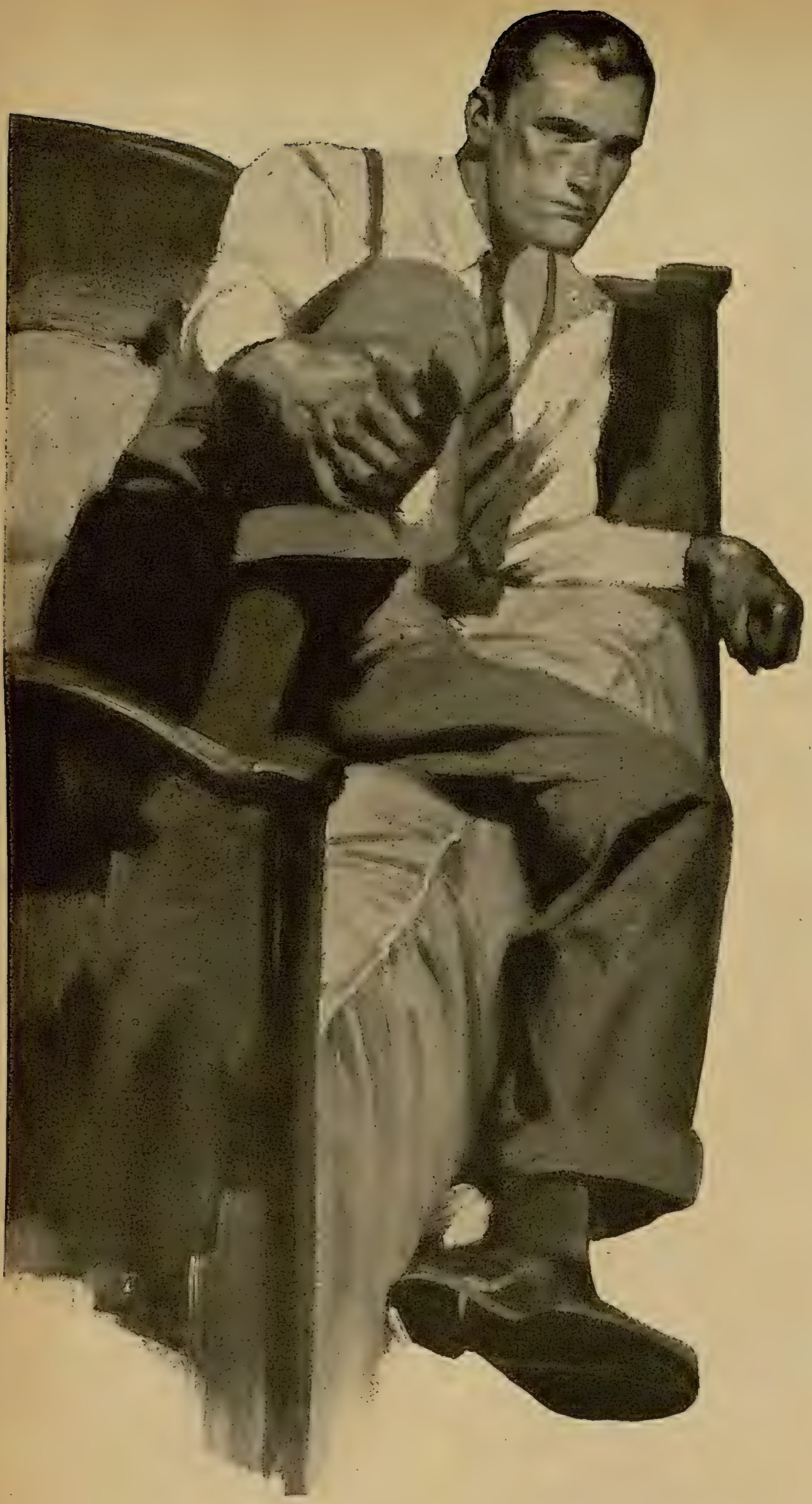


The

Crooks and Mystery and Deadly Peril; a Lovely Girl and a Surprise—Here's a Story Packed with Dynamite!

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

I WAS drinking cognac in a tidy little bar in Cleveland when the Law came in.

And, as usual, the Law picked an awkward moment. I had my eyes pleasantly filled with a girl who sat on a stool at my left. She was drinking a golden fizz, holding the glass in long tapering fingers. She was a big girl, but very graceful, and her hair was honey-brown with golden high lights. She was a honey; but it was quite a while since she had been inside a beauty parlor.

I took out a roll to pay for my drink and let her get a look at the century note on the outside. When her eyes met mine I said, "I'll buy."

She looked consecutively and without hurry or interest at my Scotch-grain brogues, at the third vest button of my tweed suit, at my gray striped tie, and at my gray fedora. Then she turned her back without speaking or looking at my face.

The bartender said, "None of that, Billy; this is a respectable spot."

I ignored him and talked to her green-velvet shoulder. "I'm glad you didn't tumble, luscious," I said. "I just flashed the roll to see if you were a digger. If you were I'd have laughed you off. But I'm holding plenty and I'd like to see the wheels go round. What say?"

The girl got up suddenly and stepped away from the bar. She sat down at a table against the wall.

I looked around and there was the Law coming in the front door. It was ninety in the shade outside but he was wearing a derby and he walked with a certain assured swagger and—well, anyway, I knew it was the Law. You learn to spot them.

He walked along the bar looking at people's backs. When he got behind me he said, "Sweet Peter! Hey, clown, what you doing in our fair city?"

Up above the bar there was a picture of Mickey Walker knocking out Ace Hudkins. I looked at that. The Law put his hand on my shoulder and turned me around.

"I'm talking to you, handsome," he informed me.

The yokels were all watching the play. "I'm awfully sorry," I said. "I didn't realize."

I put my hand in my breast pocket and took out a business card. It said that I was Herman Cleiff of the Baker Leather Belting Co., Newark. The Law looked at it curiously. "Hoiman," he said happily, "how do you like this for belting?"

He knocked me down. Then he kicked me a few times. Then he picked me up and draped me over the bar. He slapped my face until I was fully conscious again. The yokels were all doing their best to look uninterested.

The Law said, "Where you camping?"

"Bellefonte," I said as well as I was able.

He slapped me some more. "Ask a crook and he'll tell you a lie," he orated. "You're staying at the State House, clown. We cased you the minute you stepped off the train. This is for lying!"

[illegible]

Whipsaw

by JAMES EDWARD GRANT

JOHN FALTER

I picked my face off the floor and stood up, looking through a haze.

The Law held up a fat hand and ticked off on his fingers: "You're a New York hot shot and your name—one of them—is Clarence Hacker. And you knocked off a guy in a stuss game in Kearny. But Billy Fallon was alive then and he beat the rap for you with a self-defense plea. Then you were downed in the hoist of the Manhattan Branch Bank in Morningside and you served three and a squib under Lawes. Since then you got off the rough stuff and went soft-song. You were working a shake racket with a girl but you fumbled in Cincy. The girl was daffy about your pretty face and she went the whole way while you came clear. What do you think of my memory, pretty boy?"

MY head cleared a little. "Is this a collar?" I asked.

The Law shook his head regretfully. "You're not pinched, pretty boy. We haven't anything to hold you on. But don't be in town in the morning."

I took deep breaths and shook my head.

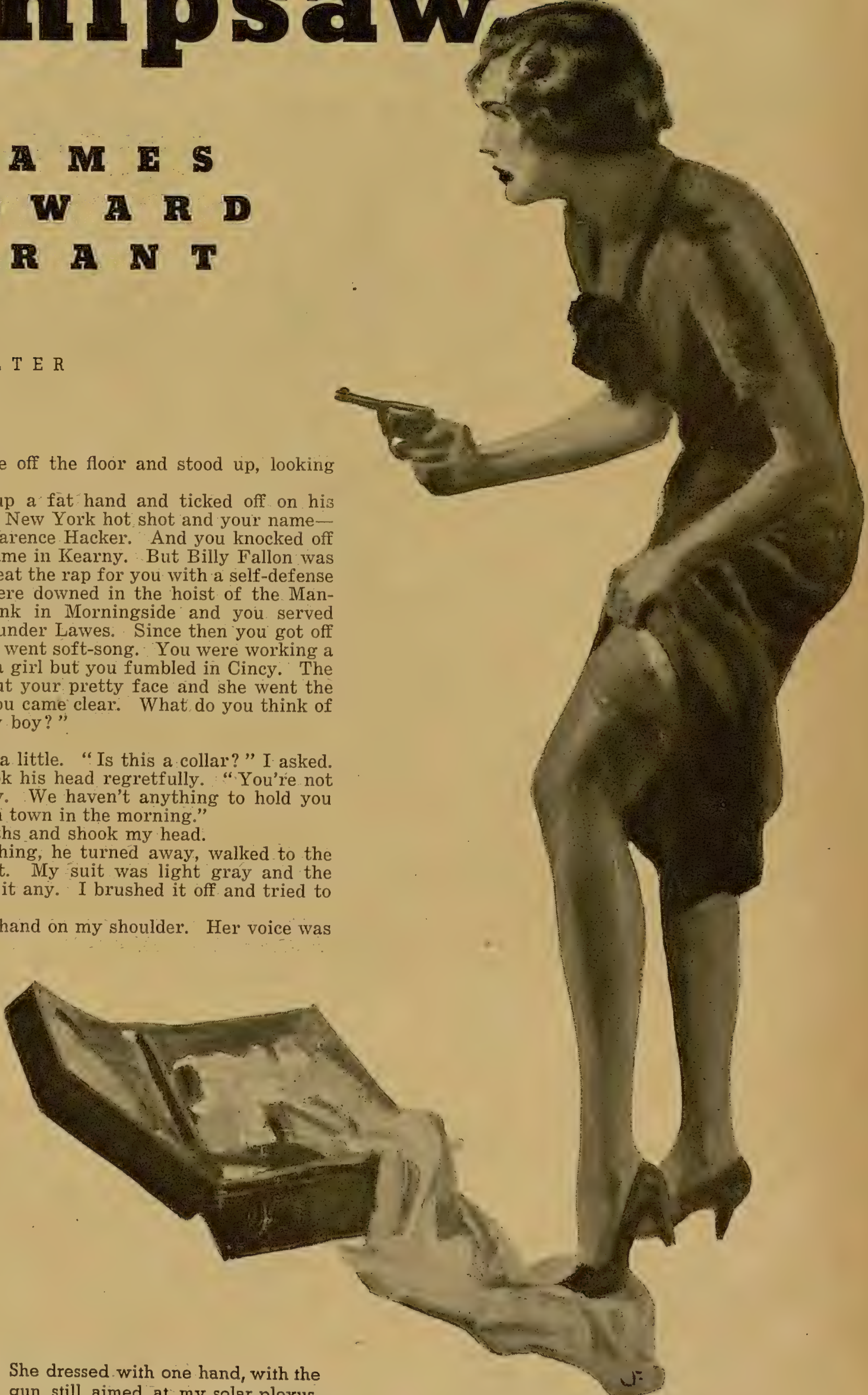
When I said nothing, he turned away, walked to the door, and went out. My suit was light gray and the floor hadn't helped it any. I brushed it off and tried to reblock my hat.

The girl put her hand on my shoulder. Her voice was Mason-and-Dixon, smooth as honey over buttered bread. She said, "Clarence," only she said it "Cla'nce."

"He's a lousy heel, Cla'nce. Don't pay him no mind."

"Beat it, broad," I said.

The bartender spoke from behind the bar: "Don't get tough in here, New York. And don't stay. Take a powder, and take it quick, because we don't let red-hots hang around."



She dressed with one hand, with the gun still aimed at my solar plexus.

I put my hands on the bar and looked at him. He was a beefy-faced bird that looked like he was concealing a vacuum between his ears. "I'll have a brandy," I ordered. "And if you're tough, just tell me to go to hell. A copper wears the difference pinned on his vest. You don't. So make your play, ugly puss."

The girl said admiringly, "That's speaking up, New York."

I said, "Shut up," and looked at the bartender. He tried to stare me down but his eyes wavered. He set out the brandy bottle and filled a glass for me.

"Have one yourself," I instructed. "I'm not inviting you; I'm ordering you. And it's on the house. Maybe you don't like that?"

JAMES EDWARD GRANT

lives in Chicago and writes a newspaper article on rackets, of which he has compiled more than 300. His flair for investigating was gained when his father was chief investigator for the state's attorney in Chicago.

His face said he didn't like it but his mouth said, "Yes, sir," and he drank. I finished my brandy and walked to the door, looking each customer in the face. Nobody looked back at me.

The girl followed as far as the door. "Wait, New York."

"Keep it up," I told her, "and I'll slap you loose from your ears." I went out and walked down the street to the hotel. When I got in my room I held some ice on my face for a while and then I began to put my clothes in the keister.

There was a knock on the door. When I opened it the girl stood outside. She squeezed past me into the room.

"You made a play for me, New York." She asked, "Does it still go?"

I took her by the elbow and flipped her into the hall. "Go back to the copper and tell him you worked on me but I had nothing to say." I slammed the door, but she opened it immediately and came back into the room.

She put both her hands flat against my chest, held her body close against me, and tilted her face to look squarely into mine. "Will you listen to me, New York? I'm not a stool for Humpries. He's a rotten heel."

"Who is Humpries?"

"The copper that slugged you." She complained, "He's a heel."

"Don't pull that old one," I said irritably. "Tell Humpries I'm leaving town and he won't have to worry about me."

She slid both hands around my neck and her eyes bored into mine. "I'm sizzling, New York, and I've got to dust."

I flung her away from me. "You're hot and you come to me!" I tugged her toward the door again. She hung back and wound her arms around me.

"Listen to me," she pleaded. "I shook off the tail and came here by the back door. There's no danger. Check up on me, New York, and you'll see that I'm all right. Ask any local worker."

"I don't know the Cleveland mobs," I growled. But I stopped trying to put her out. It was pleasant to feel her warm against me. "And I never believe a mobster anyway, male or female. I'll give you five minutes to talk. Sit down."

SHE sat in a chair and crossed one leg under her. There was a hole in the heel of her stocking, right above the ankle. "You made a play, New York. Does it still go?"

"Maybe," I admitted. "Although I had girl on the brain then, and now I'm thinking of something else."

"A copper," she surmised wisely. "I gave you a chill in the saloon because I thought you might be one of Humpries's monkeys. But now it's different. You can do me a big favor. Will you?"

I said flatly, "I never do something for nothing."

When she smiled it was worth watching. "It won't be for nothing, New York," she promised softly.

There was a crease on the third finger of her left hand. She saw me looking at it and held up the finger for exhibition. "You notice things, New York. It was my wedding ring and now it's hanging on a hook at uncle's. I took the money and bought a bus ticket to Detroit. When I came out of the house with my suitcase Humpries was standing on the street. And he opened my purse, tore up the ticket, and made me go back in the house."

I said, "Next week, East Lynne."

"Don't be ugly, New York. The coppers have an idea Ed will try to get in touch with me and they won't let me leave town. As if I cared about Ed! He's a heel."

"Your husband?"

Her laugh tinkled. "No. My husband's name was Victor. He wasn't much and finally he died of flu. Ed came after him and I guess Ed wasn't much either. He killed a salesman in a jewelry hoist. Then he came home and got some things and faded. He left me empty and Humpries is bearing down."

I walked twice around the room and then came back and sat down on the empty chair.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"Val Chase."

"That's what I ought to do," I grumbled—"chase you. But I guess I'm getting soft. What do you want?"

"Get me out of town. To Detroit."

I shook my head. "I hopped a bond in Detroit and the man is looking for me. I can't go there. I'll make you two propositions. You say you've shaken off the tail. Stay here, and in the morning I'll give you enough paper to get to Detroit. You can duck right from here. Rent a car or something so that you don't have to go home."

"But I have to go home for my stuff. I've got a fur coat and some—well, a lot of other things."

"That's silly. They will certainly be casing your house."

"They will," she admitted. "They pay more attention to the house than to me. Every time I go out they prowl the place—though Lord knows what they're looking for. I thought maybe you'd think a way out, so that I could get my things and still go clear."

"THINK of something easy," I scoffed. "Here's the other proposition: I've got to meet a man in the Star Hotel in Chi tomorrow night. I'll take you there with me, and after that we'll think about Detroit."

She came over and sat on my lap. "I like you, New York. How about my clothes and things?"

I kissed her on the ear and said, "I'll buy new ones. Think I'm a piker?"

"I have to get my stuff." She was stubborn.

"I'll fix it," I said sullenly.

She wrapped her arms around my neck and kissed me. It was—well, nice isn't exactly the word. "You're smart," she said. "I think I'm going to love you."

"You going to meet this Ed in Detroit?"

She looked hurt. "Ed? He's a heel. Run off with the take and left me empty. I'll tell you why I'm going to Detroit, and you can believe me or not. I've got a baby."

I looked doubtful. She said, "Thirteen months old. I just have to see him! And don't be jealous of Ed. I hope he happens to an accident, the big double-crossing ape. If you must be jealous, think about Humpries. He's trying to make me."

The girl was getting to me. I said, slyly enough, "That's an out, sugar. Why don't you take it?" But I didn't mean it.

She looked quickly into my face. "I'm glad you're joking, New York. I couldn't be a cop lover. Especially him, the rat! When are you going to move me out?"

"Right away."

"You're a doll, New York." She wrapped her arms around my neck and kissed me. She talked into my ear. I know this doesn't sound very bright, but she had a compelling power of some sort.

"Go home," I told her, "and sit tight. Get your junk packed and wait. I'll come for you and I want you to be ready. I've got to get a bag of my own out of here."

"How will you do that?"

I shrugged. "I'll have a bell boy take it to another hotel and check it. Then I'll get a cab driver to take it out of there and drop it in the check room of the bus station. That ought to do it."

She nodded agreement, kissed me, and went to the door, stopped, and said, " Humpries won't take money, if that's what you're thinking."

I said, " It wasn't," and she went out the door and down the hall.

Back in the room I finished packing. Then I took a .45 out of my grip, rolled up my trouser, and fastened the gun to my calf, tying it down tight with a handkerchief. . . .

My destination was a grimy four-story walk-up on Eastern Avenue. I rode past it in a cab and looked the situation over. Across the street a man lounged in front of a restaurant. He looked like the diagram on How the Master Detective Shadows a Criminal in a four-dollar correspondence-school course entitled Be a Detective! Big Pay.

Arc lights made the street bright, but I got in easily enough without being seen by the simple expedient of making a deal with the cab driver. He drove slowly past the place. I walked on the sidewalk, keeping the cab between me and the copper, and dodged into the doorway.

Val's place was on the third floor. She opened the door for me. Her flat consisted of a dingy pair of rooms. In the center of the floor was a suitcase with a well worn gray-squirrel coat draped over it.

She kissed me and led me to the window. " Careful," she cautioned. " See that man? He's a copper."

I laughed. " Think of that! Have you got everything? We might as well blow."

Doubt made little lines between her brows. Then her face cleared.

" I'll let you do the thinking, New York. I've got some undies drying on the back fire escape. I'll get them."

She went out of the room. I tried to open the suitcase but it was locked. It was a cheap imitation-leather job with a tinny lock, but I didn't have time to beat it by using my penknife and I didn't want to break it open. Her feet tapped in the hallway and she came back into the room, a bundle of silly things clutched in her hand.

I looked out the window and frowned. The mail-order shadower was still there. Val opened the suitcase with a key and put the underwear inside. Then she pulled out three photographs in cheesy ten-cent-store frames.

She exhibited them. " Isn't he a prize, New York? "

THE photographs were all of a baby. A bright-looking infant exhibiting a cherubic toothless smile. The kid looked vaguely familiar. I decided he looked like a baby-food ad.

Val glowed under my praise and put the pictures carefully in the case. She went to the ice box and took a nickeled pistol out of the ice-cube box. The gun must have been freezing cold because she handled it gingerly, smiling at me. " I have to hide this plenty because this place has been prowled a dozen times by Humpries's apes. Shall I bring it along? "

I shrugged, looking at the gun. It was a ratty-looking snub-nosed .32. " Suit yourself," I told her.

She chucked the gun in the case, put her hands on her hips, and looked carefully about the room. " I guess I've got everything." She uttered a little cry. " Whoop! I almost forgot Victor's ashes! It's all he left me and I keep them for luck."

She took a peculiar-looking little vase off the mantel and started to put it in the case. I asked in bewilderment, " Are you cracked? "

The vase was about eight inches high. Across the top was a wax seal and a wreath displaying the words, " Victor Kellen." Val laughed delightedly. " It's all that's left of Victor. He was cremated."

She put the vase in the grip and looked brightly at me. " You're not jealous of Victor, are you? Say the word and I'll chuck him in the garbage."

" I'm never jealous."

" You got green eyes, New York. Now, how do we move? "

I said, " Look out the window and see if that copper is still there."

She went to the window, looked out, said, " Yes," and caught her breath in a swift intake of air. " Humpries

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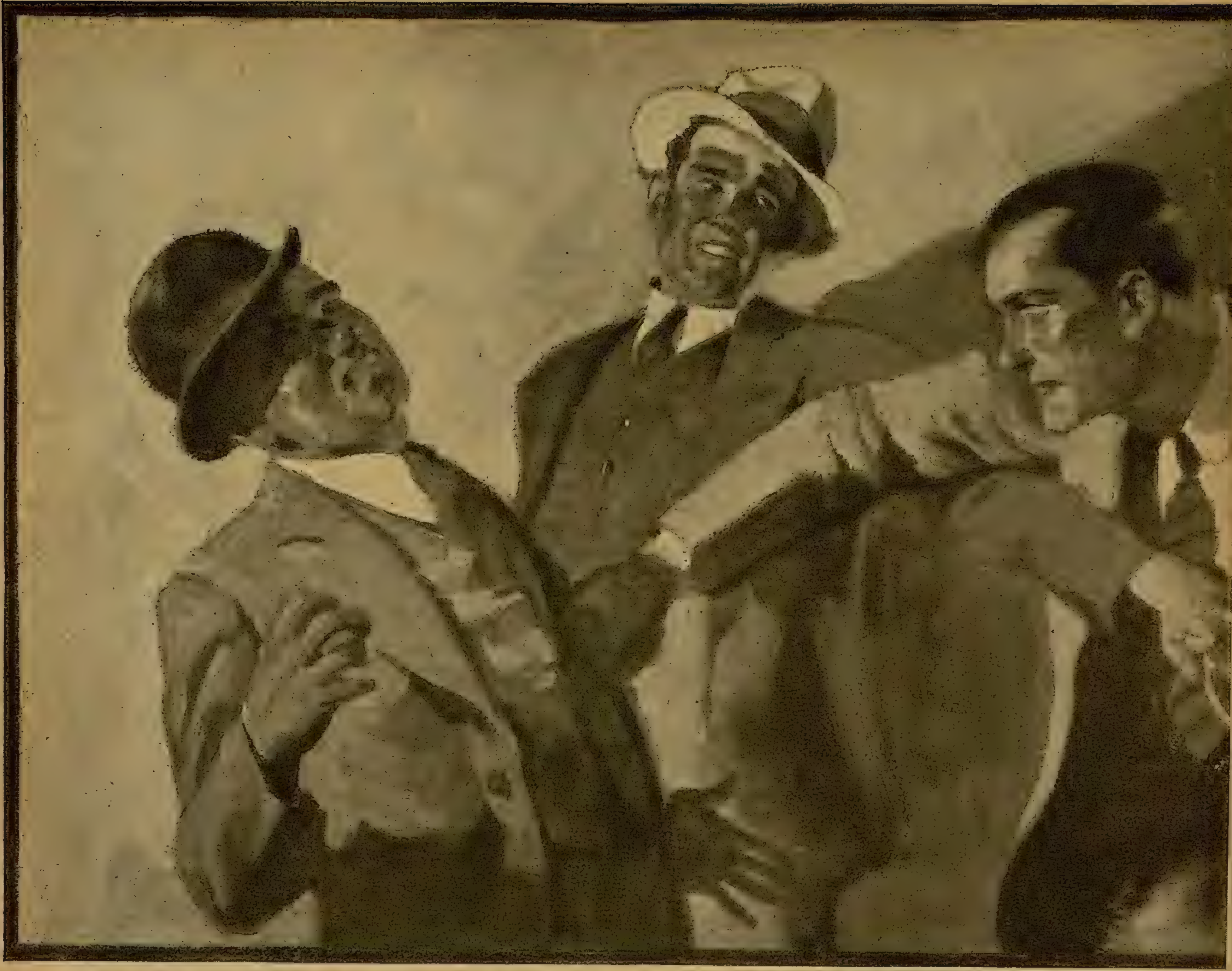

just walked up to him. Now they're talking. Now the other john went in the restaurant and Humpries is looking up here."

"That's just perfect," I said.

She watched while I took two bath towels, folded them in half, and held them under the tap. When they were well soaked I said, "Go to the window and motion Humpries to come up."

Her eyes were doubtful but she did as I ordered. After several minutes she said, "He sees me. Here he comes."

"Fine." I took her arm and helped her into the black hallway. I took her bag and coat out with me and laid them down in the hall. Then I closed the door and we stood in the dark, alongside the outline of the door. We could hear Humpries climbing the steps. I held the dripping towels in my left hand and took out my gun. I carefully wrapped the towels around the gun.

Humpries made a lot of clatter on the stairs or he certainly could have heard the girl's labored breathing. He came out of the stair well and walked straight to the door. I put the gun up against his side and pulled the trigger four times. The reports sounded like muffled handclaps.

Humpries said, "Sweet Peter!" and fell on his face groaning. I leaned over him, put the pistol against his ear, and pulled the trigger again. He lay still.

In the dark the girl's eyes glowed crazily. Her gulps were audible and her feet stumbled as I led her down the stairs, carrying her coat and suitcase in one hand.

The street was empty when we came out of the house. We walked along until we came to a place where the marquee lights of a movie theater gleamed at us. There were cars parked for blocks in both directions. I walked her along the line of cars asking, "Any special kind of car you like? Just point and we'll take it."

The bounce had gone out of her. She said queerly, "They sound funny, don't they—when they're shot?"

I stopped in front of a sweet-looking Roamer Eight. The door was open and I sat her in the front seat and pitched the suitcase and the coat into the tonneau. She whispered, "You haven't got a key."

"Who needs a key?" I asked lightly and lifted the hood. I ripped a length of wire from the horn and made a jump across the ignition switch. It took some time and I got pretty greasy, but finally I clicked. I climbed in, kicked the starter, and we rolled. Then I drove to the bus station and sent the doorman in for my bag.

Twenty minutes later we were biting lengths out of the long ribbon of concrete on Route 67.

On the outskirts of South Bend we passed a roadhouse where there were lights and cars, and I pulled in.

"Change cars." I grinned at her. "This boiler will be pretty hot by now and I don't figure for a pinch. We'll eat too, and then I'll operate."

I poured six Martinis into her before her voice regained its velvety throb. "You're too fast for a small-town girl like me."

My mouth was full of steak, so I just grinned. I bolted the meal and drank three cups of coffee before she finished her steak. Her eyes were worried when I got up and said carelessly, "Wait here a while, sugar. I'll go get another heap."

She said, "I'll go too," but I shook my head.

"Leave the grips and my coat here," she suggested;

He got inside and lunged at me. I hit him under the heart. The man called Quinn got in between us, pleading, "This ain't the way."

"then you won't have to switch them."

I explained that the roadhouse crowd might think that looked suspicious, smiled at her, and went out. I drove into South Bend proper, and stopped at the rear of an old-fashioned drug store. I leaned on a bell. Eventually a weary-looking old gent came to the door.

He looked at me. "You," he said without any inflection.

I carried the girl's bag and my grip into the back of the drug store. Five minutes with a piece of wire and I beat the suitcase lock. There was clothing, the three photographs, the urn of ashes, and the pistol.

I fished through the cold-cream jar, held the other junk up to a light and looked through it and swore. "I'm a sucker," I said, talking to myself.

The weary man raised his eyes in polite agreement.

I took the fur coat between my fingers and felt every square inch of it. There was nothing in the lining.

The weary-looking man got off his stool and came over in answer to my crooking finger. I showed him the baby pictures. "Is there something fishy about that?"

He said, "Not a thing. Just three pictures of Baby LeRoy, the kid movie star."

"That don't make sense," I said angrily, but that didn't change the fact that the man was right.

I put the junk carefully back in the case and locked it again with the bent wire.

When I told the man to get me a quart of whisky and another of sauterne, he went into the store and brought them back. I ordered laudanum and he flicked his eyelids but brought it out and handed it to me. I put a good couple of ounces into each bottle and piled the stuff in the car.

When I left I gave the weary man a twenty-dollar bill. He closed the door without thanking me and I drove back to the roadhouse.

WHEN Val saw the car she looked a question at me.

"Not a thing in the town worth taking," I explained. "There's no all-night parking in this hamlet and there isn't much iron on the streets as a result."

After we went through South Bend she dragged her bag out of the back seat, opened it, and took out a handkerchief.

Her key stuck a little in the lock but she had nothing to say about that. I guess my fiddling didn't do it any good.

I opened the whisky and tipped it up, holding my tongue in the bottle. I handed it to her and she took a full-grown jolt. She dozed a little just short of Gary, and I swung south while she slept.

When she awoke we were stopped on the road just outside of Joliet and it was raining. I made her get out and hold a flashlight while I fixed the switch wire.

The rain was chilly and I managed to get a couple of drinks into her on that account.

I didn't do a good job of fixing that switch jumper, because it burned out twice more on the way in. The sun was high when we drifted down Michigan Avenue.

I ditched the heap in a parking lot, loaded the girl and the baggage into a cab.

Her eyes were dull and she hadn't spoken for more than an hour and I was getting frightened. She had three ounces of laudanum in her, and the rules say that she should have been sleeping pretty. I didn't want her to drop dead on me.

She was glassy-eyed and wavering when I registered at the Star, but the clerk didn't make any remarks. The Star is the sort of place where remarks are not etiquette.

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HOTEL KNICKERBOCKER

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Val stood in the room until the clerk was gone. Her mouth was a hard line and there was a glaze over her eyes when she faced me. She slurred her words: "N'Yawk, ge' ala'm cluck."

It finally dawned on me that she wanted an alarm clock. I called the desk and had a messenger sent out to get one.

Until it came she sat on the edge of a straight-backed chair. The muscles in her neck were tensed. She was beating back the effects of the hop and doing a good job of it.

I held the alarm clock in front of her. "You're dead beat, sugar. Better take a nap. I'll set this thing. What time?"

She said, "Fo' 'cluck," and watched while I twisted the hands.

The clock made ratchet noises when I wound it, and Val tipped her head to one side and pursed her lips studiously. I'm certain she couldn't see the face of the clock.

She put both hands on my face, said very clearly, "Got to get my hair set," and slumped, out on her feet.

My face was wet with perspiration; I thought the hop might have killed her. She was limp as I carried her to the bed and put her on it. But her pulse was strong and steady. I removed her dress and shoes, threw a blanket over her, and breathed a sigh of relief.

I took off my shoes and lay down on the other bed, smoking. The third cigarette gave me an idea. I chased a bell hop for time-tables. There was no train arriving from Detroit around four o'clock. I locked the door, put the key in my pocket, and loafed on the bed, wondering about bus schedules.

I dreamed I was listening to Niagara Falls. When I came awake I realized that the shower was running in the bathroom. I looked at the other twin bed. It was empty. I swung my feet to the floor and looked at my watch. It was four o'clock. Tell me there isn't anything in will power and I'll remind you that this doll had a heavyweight cargo of laudanum aboard, but when four o'clock came she was up and doing.

THE bed creaked under my weight and she came out of the bathroom. She didn't have any clothes on and she was dripping wet. Her eyes were still glazed but her mouth was a determined line.

The suitcase was gaping open in the middle of the floor. She walked to it, bent down, and came up with the .32 pointing at me.

"You're a rat, New York," she said, and there was no blur in her voice. "You coked me. Played me for a sucker and figured to get it all for yourself."

I said mildly, "That's my way. I'm a loner."

She shook her head violently. "You're a rat and you'll get nothing. If you knew what the play was you could have been decent and asked for a cut." She continued shaking her head. But the gun was steady.

"Don't move off that bed," she ordered, "and don't get any ideas."

I said, "Your dice."

She dressed with one hand and packed her suitcase the same way, with the gun still aimed at my solar plexus.

When she was all dressed she took her case and set it down by the edge of the door. Then she discovered I had the key.

She said, "Put your hand in your kick and come out with the key. And nothing else."

I threw the key on the floor.

She opened the door, transferred the key to the outside, came back into the room, and closed it behind her. She picked up two bath towels, wrapped them around the gun, said, "You taught me this, New York," and pulled the trigger three times in rapid succession.

Nothing happened and she clicked the gun again. I lay on the bed and watched her tear off the towels and look at the gun.

It was loaded. She broke it open and looked at the works. "You broke off the firing pin, you rat!" she screamed.

SHE flung the gun at me and followed it herself, both hands clawing at my face. I couldn't handle her without slapping her down, so I finally did that.

She used language. Then she cried. I sat her in the armchair, brought her bag in from the hall, and locked the door again from the inside. She sobbed.

I stood at the window and looked out. A dozen citizens walked by the hotel. Finally one, a burly lad in a blue suit, walked by twice. I got a roll of adhesive tape out of my bag and fastened the girl to the armchair.

I bound each arm from wrist to elbow, placing her arm on the chair arm and then winding the tape around both. I taped her feet together. Then I picked up chair and girl and carried her into the bathroom. I closed the door and left her there and went back to the window.

My blue-suited gent passed twice more. Then he came along, stopped in a cigar store, and came out smoking a stogie.

When that was burned down he tugged his coat around him, adjusted the collar, and came toward the hotel on a determined bee line.

I went into the bathroom, stuffed a towel into Val's cursing mouth and tied it well.

Then I unlocked the door, went into the hall, and locked the door from the outside.

I stood in a shadowy embrasure in the hall and waited.

Almost instantly my blue-clad man came up the stairs. He walked without any sound and there was nothing furtive to the eye. When he passed the door of my room he reached out and gave the knob a quick spin. He would have walked immediately away, but I said mildly, "You're under the gun, Ed."

He turned without moving his hands from his sides. His narrow gray-green eyes looked at the gun, looked at my face, and then looked back at the gun. Without emotion he said, "The dolly sold me out."

"I'm a loner, Ed," I told him. "Nobody sold you out. I just sold myself in."

"To hell with her," he said. "I'll cut with you."

His hands and feet were motionless and his eyes were blank but his knees bent slightly.

"Have it your way, Ed," I said carelessly; "try it if you want to. You won't be the first guy I blasted."

The knees straightened again and his eyes considered me. I unlocked the door, shoved it open, backed in, and motioned him to follow. His eyes took in the contents of the room. He looked from one crumpled bed to the other and his mouth hardened.

I made him sit in a chair and I took a roscoe from his shoulder holster. Then I taped him hand and foot and went through him with a fine-tooth comb. Net result: nothing. I swore.

"We'll forget the doll," he said, when I was through, his eyes looking at the beds. "We'll forget her and make it a two-way split. What say?"

"Swell," I told him. "All for me and none for you. That's my idea of a split."

He laughed. "You find the stuff," he razzed, "then you get it. But until then you're out in the cold. Better take half. I got the ice. And as long as I have I'll deal the cards."

"I've got you," I reminded him gently.

He said, "Keep me."

I dragged his chair into the closet and shoved him into the dark space. After the door was locked he made some remarks, so I opened it again, gagged him, and left him to meditate on his sins. I tried the closet key on the bathroom door but it wouldn't work. So I shut the door after winking at Val, and stacked both suitcases up against it.

I sat the alarm clock on top of the pile. Tumbling over that should certainly wake me up.

Then I flopped on the bed and went to sleep. I needed it.

A KNOCKING on the door woke me up. I shook my head and looked out the window into darkness. Then I lit some lights and opened the door. There was a big fat-faced fellow standing there, and right behind him was Humpries.

His derby was stacked on the top of a giant roll of bandages that hid the upper part of his head. One look at me and he roared like a mine explosion. He shoved the other guy out of the way, growling, "One side, Quinn. I'm going to beat this clown to death."

He got inside and lunged at me, but I hit him under the heart and sat him down hard. The man called Quinn got in between us, pleading, "God's sake! This ain't the way."

I said, "Then tell that hick flatty to lay off me. This isn't Cleveland. I'll punch him inside out."

Humpries made growling noises in his throat and glared at me. I sat on the bed and glared back. Quinn looked coaxingly at me and I got up and unlocked the closet door.

Humpries bounded from the bed, seized Ed, and ripped the tape—and a lot of skin—from his face. "Don't like the chair, monkey? We got another one for you. It's wired for sound—and heat. If the duck won't go to the decoy, why, the thing to do is to move the decoy closer to the duck. Ha! I still say it was a smart racket, even if it wasn't my idea."

Ed had no answer. I carried Val and her chair out of the bathroom and Quinn took the tape from her mouth. She had things to say. Mostly about me.

HUMPRIES said, "Did you get the junk?"

Ed answered for me. "He didn't. And I'll see you in hell before I'll cough it up. You'll have to extradite me out of Illinois."

"Extradite!" Humpries snorted. "What state is Chicago in, pretty boy?"

I said, "Ohio."

Quinn nodded and chimed in, "Ohio. We won't bother about papers. Back you go. We haven't the stuff but we have you, Eddie, and that's the next best thing."

"Who said I haven't the stuff?" I laughed at Humpries. "You Cleveland clowns are smart. You went through her place a dozen times and stepped right over the loot."

I took Victor's ashes out of Val's bag and went into the bathroom. Poor Victor! Maybe he wasn't much when he was alive; but his mortal remains were wrapped around one hundred and six unset emeralds.

Humpries clapped his hands like a child. "Sweet Peter!" he cried. "It's a wrap-up!" He came over to me with his hand outstretched. "You're the only private dick I ever saw that was worth spitting on. I'm willing to call it quits. But you ought to give me a cut out of that ten-grand reward. You damn' near blew my ear off with that last blank. It took a croaker half a day to pick wadding out of my neck. There was no need for that."

"No, there wasn't," I admitted. "I was just getting even for the way you hung it on me in the saloon. There was no need to be so realistic in your play-acting."

Humpries grinned. "That's all. Let's roll."

"One more thing." I walked over and picked up the baby pictures and laid them in Val's lap. "Here's your sympathy angle, sweet. You'll be getting out just about the time this kid starts to vote."

She thought of some new names for me.

THE END

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Threw a sharp-breaking curve—
De pitcher, de batter, debate.

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1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will reproduce three famous pictures illustrating notable events in North American history. There will be thirty pictures in all.

2. Each picture will be well known to the reading public through reproduction in history textbooks and in magazines and the press in connection with celebrations and anniversaries.

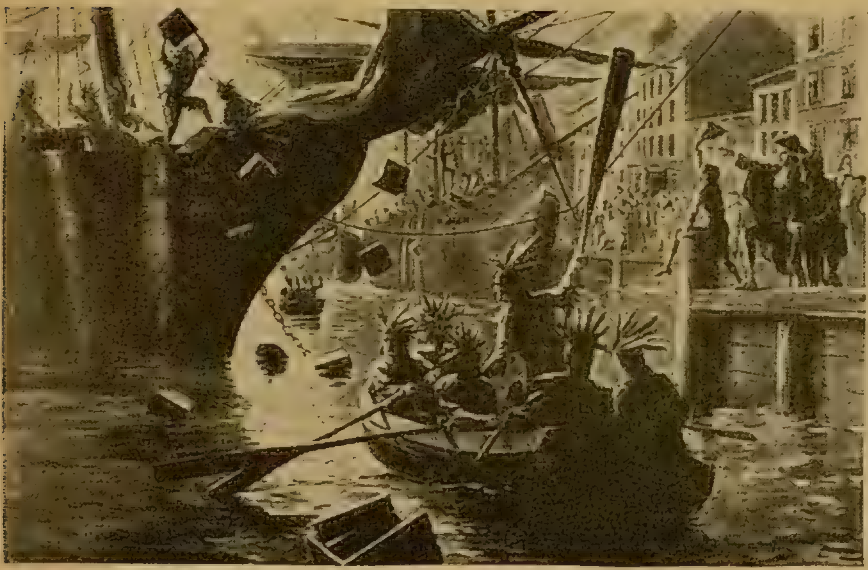
3. To compete, cut out or trace with reasonable accuracy each of the pictures, and below each write an identification of the historic event it illustrates, using not more than twenty-five words for each picture.

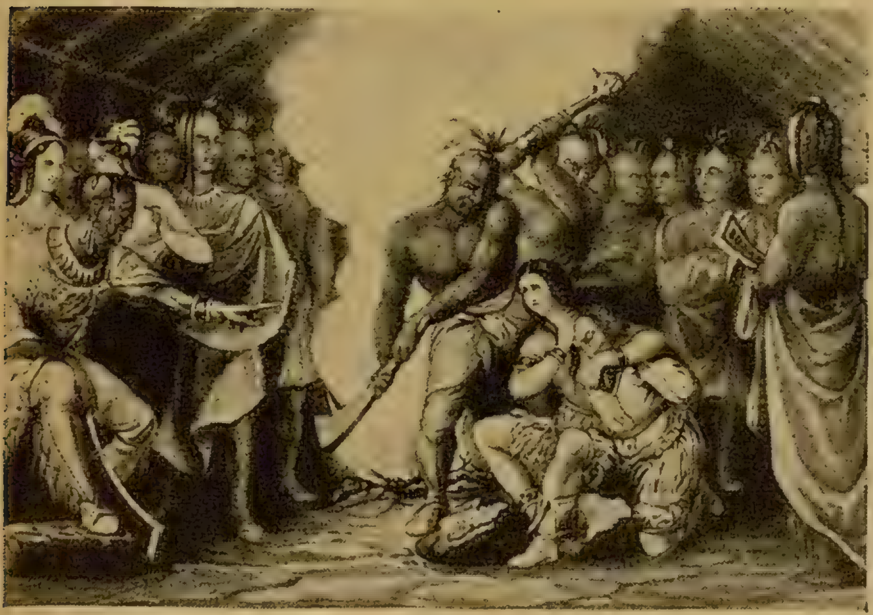
4. For the set of thirty pictures accompanied by the clearest, most interesting identifications Liberty will award a first prize of $500. A second prize of $200 will be paid; a third prize of $100; $10 each for the twenty next best; and $5 each for the 200 next best. In the event of ties, duplicate prizes will be paid.

5. When your entry is complete, send it by first-class mail to HISTORICAL PICTURES CONTEST, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department.

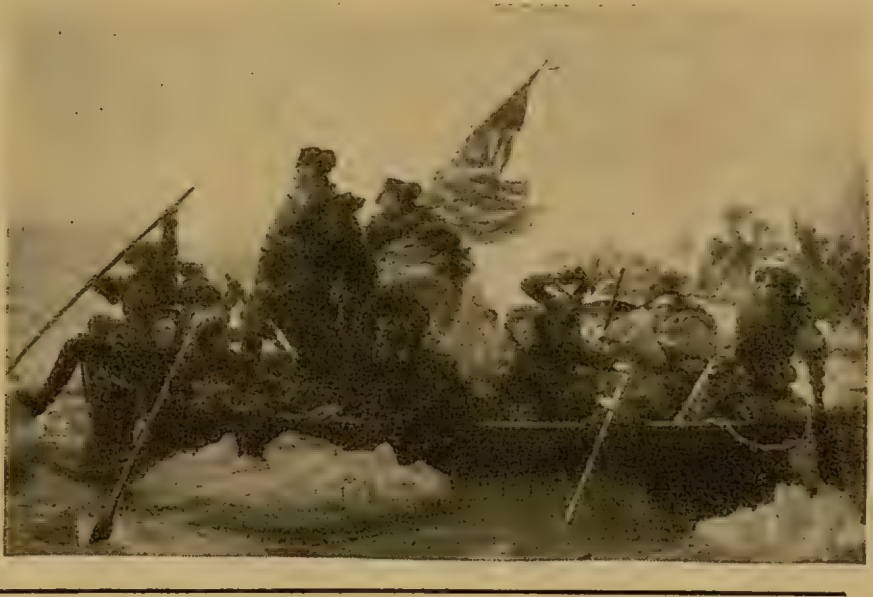
6. No contestant will be entitled to more than one award. Any one, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

7. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, October 17, the closing date of this contest.





ABOVE and to the right are reproduced the three pictures which opened this contest in last week's issue. If, because of vacation or some other reason, you missed this contest last week, the republication of these pictures makes it possible for you to enter direct from this page. If you have already named last week's pictures you can disregard these reproductions.



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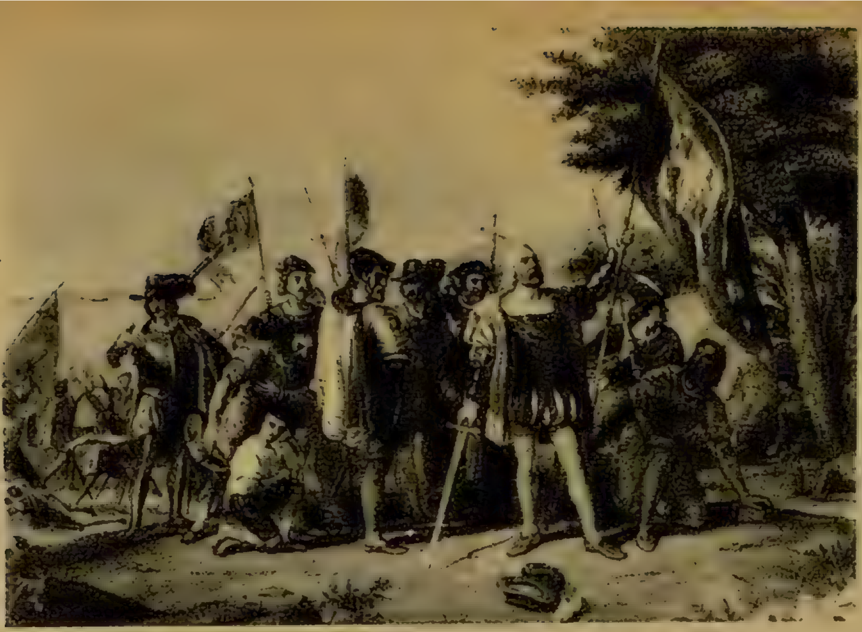
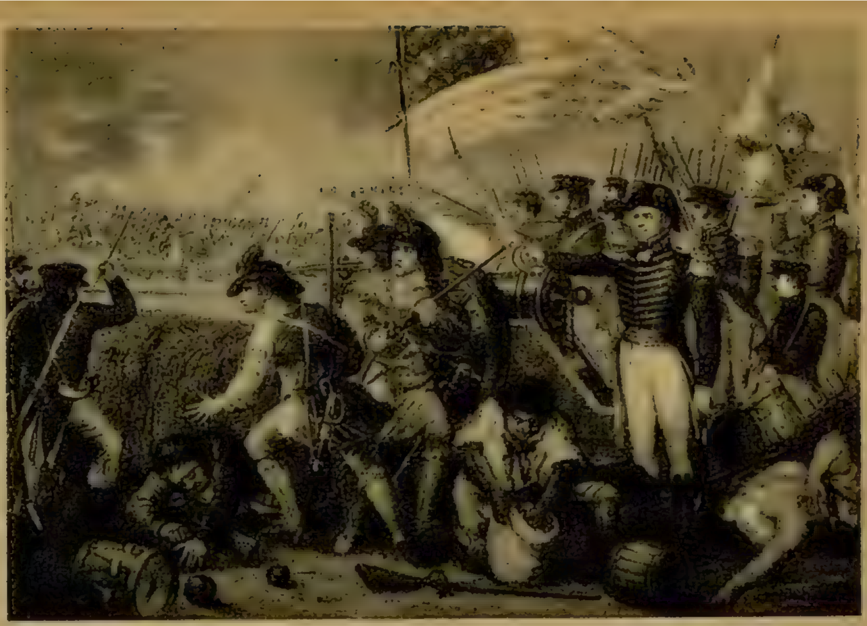
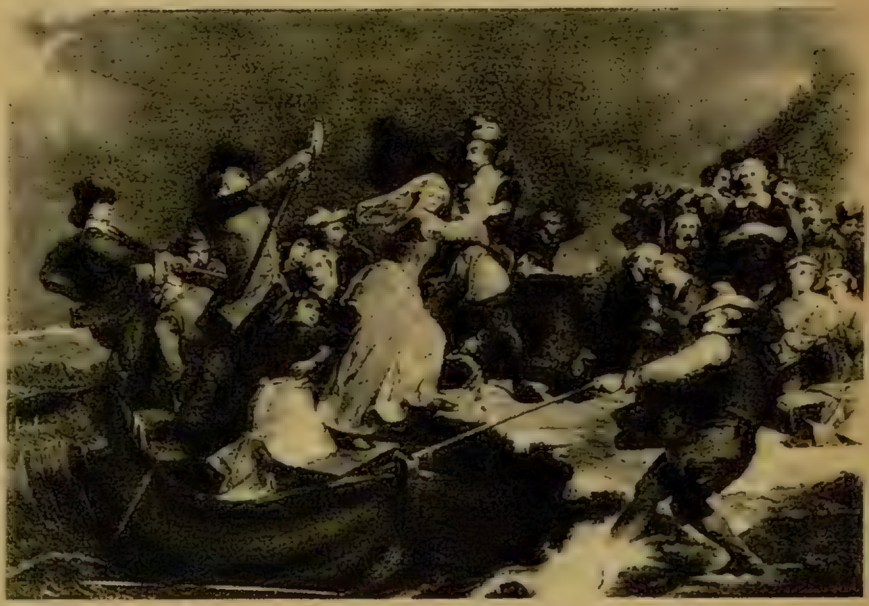




NAME THESE HISTORIC SCENES AND YOU WILL BE WELL ON YOUR WAY TOWARD THE PRIZES



Liberty invites every reader to join in this interesting test of historical pictures. You can enter right now!

THE three pictures above are the second set in Liberty's new Historical Picture Game. If you can recognize the outstanding North American events or episodes depicted by these three reproductions, by all means enter this competition. You can win as much as $500. Other major prizes are $200 and $100. Also there are twenty $10 awards and 200 of $5 each. What an opportunity for easy money!

If you began an entry in this contest last week with the publication of the first set of three pictures, you need no further information. If, however, because of vacation travel or some other reason beyond your control, you did not get started last week, for your convenience we have reproduced the first set of three pictures on the opposite page. Thus, by identifying them as instructed in the rules and then identifying this week's pictures above, your entry will be completed up to date and even with the field. Be sure that you understand that partial entries will not be accepted. Hold all of your identified pictures until you have the complete set of thirty.

THE PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
20 PRIZES, Each $10	200
200 PRIZES, Each $5	1,000
TOTAL, 223 PRIZES	$2,000

IDENTIFICATION HINTS

To make sure that you get off on the right foot, the episodes depicted in the first set of pictures at the left are included in the following list: Battle of Lexington; Boston Tea Party; Signing of the Declaration of Independence; Washington Crossing the Delaware; Battle of Bunker Hill; Penn's Treaty with the Indians; Pocahontas and Captain John Smith; Siege of Vicksburg; Battle of Saratoga; John Brown's Raid.

WATCH FOR THE THIRD SET OF PICTURES NEXT WEEK!

Contest copyrighted 1934 by Otto Kurth

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
FRANK
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The Case of the Curious Bride

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 53 SECONDS

FRANK GODWIN

Perry Mason Fights Fire with Fire—but What Is He Up to Now? Can You Fathom These Strange Maneuvers of the Most Bizarre and Original Crime Investigator in Fiction?

by ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

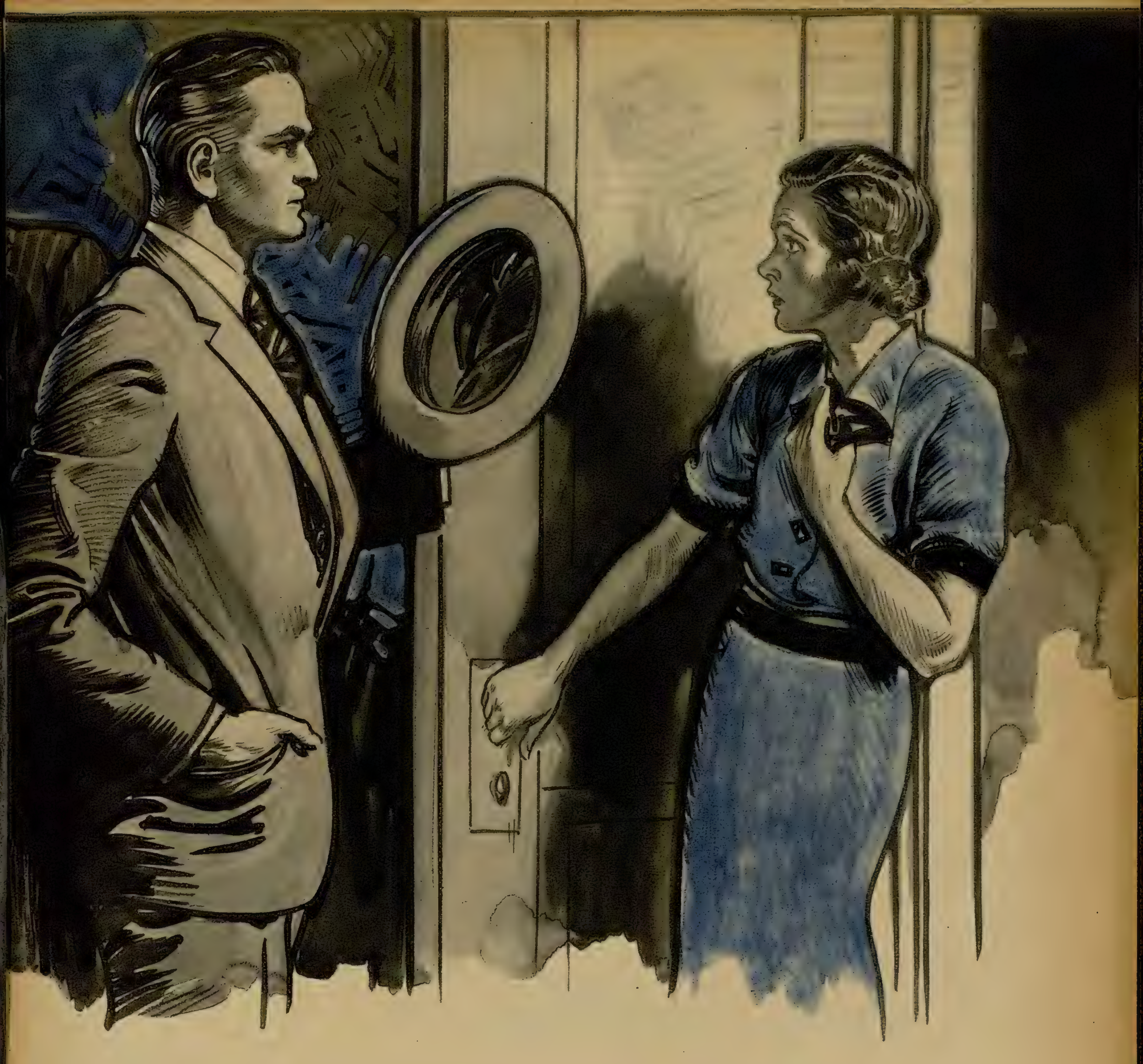
GREGORY MOXLEY, arch-swindler of young women, has been murdered in his apartment, and certain incidents point strongly to Rhoda Montaine, bride of a millionaire's weakling son, as the slayer. However, Perry Mason, veteran criminal lawyer, believes her innocent and has agreed to defend her.

Most damning of the evidence against Rhoda is the fact that she had married Moxley seven years before. He had swindled her of her savings and disappeared. Finally, believing him dead, she had married young Carl Montaine, after nursing him as a drug addict, and Moxley had reappeared to blackmail her.

With the blackmail threat as a possible motive for Rhoda wanting Moxley disposed of, it further developed that her keys were found on the apartment floor beside the victim. Also, young Montaine, in positively identifying the keys to Mason, declared his wife tried to drug him and then slipped out of their home a short time before the murder. He said he believed Moxley had been killed by Dr. Claude Millsap, a former friend of his wife, but that Rhoda had been present.

Mason trails Rhoda to an airport where she is preparing to board a plane, and she admits to him her former marriage to Moxley and her desperate plight after her marriage to Montaine and the swindler's reappearance. She also admits she went to Moxley's apartment and, in an argument, struck him with an iron poker which was the murder instrument. As Mason exacts her promise to keep her mouth shut, detectives appear and arrest her, and the lawyer goes into conference with his secretary, Della Street, and Paul Drake, a private detective who is investigating the case.

Meantime Montaine's father appears on the scene. He calls on Mason and submits a proposition to him. He says he will pay Perry a handsome attorney's fee for the defense of Rhoda if the lawyer will agree not to contest his plan for



" Are you," Perry Mason asked in rather a loud voice, " Doris Freeman ? "

an annulment of young Montaine's marriage to the nurse. The millionaire declares his chief objection to the marriage is that he has learned that Rhoda formerly had been friendly with Dr. Millsap—who, as Mason knows, once signed a fake death certificate to release Rhoda from the missing Moxley and had given her a pistol as protection when the swindler reappeared and launched his blackmail plot.

In Montaine's proposition Perry Mason sees a fat legal fee for himself. But he also sees a scheme by which the district attorney is planning to clinch a conviction of Rhoda. With an annulment of the marriage, young Montaine could be used as a witness against her, and his testimony about his wife having tried to drug him and slipping away shortly before Moxley was slain would prove virtually fatal for Rhoda.

We now find Perry Mason preparing to give his answer to Montaine.

PART SIX—FOUR BUZZERS AND A MYSTIFIED TENANT

"MY answer," Mason told Rhoda's father-in-law, " is an emphatic negative. I am called upon to defend Rhoda Montaine. I think it will be very much to her advantage to seal the lips of your son by insisting upon the legality of the marriage. Therefore I shall contest any annulment suit."

" Perhaps you can't successfully contest it."

" Perhaps."

" The district attorney feels certain that you can't. He says the matter is legally dead open and shut. I only came to you because I have such a respect for your mental agility."

Mason permitted himself a grin.

" Do you mean ability or agility ? " he asked.

" I mean agility," Montaine said.

Perry Mason looked a bit serious and nodded slowly. “Perhaps,” he said, “I can convince you that there is some ability as well as some agility. For instance, let us now return to an analysis of your motives. You are proud of your family connections. You are proud of your family history. If Rhoda Montaine was legally married to your son and was executed for murder, it would be a very black spot upon your family name. Therefore, ordinarily, you would virtually reverse the proposition. If Rhoda Montaine was not your daughter-in-law you wouldn't care whether she were convicted of murder or not. If the marriage was legal you would try to get me to move heaven and earth to get her acquitted. Therefore there must be some *more* powerful motive in the back of your mind.

“Offhand, I should say that this was due to the fact that you recognize Rhoda's influence over your son. You wouldn't know of this casually. You must have acquired the information at first hand. I should, therefore, surmise that you did not leave Chicago last night, but that you left there several days ago; that you have been here in this city, keeping your presence a secret from both your son and Rhoda Montaine. I might even go further and surmise that you employed detectives to shadow Rhoda Montaine, in order to find out just what sort of a woman she was, just what she was doing, and just how much Carl was actually under her influence.

“I surmise, further, that you have some other marriage in view for Carl, a marriage which is perhaps of the greatest importance to you financially; that you want to have Carl free to yield to your wishes in this matter.”

Montaine got to his feet. His face was entirely without expression.

“You are deducing these matters,” he said, “merely from an analysis of my motives, counselor?”

“Perhaps,” Mason said, “I am thinking out loud.”

MONTAINE said softly, “Perhaps you are, and then again it may have been rather a peculiar coincidence that the detective who left your office as I was waiting in the outer room found it necessary to return for a final word with you. I'll admit he did it rather cleverly. He looked at me casually, walked past me to the door, and then suddenly ‘remembered’ that it was necessary for him to return to your private office.”

“Then,” Mason said, “you *were* here spying upon Rhoda Montaine.”

“You might say,” Montaine said, “that I was gathering certain data.”

“Does your son know this?”

“No.”

“And you employed detectives to shadow Rhoda Montaine?”

“I think,” Montaine said, “I have answered enough of your questions, counselor. I have only one more statement to make. That is, that you may feel that if Rhoda is the legal wife of Carl Montaine you might have a legal charge against Carl for your services in defending Rhoda; that therefore you have nothing to lose by refusing to accept my offer. I want to assure you, however, that Carl has nothing in his own name, and unless you do accept my offer the chances that you will receive any remuneration for your work in behalf of Rhoda are exceedingly slim.”

“Aren't you,” Mason asked, “rather hard?”

“I am inflexible, if that is what you mean.”

“That isn't what I meant.”

Montaine bowed.

“Well, counselor,” he said, “I think we understand each other perfectly.”

Mason held open the door to the corridor.

“My secretary,” he said, “told me that you would prove a dangerous antagonist.”

Montaine, in the hallway, turned and bowed.

“Thank her,” he said, “for me.”

Mason closed the door, stood for a moment in thoughtful contemplation, then strode to the telephone, picked up the receiver, and when he heard Della Street's voice on the wire said, “Get me Paul Drake, Della.”

A moment later the telephone rang. Mason spoke with swift emphasis.

Otis nodded. "I think I do," he

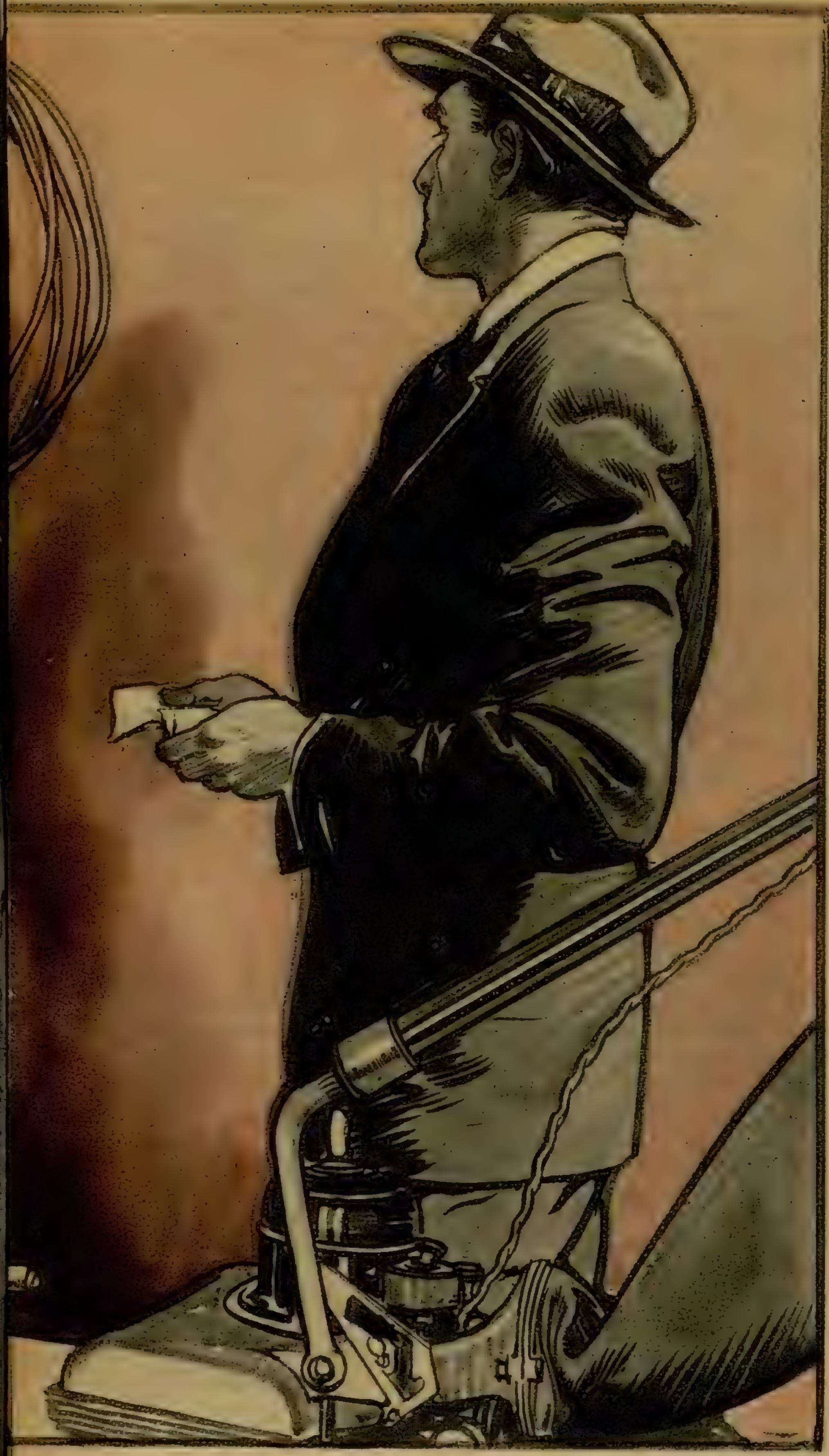
“Della was right, Paul,” he said. “The man's a dangerous adversary. We've got to work fast.

“Now, here's something I want you to get busy on right away. Moxley specialized on swindling women. Some one telephoned Moxley a short time before he was murdered. Demanding money. That person is very likely to have been an attorney, a detective, or a relative who is representing a victim. We know that on at least one occasion Moxley went through a marriage ceremony in order to get possession of the money he wanted.

“You're checking back on Moxley's life. As fast as you can get an alias that he used, have your men cover the hotel registers and check up with the public utility offices to see if a woman who is using one of those aliases as a married name has recently arrived in the city. We might locate the person who was putting the screws on Moxley before the police get the information.”

“Good idea,” Drake said. “How about Montaine? Do you think we should try to put a shadow on him?”

“No,” Mason said. “I told you he was a dangerous



said. "Tell me, is it on the up and up?"

antagonist. He's intelligent. He didn't come to my office until he was ready to. From now on, his life is going to be out in the open. We could shadow him until doomsday and it wouldn't do us any good. Whatever mischief he's been up to, he's been up to before he came here."

"I was right, then," the detective inquired, "and he'd been here for several days?"

"Yes."

"Look here, Perry," he said. "If Montaine was following Rhoda around, he must have known about Moxley."

"He did."

"Then he must have known about the appointment for two o'clock in the morning."

"He didn't admit that."

"Did you ask him about it?" Drake inquired.

Perry Mason laughed.

"No," he said; "but I will."

Chuckling, he hung up the telephone.

Della Street opened the door from the outer office. "A messenger," she said, "has just brought papers in the case of Carl Montaine against Rhoda Montaine. It's an action for an annulment of a marriage ceremony. And Dr. Claude Millsap rang up and told me to tell you they sweated him at headquarters all night without getting anything out of him. He seemed real proud of himself."

Mason's tone was grim.

"They're not done with *him* yet," he said. . . . .

Perry Mason moved cautiously through the night shadows and paused in the entrance of the all but obsolete apartment house where Moxley had met his death.

He stood for some five minutes making certain that no patrolling steps were beating down the sidewalk, that no police radio car was cruising in the vicinity.

Three of the four apartments in the remodeled residence had been vacant. The fourth had been tenanted by the man who had been murdered.

Perry Mason took a bunch of keys from his pocket. Shielding the beam of a flashlight under his coat, he selected one of the keys, inserted it quietly in the lock.

The lock clicked, the door swung open, and Perry Mason stepped into the thick darkness, pausing to close and lock the door behind him.

NOT daring to use a flashlight, he groped his way up the stairs and entered the apartment that had been occupied by the murdered man.

Perry Mason moved to the window which looked out toward the Bellaire Apartments.

He stood staring at the dark apartment directly opposite, an apartment which was, he knew, occupied by Benjamin Crandall and his wife.

Then he moved back across the room and entered the kitchen.

There he found that which he sought.

The lawyer tiptoed to the window, carefully pulled down the curtain, making certain that it was fixed on an even position at the bottom so that no light would trickle through. He snapped on his flashlight, took from his pocket a screw driver and a pair of pliers, a roll of adhesive tape, and some wire. He picked up a chair, carried it across to a point of vantage, stood on the chair, and let the circle of illumination from his flashlight rest upon the electric bell which had been screwed into the wall. Working with painstaking caution, Perry Mason unfastened the screws, disconnected the wires, removed the bell from the wall. When he had it in his hand, he carefully studied it, then stepped down from the chair. Using the beam of the flashlight to guide him, he walked to the head of the stairs. Here he had placed a package which had been under his arm when he entered the apartment.

He untied a heavy cord, opened the package, and disclosed four buzzers, similar in appearance in every way to the bell which he had taken from the wall above the gas stove. The only difference was that the one he had removed was a bell which rang by agitating a clapper between two semicircular spheres of metal, while the others were buzzers which gave forth an explosive buzzing sound when the current went through the coils.

Perry Mason carried one of the buzzers back to the kitchen, climbed on the chair, carefully screwed the buzzer into position, and saw that the wires were connected. Then he replaced the chair and raised the curtain. He paused to listen, picked up his package, and tiptoed down the stairs. He waited for several seconds before he unlocked the door and slipped out into the cool night air.

Hearing no sound, he locked the door behind him, took another key from his pocket, and opened the door of the lower apartment.

This apartment exuded a smell of musty closeness—a smell that assailed the nostrils with a message of untenanted neglect.

Perry Mason silently explored the apartment until he found the call bell in the kitchen. Once more he took out the screw driver and removed the call bell and replaced it with a buzzer. Then he raised the curtain, and slipped silently downstairs and out into the night.

Perry Mason fitted a key to the door which led to the upper apartment opposite the one in which Moxley had been killed, the one lying immediately north of Moxley's apartment.

Working with swift, silent efficiency, Perry Mason disconnected the call bell and installed one of the buzzers. He was on the point of leaving the apartment when suddenly the beam of his flashlight picked up the stub of a burnt match in the corridor. The match was one of those waxed-paper affairs which had been torn from a pocket package.

Mason slid the beam of his flashlight along the boards of the corridor, soon picked up another match stub, and then another.

He followed these stubs to the back porch, where the light-fuse boxes for the apartment were kept. There was also a place for the delivery of groceries and disposal of garbage.

Mason noticed that a similar porchlike platform projected from the apartment on the south which Moxley had occupied. An agile man could easily have slipped across the intervening space, climbed a railing, and found himself in the back of Moxley's apartment, with an open door leading to the corridor, which in turn went to the kitchen and the bedroom where Moxley was murdered.

Shielding the beam of his flashlight, Perry Mason stepped across to the adjoining porch. Here he found one more match, and then, over in a corner, the beam of his flashlight picked up the empty container from which the matches had been torn.

On its back was a picture of a five-story building, below which was the printed "Compliments of the Palace Hotel—the Best in Centerville."

Perry Mason wrapped the bit of pasteboard in a handkerchief, slipped it in his pocket. He retraced his steps, left the upper apartment, and made a brief visit to the remaining lower apartment. When he left the lower apartment there was not a single electric doorbell in the building. Each one of the four apartments was equipped with a buzzer.

Mason wrapped the bells carefully in the heavy brown paper, tied up the package into a compact bundle, listened carefully to make sure no one was about, and then stepped out from the shadows of the foyer to the sidewalk. . . .

Perry Mason flung back his shoulders and inhaled the fresh air of morning. He consulted a small memorandum book, looked at the street numbers, paused as his eyes caught a sign on the glass window of a small storeroom. The sign read, OTIS ELECTRICAL COMPANY.

Mason pushed open the door, heard a bell ringing in the back of the store. A door from the rear opened. A young woman smiled ingratiatingly.

"I want to see Sidney Otis," said Perry Mason. "Tell him it's Perry Mason, the lawyer."

There was the sound of commotion from the back room, the noise of something being dropped to the floor. Quick steps pounded the floor. A burly figure in overalls pushed the young woman to one side and stood staring at Perry Mason, a wide grin twisting his lips away from tobacco-stained teeth.

SIDNEY OTIS weighed well above two hundred. He radiated a genial booming honesty. His arms were bare to the elbow and smeared with grease, but there was whole-hearted cordiality in his welcome.

"Perry Mason!" he said. "This is an honor! I didn't think you'd remember me."

Mason laughed.

"I always remember people who sit on my juries, Otis," he said. "How are you?"

He extended his hand.

The big man hesitated for a moment, then wiped his paw up and down on a leg of his overalls and folded his fingers about Mason's hand.

"Tickled to death, counselor," he said, suddenly self-conscious.

"There's something you can do for me," Mason told him.

"Tell me what it is and I'll do it."

Perry Mason glanced significantly at the young woman. The big electrician jerked his head toward the rear. "Beat it, Bertie," he said. "I've got some business to talk over with Mr. Mason."

When the bang of the door in the rear of the shop announced that the girl had moved out of earshot, Otis turned an inquiring face to the lawyer.

"Where are you living now, Otis?"

The man lowered his eyes apologetically.

"I used to keep an apartment upstairs," he said, "but sledding has been tough lately. I've got a room where I keep the missus and the little girl. The other one stays down here with me and helps run the shop. I've got a bed in the back that I sleep on, and—"

"I have taken a lease on an apartment for six months," Perry Mason said, "and it happens that I can't live in it. I'd like to have you move in."

"In an apartment!" said Otis, the grin fading from his face. "Oh, shucks, counselor, I couldn't afford anything like that!"

"The rent," Perry Mason said, "is all paid for six months. It's Apartment B of the Colemont Apartments at 316 Norwalk Avenue. A man by the name of Carey was murdered there. That was his real name. He was going under the name of Moxley at the time of the murder."

"Yeah; I read about it," Otis said.

THERE was a moment of silence and then the lawyer went on in a low voice: "Of course, Otis, your family wouldn't need to know that a murder has been committed there. They might recognize the place, or some of the neighbors might tell them, but by that time they'd be moved in. It's a very comfortable little apartment. It would be a nice place for the folks. It's on the south side and catches the sunshine."

"Gee, that'd be swell!" Otis said. "But why do that for me, counselor?"

"Because," Perry Mason said, "I want you to do something for me."

"What is it?"

"When you move into the apartment," Perry Mason said—"and I'd like to have you move in today—I want you to take off the doorbell that's in the apartment and put on one of your own."

The electrician frowned.

"It may be a bell or it may be a buzzer," Mason said. "Whichever one it is, I want you to take it off and put on a bell that you've taken from stock. I want it to have your price mark on it, and I want you to have at least two witnesses who see you take off the one that's there now and put the new one on. I don't want any one to know *why* you're doing it. You can make some objection to the bell or buzzer that's there now. Say that you don't like the sound of it, or something of that sort."

"You don't want me to put on a buzzer?" asked Otis, puzzled. "If there's a buzzer on there now, do you want me to put on a buzzer?"

"Under no circumstances," Perry Mason said, "put on a buzzer. Put on a doorbell, and put on one that you've taken from stock."

The electrician nodded.

"One more thing," Mason said. "The bell or buzzer that's on there now must be kept, and when you take it off, you can put some sort of an identification mark on it that will enable you to positively identify it but won't seem to have been made for that purpose. For instance, you can let your screw driver slip and put a long scratch across the enamel—something that will look like an accident and yet will furnish means of identification. Do you understand?"

Otis nodded.

"I think I do," he said. "Tell me, is it on the up and up?"

"Absolutely," said Perry Mason. "The only thing is that I don't want to figure in it. I've paid rent to the landlord for six months in advance, and I did it as an agent representing you. Here's the receipt; it's made in your name. If any one should ask you how you happened to rent that apartment, you can say that you wanted an apartment where you could put your family, a place where they had some sunlight; that you didn't want to pay a high rental; that as soon as you saw in the paper that a murder had been committed in this apartment you knew that it could be rented cheap.

"Here's the key to the apartment and here's fifty dollars which will cover your expenses in moving in."

The big electrician made a brushing motion with his hand, pushing back the folded fifty-dollar bill.

Mason insisted.

"It's a matter of business all around, Otis," he said. "You're doing me a favor and it gives me a chance to do you a favor."

Otis was undecided for a moment. Suddenly his forehead puckered to a frown.

"Wasn't there something in that case," he said, "about people next door hearing a doorbell ring when the murder was being committed?"

Perry Mason stared steadily at him.

"Yes," he said.

Otis grinned, reached out and took the fifty dollars.

"Thanks, counselor," he said. "We'll move in today."

PAUL DRAKE was seated in Perry Mason's outer office chatting with Della Street when Mason pushed open the door to the outer office, removed his hat, and grinned a greeting.

"Have you read the morning paper?" Drake asked.

Mason shook his head.

"The district attorney," Drake said, "is going to exhume the body of the man who was buried under the name of Gregory Lorton. He intimates that he expects to find poison. He keeps harping back to the fact that Rhoda Montaine was a nurse; that she put ipral in her husband's chocolate when she wanted him to sleep soundly; that if she had wanted him to sleep just a little more soundly it would have been an easy matter for her to have put in a deadly poison."

Mason's eyes narrowed.

"The last few times I've got my defendants acquitted," he said, "it's hurt the district attorney's pride. They're moving heaven and earth to convict Rhoda. They're afraid they may not be able to use the testimony of her husband in court. Therefore they're spreading it all over the newspapers, so that the jurors will know what he would have testified to if he had been allowed to, in case the Court sustains my objection to his testimony."

"Anything you can do about it?" asked Paul Drake.

Mason narrowed his lips and said, "A lot I can do about it! If he wants to give that girl a fair trial, that's one thing. If he wants to try the case in the newspapers and try to prejudice the public against her, that's another thing."

"Watch your step, chief," warned Della Street. "The district attorney may just be trying to get you to do something desperate."

Perry Mason grinned, a slow grin of grim portent.

"I've fought fire with fire," he said, "before this, and so far I haven't got my fingers burnt."

"You've had your hair singed a couple of times," Drake pointed out.

THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER

BY POSEN

Amoroso
YOU BIG STRONG HANDSOME HERO-WHAT A NICE SMOOTH CHIN YOU'VE GOT!
YOU SEE, I SHAVE WITH INGRAM'S, MISS, ITS COOLNESS HELPS A LOT!
LIFE GUARD
Con Entusiasmo
WITH ALL THE OTHER CREAMS I USED, MY SHAVES WERE HARSH AND HOT--
THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER!
LIFE GUARD
YOU'LL FIND THAT INGRAM'S SHAVES ARE COOL AS OCEAN WAVES!
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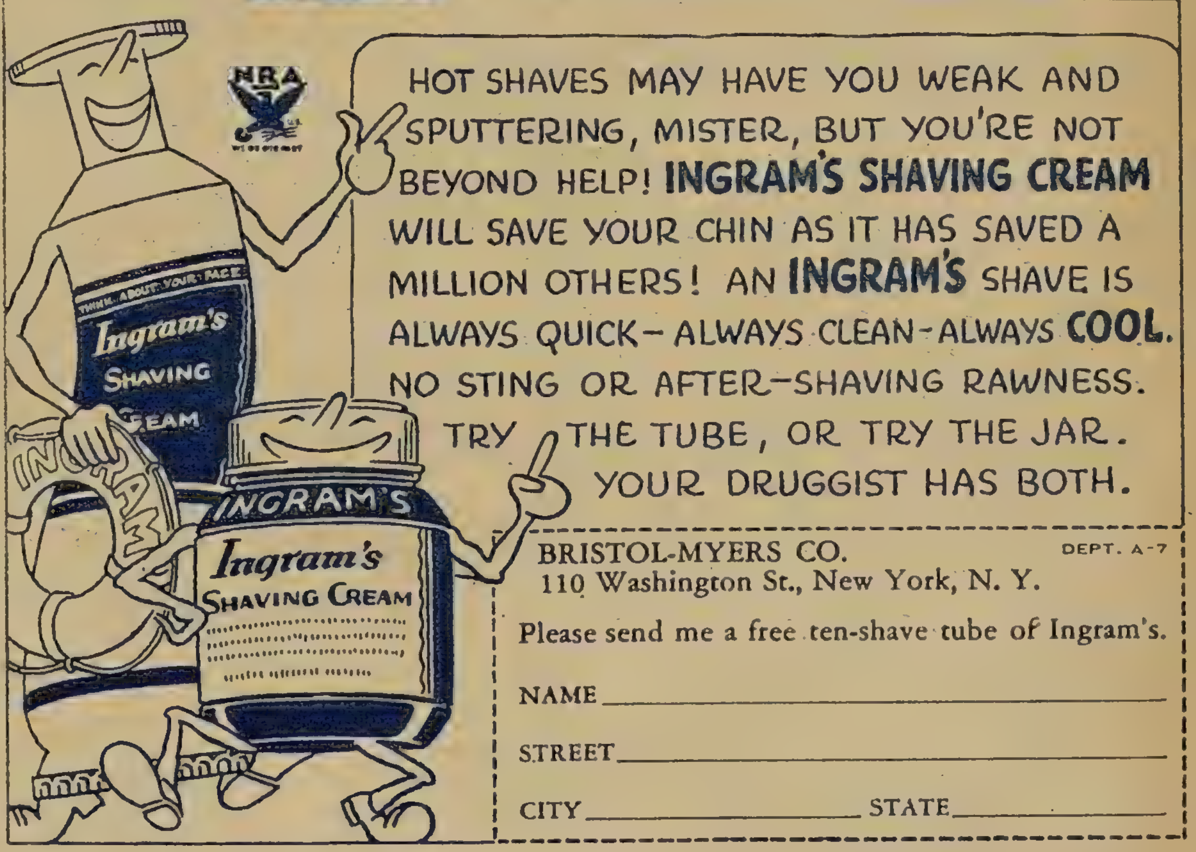

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“When you start pulling fast ones you can take more chances than any one I ever knew.”

A twinkle came to the lawyer's eyes.

“This time I'm going to pull one so fast,” Mason said, “that it's going to whiz over the home plate before any one knows whether it was a strike or a ball. Come on in, Paul.”

The two men seated themselves in Mason's private office. Drake pulled a note from his pocket.

“You told me to check back on Moxley and find out everything he'd been doing, as nearly as I could,” he said.

“Yes.”

“Moxley did time. He got out of jail broke. He needed money pretty badly. He was a lone wolf, so it's pretty hard to tell *all* that he did; but I've got a line on something that he did—that is, I think he did it.”

“Go ahead,” the lawyer said.

“We found out that Moxley had put through a long-distance call to Centerville, and his trunk had a label pasted on it from the Palace Hotel at Centerville. We checked the records of the Palace Hotel and we couldn't find where Moxley had registered there, but we noticed one thing about his record. He changed his last name quite a bit, but he nearly always kept his first name as Gregory.

“He probably did that so when people got to know him well enough to call him by his first name he didn't have to watch his step to remember an alias. Anyway, we went back over the records of the hotel, and we found that a Gregory Freeman had been registered there for something over two months. So then we took a look through the marriage licenses and found out that a man named Gregory Freeman had married a girl; Doris Pender, her name was.

“Our men looked up the Pender woman and found that she'd been employed as a stenographer and bookkeeper in a creamery there at Centerville. She was a steady industrious worker and had saved up quite a little money that she'd put in stocks and bonds. Then she got married, gave up her job, and moved away with her husband.

“Apparently she didn't have any relatives there in Centerville, although the people at the creamery thought she had a brother some place in the northern part of the state.”

“Good work, Paul,” Mason said.

“So,” the detective went on, “we checked through the meter connections of the electric-light company, just on a chance that Gregory Moxley and this Pender woman might have lived here under the name of Gregory Freeman. We didn't find any connection under that name, but we did find, about two weeks ago, a meter connection under the name of Doris Freeman at the Balboa Apartments at 721 West Ordway. She's got Apartment 609. She's living there by herself. No one seems to know a thing about her.

“WE found there was a switchboard in the lobby. There's some one on duty in the lobby all the time. One of my operatives got access to the book that keeps the telephone records. We found that this apartment was charged with a call to South 94362 on the sixteenth day of June, and that call was the first call in the book under date of June 16, so it looks pretty much as though the call had been made shortly after midnight.”

“Where's the book?” asked the lawyer.

“Out there. But we managed to get a photograph of the page that shows the call. That will keep them from losing the book in case we want to bring it into court.”

Mason nodded thoughtfully.

“Good work,” he said. “We may want to bring that book into court—and then again we may not. Have you got a good man that we can put on the job? One that's dependable, Paul?”

“Sure. I've got Danny Spear. He's the one who photographed the page of the register of telephone calls.”

Mason nodded.

“Let's get him,” he said, “and go on out there.” . . .

Paul Drake slowed his light car and swung in close to the curb. Danny Spear, a nondescript-looking individual with a flat-crowned brown hat tilted back to show rusty brown locks straggling out from under the sweatband, glanced inquiringly at Perry Mason.

Spear would never have been taken for a detective. There was something wide-eyed and innocent about him that made him appear to be a typical “rube.”

“What do I do?” he asked.

“You trail us into the apartment house,” Mason said. “We'll go to the jane's apartment and buzz the door. If she opens the door to let us in, you walk past down the corridor, as though you were going to some apartment down at the end of the corridor. But you time things so that you get a look at her face as you walk past the door. It'll only be a quick glimpse, but you can walk past just as she's holding the door open and get a flash of her face. If you do get enough of a flash so you can spot her later on, then you take a divorce from us and tail her if she goes out. We'll leave you with the car. When Drake and I leave the place we'll call a cab. You can be sitting in the car. Do you get that straight?”

Danny Spear nodded.

“I getcha,” he said. “You birds had better drive around the block and let me off at the corner. I'll walk up behind you and time things so we go in the apartment house together. There's just a chance some of her friends might be watching out of a window. If they saw the three of us get out of the car, it might not be so hot.”

Drake nodded, shifted the car into gear, ran around the block, dropped Danny at the corner, swung once more into a parking place in front of the apartment house. The two men entered the apartment house, walking slowly. A few feet behind them came Danny Spear, walking rapidly.

There was a fat man seated in a rocking-chair in the lobby. He was the only occupant.

Still walking slowly toward the elevator, Paul Drake and the lawyer swung slightly to one side as Danny Spear bustled past them.

To the fat man in the chair it seemed purely a fortuitous combination of circumstances which placed all three men in the elevator at the same time.

In the upper corridor, Danny Spear held back while the other two found the door of the apartment they wanted and tapped on the panel.

There was the sound of motion, the click of a lock. The door opened and a rather plain woman of about twenty-five years of age, with large brown eyes and thin firm lips, stared in mute interrogation.

“Are you,” asked Perry Mason in rather a loud voice, “Doris Freeman?”

“Yes,” she said. “What do you want?”

Perry Mason turned slightly to one side, so that Danny Spear, walking rapidly down the corridor, would have a flash of the young woman's face.

“My business,” said Perry Mason, “can hardly be stated in the corridor.”

“What do you want?”

“To ask you a few questions.”

The thin lips seemed to clamp more firmly together. The eyes widened; there was a flicker of fear in their depths.

“Who are you?”

“We're collecting some data for the Bureau of Vital Statistics.”

By this time Danny Spear had gone well past them toward the end of the corridor, where he was pounding on a door with imperative knuckles. The door swung open and a man's voice gruffed a question.

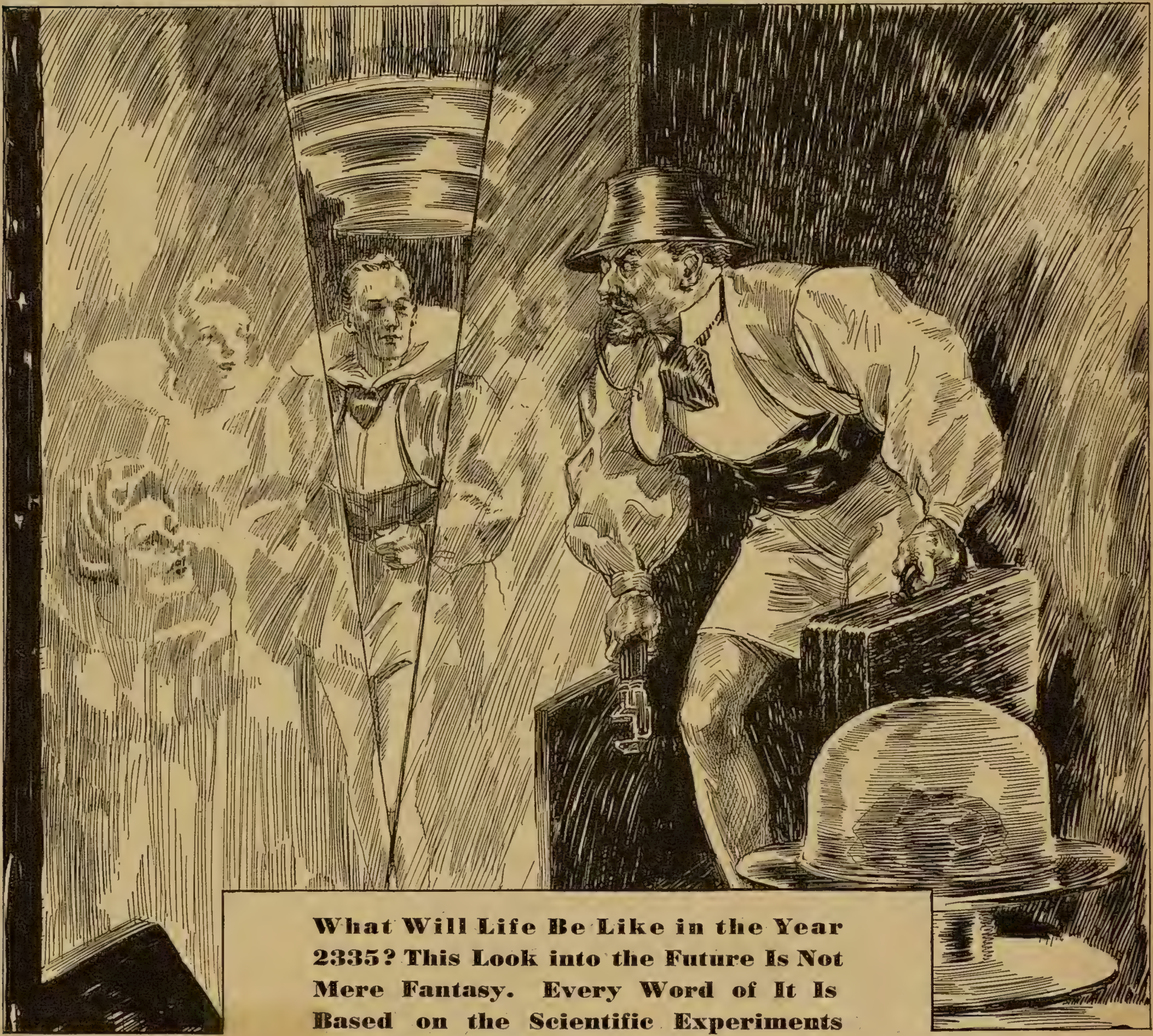
“I've got an express package downstairs for C. Finley Dodge. Where do you want it delivered?”

Perry Mason boldly pushed his way past the woman into the apartment. Drake followed and kicked the door shut.

The woman remained standing.

Perry Mason's substitution for the doorbells in the building where Gregory Moxley was murdered was one of the most mysterious actions he has yet staged in this case. What significance may it develop in his court battle for the life of Rhoda Montaine? And how is Doris Freeman to figure in the complex situation? Watch for some new and startling developments in next week's installment of this great serial.

Sixty Centuries from Adam



"I say!" the burglar spluttered, straightening up. "This is a humiliating outrage!"

What Will Life Be Like in the Year 2335? This Look into the Future Is Not Mere Fantasy. Every Word of It Is Based on the Scientific Experiments and Predictions of Today

by DONALD FURTHMAN WICKETS

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

ALIGHTING from his rocket plane atop his residence, 340 stories above the ground, Henry Payne Aldrich took out his radio from his vest pocket and pressed a button. A metallic voice instantly proceeded from it: "New York operator speaking. It is now exactly three minutes past seven. New York operator signing off."

Past seven! What slow time he had made! Business had kept him in the Sahara until four o'clock. And here he was expecting the Taylors from London for dinner at eight.

He stepped into the lift; and in a moment it stopped automatically at the door of his home. "Henry!" Mrs. Aldrich exclaimed. "I didn't even hear the plane landing! I was wondering what kept you."

"A late conference, my dear. I televised you about three o'clock from the office but saw only the maid. She told me you had flown to Chicago. It's beastly warm here in New York. We really must go to the Swiss Alps over the week-end."

Excusing himself to change for dinner, he left the room. Mrs. Aldrich picked up her book—an ancient classic called Main Street.

Suddenly the door opened and her daughter Joyce burst in. " Mother! " she cried. " I got excused from college to spend the week-end with you. It was pouring in California when I left! "

The maid entered. " The guests have just landed, ma'am. Shall I show them down? "

" Yes. And bring up some 2234 California."

The dining table stood in the center of an immense room. The knives, forks, and spoons shone like polished silver. When one picked them up, however, they had no more weight than a feather. The tablecloth and napkins, made of fine spun paper, were snow-white.

As they waited for the first course Mr. Aldrich told how it was becoming more and more overcrowded in the Sahara. Traffic in the air moved by inches in the early morning and afternoon. Heatedly he condemned the action of the International Police in lowering the speed limit on certain air lanes to 400 miles an hour. Mr. Taylor complained of similar problems in Arizona, where he had a branch office.

The first dish was served—luscious halves of grapefruit swollen with juice. " You know," Mrs. Aldrich said, " one or two hundred years ago this fruit was actually grown on trees! "

A tinkle came from overhead, musical yet alarming.

" Father! " Joyce gasped. " It's a burglar! "

Aldrich reassured his guests with a smile. " There is no cause to worry. At this moment the intruder is quite helpless. Come with me and I will show you."

He led them into the next room. Back to them, in a half crouching position, was the figure of a man who stood as rigid and immovable as a statue. He had a Gladstone bag in his hand.

" Now, my man," Aldrich called to him, " I shall disconnect the current. But if you try any mischief I shall immediately switch it on and keep you rooted to one spot until the police arrive."

" I say! " the burglar spluttered, straightening up. " This is a most humiliating outrage! "

Aldrich was astounded. " Why, Professor Bascomb! "

Mrs. Aldrich walked over to the man and helped him to a seat on the sofa. He sank back with a sigh of relief and mopped his brow.

" This," Aldrich told the Taylors, " is Professor Felix Bascomb, head of the Metropolitan Museum of Natural History—second only to your museum in London."

The professor jumped up. " And why is it second? Why? Because you insist upon keeping that in your private possession! "

HE pointed to a corner of the room. Upon a pedestal, incased in glass, rested a curious black object.

" That is a larger and better specimen than the London museum's! With that, the collection in the power branch of our museum would be the best in the world! "

" Calm yourself, my dear professor, and have dinner with us. Then we can discuss at leisure the object of your—er—unexpected call."

The professor morosely agreed.

" I came here to steal that piece of coal," he frankly admitted between mouthfuls, " and I still mean to get it, by fair means or foul. No citizen has the right to keep such a priceless antique in a private home."

" Coal? " Mrs. Taylor said. " I've read about it somewhere. What does it signify? "

" My ancestors," Mr. Aldrich began, " were a family of mine owners. Only two centuries ago the world contained a good deal of coal. The early Aldriches owned the famous Tecumseh mine. About 2050, the company discontinued mining coal for fuel. People could no longer afford to buy it. However, it was still mined for its coal-tar derivatives. As it became more and more difficult to reach the veins in the earth, the price rose higher and higher. Finally, in 2134, the United States government took over all the coal mines in the country to protect them from being exhausted."

" How was Europe faring then? " Mr. Taylor asked.

" No better. And as the centuries rolled by, coal became scarcer and scarcer until it was practically non-existent. This piece was the last that came out of the Tecumseh mine. It sold for five hundred dollars. It cannot be bought at any price today."

Toward midnight the Taylors, having an hour's trip to London ahead of them, rose to leave. Aldrich accompanied them to the room where their stratosplane waited for them. Returning, he settled himself in a comfortable chair. His wife and daughter had gone to bed. He sat with the professor and chatted about power.

" I never," he remarked, " quite visualized the last stages of the decline of the empire of coal."

The scholar explained that as the world's coal supply sank lower and lower the efforts of engineers to utilize all its potential heat reached a point where it was no longer profitable. The heat from coal was made to drive two engines by the use of mercury. More intricate mechanisms were put into use—but all were based on coal.

Sometime in 1948, toward the end of the fourth term of Franklin D. Roosevelt, a sensational writer in an old magazine called Liberty screamed forth that the exhaustion of coal spelled the end of civilization unless other sources of energy were discovered. Oil would only last a century and a half. Water power, even in that year, was not strong enough to generate power for all the United States. The world was doomed!

" PEOPLE demanded to know the truth," the professor went on, " about oil. It was now being drawn from the bowels of the earth in colossal quantities. Nobody could give reliable figures. Man had sucked the earth nearly dry of oil sooner than any one had suspected.

" Desperately engineers turned to oil shale—oil-soaked rock. Machine after machine failed to develop a process which would yield this oil at a price sufficiently low for universal consumption.

" It became frantically necessary to turn to other sources of energy. Scientists of all nations experimented, groped. All results were carefully concealed by the respective countries, for upon them depended leadership, prestige, and power in international affairs.

" Suddenly troops of all nations massed in the Sahara Desert and the surrounding regions, while the United States rushed soldiers and artillery to her great Arizona desert."

" What was behind all this turbulence? "

" A practical method for utilizing the heat of the sun had been discovered in several countries simultaneously. Nations bared their fangs and struck. Money, men, and munitions were drained, civilization almost obliterated.

" Then a peace conference was convened in Switzerland. Terms were agreed upon after months of bickering. Those countries which did not have tropics or deserts in their territory were to divide the Sahara in proportion to their size and importance. The United States was granted a parcel no larger than the State of Vermont because her needs were covered by the desert wastes of Arizona."

" What happened after that? "

" The Renaissance of the Sun Age began. Man now drew energy from a supply which was practically inexhaustible. Pouring down in eight hours on each square mile of the desert energy equivalent to that in seven thousand four hundred tons of coal, this mighty force of nature started developments which were to make the deserts centers of enormous industrial achievement."

" How did it all come about? '

" Scientists unearthed the findings of Dr. Bruno Lange, a once famous inventor of the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute in Berlin, then long dead. It was he who discovered that copper oxide could transform sunlight into electric energy without the aid of any other energy source. He had died before he could make it industrially useful. Historians have called what followed the great migration of all time. Millions flocked to the tropics and the deserts, where water was pumped from the depths of the earth. Air-conditioned homes and factories sprang up, canopied streets were laid. The desert was transmuted into an immense oasis.

“A century passed. The world prospered. Great cities became mere residential districts. But man was still unsatisfied. A new term was whispered around the world—volcanic energy. The Sahara Times printed a résumé of this new exploration into the ever unfolding wonders of the planet. It seemed that in the twentieth century—in 1932 or 1933—Sir Charles Parsons and his brother scientist, John L. Hodgson had proposed an ‘outlandish’ experiment of sinking a shaft a mere thirty to fifty miles for no other purpose than to tap the internal heat in the bowels of the earth. All peoples in that dark age had scoffed at them. Now one power house in Nevada, fifty miles deep, generated enough electricity for the entire United States!

“On the heels of these astounding changes came exultant tidings from Cuba, where there was a temperature drop of about thirty degrees between water at the surface of the Caribbean Sea and that at a depth of fifteen hundred feet. The surface water was pumped into a boiler. There was no fire, yet the water boiled.

“In principle this was nothing novel, as far as it went. Science knew it was possible to make water boil at ordinary room temperature and convert it into ice by the use of a vacuum.

“But now scientists passed the steam from this boiling water through a gigantic turbine, and the exhaust, coming out, was cooled by the Caribbean waters from a depth of fifteen hundred feet. A very learned professor wrote an article for the Arizona Courier relating some of its history. In the medieval twentieth century Georges Claude had experimented with this project at Matanzas, Cuba. He had not perfected the process when he died. The author showed that a very ancient mechanism called the steam engine contained this same principle—an entry of hot vapor and a marked cooling at the exhaust. This temperature drop was found to be just as useful to industry as a cataract of water.

“Russia saw her hour of destiny strike. Her scientists utilized the difference between temperature in arctic water and the warm air above it. Siberia, Alaska, Greenland rivaled the great deserts as centers of industrial magnitude.

“THEN came the greatest of all discoveries. A bomb burst in a staid New York City scientific convention. Edwin Smith, an unknown professor from a small Western college, threw the meeting into an uproar when he stated coolly and then proved beyond doubt that he had devised a machine to make atomic energy available at last.

“The news flashed around the world. From the metropolis in the Sahara to the Siberian Babylon the detonations of the meeting resounded. The professor had disappeared to escape being mobbed. The Sahara Times received a cable from him: ‘Kindly publish following in paper: “When people return to senses I will come out of hiding and explain. Edwin Smith.”’ This had the desired effect. The next week, at 12 P. M. Sahara Standard Time, the entire world suspended all activities and tuned into a central radio station. Five minutes later a lean, cadaverous-looking individual appeared on the screen and in a nasal voice explained his contrivance, an invention destined to usher in the momentous Atomic Era.

“For centuries, he told his audience, science had wondered what force holds the electrons of atoms together. The outstanding fact about the electron was this: it is both the unit of matter and also the unit of energy. Matter is energy. Energy is matter.

“During the twenties and the twenty-first centuries science had been bombarding the atom with countless billions of projectiles on the chance that one in ten million would find the nucleus. This process, he declared, was so obviously wasteful that it was hopeless from a practical engineering point of view.

“Atomic energy would be electrical. The world would still rely on electricity to turn its wheels. But the process of generating energy would be direct.”

ALDRICH, more at home with modern history, reached for a book. “I think,” he said, “I have here a summary of the speech he made. Here it is:

“‘In the United States, one building on the banks of the Mississippi, no larger than a small post office, will contain all the apparatus required to project atomic energy for the entire nation.

“‘Atomic energy is now available. Soon we shall have rocket ships, cleaving the air at the rate of one thousand or two thousand miles an hour. Humanity will become once more nomadic. People will delve into every corner of the globe in a week’s vacation. Nothing will be done by man power. Everything will be atomic. There will be no more savage races in a hundred years.

“‘Energy is now illimitable! And there can be no end to it unless the world comes to an end!’”

The two men rose. The professor put out his hand.

“Good night,” he said. “But don’t think I have given up hope of getting that piece of coal. I shall not rest until it is the nation’s property.”

Aldrich patted his hand.

“My dear Bascomb, it shall be the nation’s property. But not until my death. I shall will it to your museum.”

The professor departed overjoyed. His burglary had been a glorious success.

In the drawing-room Aldrich walked over to the window. He looked at the sky studded with innumerable stars and vaguely wondered which one of them, perchance, would be the next home of the invincible children of Adam.

THE END

GOOD BOOKS—by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ **YEARS ARE SO LONG** by Josephine Lawrence. The Frederick A. Stokes Company.

A poignant, moving story of the relation between children and their indigent parents. A real problem of old age treated with frankness, insight, and understanding.

★ ★ ★ **THE WOMAN WHO HAD IMAGINATION** by H. E. Bates. The Macmillan Company.

Short stories in a modern method, hardly fun for cinema addicts, but marked with beauty and understanding.

★ ★ **THE KING OF THE ARCHERS** by René Bazin, translated from the French by Mary Russell. The Macmillan Company.

A quiet story of a quiet people in whom the passionate currents of life flow deep beneath the surface.

★ ★ **THE HOBGOBLIN MURDER** by Kay Cleaver Strahan. The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

A good detective yarn with shivers that don’t make one hate the tale afterward.

★ **LEARNING TO RACE** by H. A. Calahan. The Macmillan Company.

A book for boatmen and within its limited range a creation of love and full of practical value and inspiration.

★ **PICTURE PEOPLE** by Olga Rosmanith. Doubleday, Doran & Co.

“Here is Hollywood,” declares the jacket blurb. Here is not Hollywood, declare we, who have lived and worked in Hollywood.

Vox

SAGE ADVICE FROM A NOTED POLITICAL ECONOMIST

Boston, Mass.—Some good and well meaning people are working for conditions which will bring on a revolution. Revolutions come when conditions are such as to make a revolution seem preferable to the existing social order. Some of our good people are playing into the hands of the revolutionists by working for policies which will glut the labor market, reduce wages, and increase unemployment.

Every move to break down or loosen our immigration laws is a move to let in more foreign labor to glut our labor market. Every one who opposes further restriction of immigration is working to let in large numbers of foreign workers to take jobs away from our own workers.

When our labor market is hopelessly overstocked our workers will not only have a motive for revolution—they will also have the power to bring it about. They will have the power of numbers so strong at the ballot box or on the battlefield as to assure them a victory. Our market economy will not last long under such conditions.

This kind of revolution can easily be prevented. The first step is to shut out foreign labor.—*T. N. Carver, Professor Emeritus of Political Economy, Harvard University.*

DANGED NEW YORK DUDES

Milwaukee, Wis.—Leonard Falkner's Midnight—Champion, in July 14 Liberty, was excellent. But H. R. McBride's illustrations! They were just too much! Cow hands (except of the Hollywood variety) don't wear calf-hugging English boots or slick riding breeches buttoned up the leg.

And they *don't* do any bronc-snapping wearing guns, unless they're plumb fools or greenhorns, you bunch of danged New York *dudes!*—*John R. Young.*

FILL IN THE LAST LINE

Birmingham, Ala.—Just as I was beginning to wonder what good there was in Liberty anyway, along came Limerick contests to renew my sense of humor and to justify my weekly nickel. I get more fun working on those crazy things than anything I know of. Thanks, Liberty, for Limericks!—*Martha Burns.*

Brooklyn, N. Y.—I have no use for the Limerick contest in your magazine. I'm sure many readers will agree with me. A test of intelligence, a problem of skill, a quiz that would require research, necessitate enlightenment, afford educational value, would be more appropriate and admirable.—*Edward E. Marx.*

FISH GROWS LARGER

Miami, Fla.—Beverly Hills's criticism of the picture I Give My Love, in July 7 Liberty, handed me a belly laugh. It reminds one of the age-old story in which the fish grows larger every time the story is told.

He (or she) starts out mildly by saying, " The story has been done so often on the screen." Then in the second paragraph there is a decided jump to " Taken bodily from The Sin of Madelon Claudet, Madame X, and a hundred pictures of the same pattern." And in the third paragraph he goes the limit as follows: " You lose your judgment after the thousandth viewing of the same old character doing the same old thing." Some growth, eh, what?

Likewise, some fish!

If any picture is as lousy as Beverly Hills would lead us to believe this one is, why publish a review of it?—*H. Buck.*

TENTH MOST INTERESTING

Los Angeles, Calif.—Answering a recent broadcast of Liberty's editor, Stephen H. Knight, A.M., M.D., F.A.C.S., etc., etc., etc., nominated in July 14 Vox Pop Mrs. Ovila Dionne as the tenth most interesting woman now living because she produced quintuplet daughters.

But why should this woman become famous for something over which she had no control, when thousands of other women slave in an effort to improve conditions brought on by overproduction?

I nominate as the tenth most interesting woman, Dr. Marie C. Stopes, crusader for birth control.—*Emilie Kohler.*

HOW MANY AGREE?

Detroit, Mich.—Vox Pop has gone " screwy " since you started the Four-Star Letters. If such elaborate essays as Relegate the Poorhouse to the Past, by Representative Faddis of Pennsylvania, and the Hugh Fullerton baseball analysis, in June 23 Liberty, are necessary, why not put them on the editorial page?—*S. O. Knott.*

IF YOU DIDN'T PAY NATIVES YOU DIDN'T LAST LONG

Wheeling, W. Va.—R. B. C. of Greenville, Maine, wrote in July 7 Vox Pop that the natives in that section extended the CCC rookies credit and the rookies chiseled them out of their month's pay every month. Well, I am here to say that is not true, R. B. C. In the CCC camps, if you didn't pay the natives for what you bought, you didn't last long. As the saying went, if you didn't " put up " you were " put out."—*George R. Leithe, Former Section Leader, CCC Co. 523, Decota, W. Va.*

Fort Benning, Ga.—I was in the CCC for fourteen months and extended credit to any member of the company that desired it, and it is with pride that I say that I have not been left holding the bag (natives' expression) in any case.

I think that there is justice in the kind of people that work for thirty dollars a month, send twenty-five dollars home (to stay), and invest the remaining five dollars in clothes and other things that will be of use after their period of enrollment is over.—*Guy Wood, Supply Company, CCC.*

YES, WHY NOT SELL?

New Orleans, La.—Bernarr Macfadden's editorial, The Philippines — A Costly White Elephant, in July 7 Liberty, is quite timely and has received favorable comment. Some day our government may realize its mistake. Yes, why not sell the islands to Japan and use the proceeds for development at home?—*W. A. Sullivan.*

Charleston, S. C.—Bernarr Macfadden's editorials are most interesting and his judgment unerring of American life and policies. I hope he will continue to write such masterpieces. Looking forward to next week's issue—*David E. Cohen.*

SLICK SHORT STORY

Des Moines, Ia.—The Roué's Daughter, by Adela Rogers St. Johns, in July 14 Liberty, is about the slickest, smoothest short story I've read.

The Cross Word Puzzle in the same issue was lousy, to say the least. How about some more cockeyed ones? They're good.—*H. K. Morgan.*

SNOW-WHITE

New York, N. Y.—It was with regret I finished Brassbound in June 30 Liberty.

Truly, Mary Bickel has appeared on the horizon of literature in a full-rigged ship, snow-white from truck to keelson. —*Joseph Dunphy.*

SO-CALLED EXPERTS

Yorkton, Sask. — The so-called experts on such subjects variously fix the cause of our depression upon gold, the instability of silver, and the war debts. But, believe me, a non-expert, the source of our present economic woes was the World War. Prior to the great conflict Europe was the economic hub of the world. Sixty per cent of the world's goods found their way there and the commercial health of the world depended largely upon conditions in Europe.

Then along came the war and Europe started blowing her wealth to bits with cannon. The rest of the world had been increasing its production, counting on Europe of course, and the economic disaster was inevitable. Thus may be added one more cause for the abolition of war.—*John Downs.*

"TOO MANY CHISELERS"

San Bernardino, Calif.—Referring to the attacks on California in July 7 Vox Pop, let me say that California is the greatest state in the Union when it comes to all-round effectiveness. But the southern part is not half as good as the northern part. The Los Angeles section has too many chiselers, not to mention the parasites of Hollywood. But don't believe all you read about California, and nothing you hear. You can't even believe half you see.—*Charles Walters.*

Sacramento, Calif.—Answering Mrs. Walter Kaufman in July 7 Vox Pop, I wish to say that we grow grapefruit in Sacramento County far superior to any in Arizona.—*John Van Buren.*

San Francisco, Calif.—Mrs. Kaufman of Cudahy, California, writes that California oranges are sour, the sweet corn is wormy, our cabbages are so loose

Pop

that bugs reach the hearts, and our new peas are flat and tasteless.

Nobody of whom I have inquired ever heard of Cudahy. Mrs. Kaufman apparently is one of those disgruntled whawhoos who came here expecting to find everything perfect. But no matter how things are here, the very worst is far better than in any other part of the United States.—*H. L. Harrison.*

HEN ON HOT BRICKS

DAUPHIN, MAN.—On page six of May 26 Liberty was a picture of Will Irwin and a caption which read in part, " He is the husband of Inez Haynes Irwin, author."

Nothing exactly wrong with that—but are men losing their position in their home life and in the field of business? The women seem to be simply stepping in and taking the helm, and man, the dumb ox, protests a little, grins a little, shifts from one foot to the other like a hen on hot bricks, and on the whole does very little about it all.

Say, what would your granddad have done if an editor had printed anything remotely like that under his picture? He would have " bust him on the nose."
—*Jim Anderson, Jr.*

WRONG WITH WRONG

CHICAGO, ILL.—Would I be too kind in labeling as pig-headed and ignorant Hanns L. Winterhalder's letter, What the Jews Want, in July 7 Vox Pop? Because Americans sometimes lynch, Herr Winterhalder seems to think that gives his ilk the privilege of Jew-baiting. It's a skimpy little mind that justifies a wrong with a wrong.—*Sidney Shapiro.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Arthur Garfield Hays's What the Jews Want from Hitler, in June 2 Liberty, was interesting. He stated that whatever the qualifications of the Nordics, the Jews would probably be able to meet them. But he failed to go into details as to the manner in which the Jews would go about doing so.

One qualification which centuries of imitation have failed to implant in the Jewish character is that of simple ethics. I believe the Jew is the most adaptable individual in the world, and the most cunning. These two attributes, plus a frank lack of consideration for others, explain his ability to thrive in the most meager environment.—*John H. Davis.*

NEW ONES FOR OLD

MONTREAL, QUE.—There is only one fault I find with Liberty. There aren't enough stories in it. I like Princess Kropotkin's articles and Erle Stanley Gardner's stories; also I like the Cross Word Puzzles.

The new ones are more interesting than the old.—*Violet Chairon.*

NO ONE ENJOYS THEM?

NASHVILLE, TENN.—For approximately three weeks we have tolerated your absurd Cross Word Puzzles and we feel you should realize by now that no one enjoys them. We want our old ones back!—*Betty Wray and Mildred Maupin.*

NEVER ON ANY RELIEF ROLL

SAMSULA, FLA.—Louis E. Goldman's letter headed More Truth than Darrow, in July 14 Vox Pop, has done a gross injustice. He wrote that Dr. Copeland Smith of the Neighbor Guild, Chicago, developed a tract of land here, building individual houses, wells, and sheds, and placed on it twenty-eight families taken from relief rolls, who are now all happy and self-subsisting.

My husband and I are one of those families, but we were never on any relief roll, and we paid Dr. Smith $585 for a twenty-acre tract which had no development on it whatsoever.

Mr. Goldman is a real-estate dealer connected with the proposition. — *Mrs. W. J. Owen.*

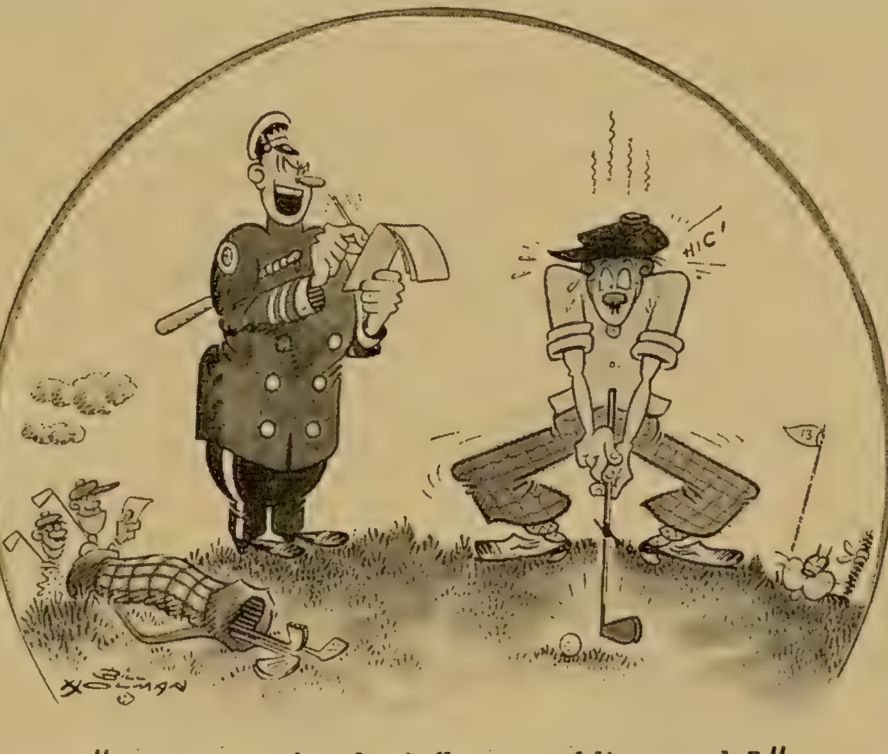
SEND US ANOTHER, DOCTOR

MELVILLE, SASK.—It must be two months since I sent a letter to Vox Pop. As nothing resulted, I again wrote about three weeks ago. And still nothing appeared. Why is this? I was most anxious that that letter should be published.—*Dr. H. M. Reid.*

FUNCTIONAL PARALYSIS

CEDAR FALLS, IA.—I read with amazement, pity, and shame Senator M. M. Logan's article, Congress Collapses, in July 7 Liberty. The Senator's admissions reveal the startling fact that the fear that pervaded the public for the past few years had gripped Congress to a degree of functional paralysis.

What a wonderful thing it might have been if, when President Roosevelt closed the banks, Congress might have enacted legislation restricting the wild speculation in and sale of stocks and securities to the public by banking institutions—a speculation that had drained the country of money and destroyed its credit system.—*J. Foy Cross.*



"Driving under the influence of liquor, eh?"

GOOD READING, THESE—

SEATTLE, WASH.—Good reading, these —Society Snubs Roosevelt, by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., in July 14 Liberty, and General William Mitchell's Mutiny in the Arctic. Give us more like them.—*H. W. L.*

LIMA, OHIO — Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., wins the folio as minister of propaganda. Society Snubs Roosevelt. Indeed! Roosevelt hobnobs with Vincent Astor and society angles for a White House invitation.—*R. F. Wyatt.*

HAVE YOU A GUIDEBOOK, DICK?

CHICAGO, ILL.—Why didn't Dick Williams check his records before he wrote the article on Al Simmons in July 7 Liberty?

Regarding the 1929 series:

It wasn't the final game—it was the fourth.

It wasn't the eighth inning—it was the seventh.

The A's didn't tie the score at eight runs—they made ten.

Bing Miller didn't win the game in the final inning—he did win the final and fifth game.

Buy Williams a guidebook or send him back to digging ditches. Phooey!—*Ted Castren.*

BLOTTER IN A BOX

SCHOFIELD BARRACKS, OAHU, HAWAII —You'll be doing me and about seventy-five per cent of your readers and critics personal favors if you can pass the word along to manufacturers of stationery to insert a blotter in each box of writing paper they produce. If ever I find a blotter in a box, it will be an occasion for celebration.—*J. Moore.*

WIFEY'S PAY CHECK

OAK PARK, ILL.—I understand there are 2,400,000 Liberties sold each week. What a bunch of customers! And what an achievement! I would like to ask this great mass of people a question:

When you ride the train to work, you see more women than men. When you go to a home during the working hours, you often find only the man there. Are the women crowding the men out of business? How long will it be before the man dons the apron and receives wifey's weekly pay check?—*Carl C. Marshall.*

HOW DOES ONE "THINK LIKE HELL?"

LOS ANGELES, CALIF. — Dean Edward Handy of Oklahoma wrote in the June 16 issue, " Vox Pop is a department for thinkers." I agree with that thoroughly. The editor must have to think like hell to find letters worth putting in. More power to thinkers!—*Reuben Luse.*

From Hollywood . . .

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

by PRINCESS

Linguist, Traveler, Lecturer,

JOAN CRAWFORD knew the French words for salad, coffee, chicken, and ice water. With that much of a start she set up housekeeping in Paris. There she lived on chicken, ice water, coffee, and salad until she learned some more French words. In time she learned a lot of them. She speaks French very well now, although Maurice Chevalier tries to make her believe she talks it with an Italian accent.

JOAN CRAWFORD

My point is that Joan really *likes* to study. "I want to be a great actress," she told me. And she means what she says. Moreover, she is prepared to go to school indefinitely for the sake of learning all she can about her job.

"What I want next," she said, "is a year at the Moscow Art Theater. I want the great Stanislavsky to work with me and teach me. That is my dream."

She'll begin learning Russian, she says, as soon as there is any hope of her Moscow dream coming true.

But the difficulty isn't languages. It is box office—the golden leash that holds back so many Hollywood ambitions!

Joan, as a popular star, will probably be kept on the prosperous but rather narrow path of box-office success. When they get a star going well along that road, the money men of Hollywood discourage higher education. I am not sure that they will let Joan Crawford go back to school. On the other hand, she is a determined girl with a strong mind of her own. In the cool charm of her Victorian dressing room we sat and discussed the issue.

"You are a fine actress now," said I.

"Not a great actress," Joan replied. "Just a good actress. But *wait!*"

AT the door of the Lido Club I saw a familiar face. Couldn't quite remember the gentleman's name but was positive I knew him well. And I was ever so glad to see him. It is always nice to meet an old friend unexpectedly in a strange town.

How stupid of me not to recall his name! Never mind, said I to myself, it will come to me as soon as we greet each other. Whereupon I launched myself upon him with a gay "Hello!"

He was a chubby, jovial man. Gave me a lovely smile. Yet he appeared to be somewhat bewildered. Then along came my hostess.

"Oh," she said, "I didn't know that you knew Mr. Connolly."

Walter Connolly! Light dawned on me all of a sudden.

Never in my life had I laid eyes on Mr. Connolly in the flesh. But I had seen him so many times on the screen that his happy countenance fooled me completely. It was almost impossible to realize that he wasn't really an old friend of mine.

I am told that a good many newcomers have the same sort of experience in Hollywood, and the picture people say they are often greeted, while traveling, by perfect strangers who take them for long-lost friends.

THE office boy answered the telephone. I was there in the office. I heard him say:

"Naw, Jean Harlow ain't dead. She's in the beauty parlor."

This aroused my curiosity concerning the ways of phone fans in general. So I went to a movie minion who deals with them, and here's what I found out:

For a whole week one studio official was called up at 3 A. M. every dawning by an excited person who wanted to know if Clara Bow had just been murdered. James Cagney gets sotto-voced warnings that gangsters are after him.

Once a month regularly some one telephones all the way from Philadelphia to Hollywood asking if Jean Harlow has had a baby.

Passionate voices implore the married stars to divorce their mates and wed the owners of the voices. Phone fans usually call up in the middle of the night. They all seem to have money enough. They seldom reverse the charges. Nine out of ten of them are as nutty as squirrels.

CHINESE types for the pictures are sent to Hollywood from Los Angeles. Hollywood has no Chinatown of its own. The Los Angeles Chinatown is not particularly distinguished. However, a couple of notes I made may be of interest. Chew Fun is the name of a celestial merchant who does business there.

I wish he ran a restaurant, but he doesn't. My other item concerns a wealthy Chinese citizen of Los Angeles who retained the good will of his race despite two successive marriages with white women.

His white wives bore him two sons, with whom he has recently quarreled.

He is now an outcast. None of his old Chinese friends will look at him or speak to him. In their code a man may marry whom he pleases—but he must not alienate himself from his heirs. To Oriental eyes that is the unpardonable sin.

RED for weddings. White for funerals. Orchid for women, blue for men—and yellow for showy snobs.

There you have the color significance of Chinese garb. Of course it applies only to the old-fashioned native style of dress. Silk garments—all pure silk.

I have been talking with a well known silk importer, Emanuel J. Gerli, who spends part of every year in the silk-producing districts of China. Since childhood I have been fascinated by the romance of the silk business. Silk was originally responsible, you know, for the first commerce between the Orient and the West. Many of the world's great trade routes were established centuries ago by the old silk merchants.

"Weather in China," said Mr. Gerli, "is classified according to the number of silk coats you must wear to keep warm. A hot day is a one-coat day. A chilly day is a three-coat day. A cold day is a seven-, or eight-, or nine-coat day. In winter the rich old men wear as many coats as they can afford."

Not much Chinese silk comes to this country already made up into cloth. We import most of it in the raw state, spinning the thread and weaving the cloth ourselves after we get it here. Silk stuffs manufactured in China are excellent but pretty expensive. They cost more than Japanese silks.

In olden days, when the Chinese silkworms turned into moths a strange love scene occurred. The natives tied a fine thread around the male moth and coaxed him to intimacy with a female moth. If he showed a stubborn

... to the Ladies!

ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

and Authority on Fashion

streak they more or less dragged him. Anyway, that's how the silk moths used to get together. Nowadays they are, I'm told, more willing.

Chinese ladies, said Mr. Gerli, now wear their long silk coats split up the side to reveal their Occidental lingerie. Dust pink is their favorite color for formal evening attire.

They think it is immoral to show their necks but don't mind showing their legs.

Mr. Gerli's family has been trading in Chinese silk for years and years and years.

WILD socks provide secret debauchery, I have learned, for many a man who leads an otherwise very respectable life.

A number of my women friends tell me that their husbands keep several pairs of riotous socks hidden away in the bureau—socks that look like fireworks, socks so violently colored and patterned that they would knock your eye out.

The men dare not be seen in them. They never wear them. They just buy them and put them away.

Why do the men buy them, in the first place?

The answer is obvious. Their wild socks are a futile expression of every man's desire to get away from home and lead a dashing, blazing life.

PERHAPS we should call this a cross-time feature.

There were no cross words in it, but for a while it certainly puzzled the girls and boys.

Two girls, two boys. Letty was nineteen. Edith was thirty—and divorced. Hank was thirty-eight, Jack twenty-five.

Letty had engaged herself to Hank, whose age exactly doubled her own, while Jack had persuaded Edith that there would be no risk in marrying a man five years her junior.

I don't know how old the life guard was. That didn't matter.

What mattered was his notion of staging a fake rescue with Letty as the bogus victim.

Letty swam way out. She pretended to have a cramp. The life guard started for her, but Jack beat him to it. Edith grabbed Hank in her excitement, and Hank grabbed Edith.

By the time they got straightened out a new deal had been handed all around.

Previous engagements were off. Young Jack and young Letty blended together naturally. Edith and Hank did likewise.

The life guard looked around for some one else to save.

HERE is the worst case of gilt-edged vulgarity that has come to my attention for a long time:

It has to do with the manner in which a wealthy and prominent hostess receives her week-end guests. There is not a sign of her when you arrive at her home. Servants show you to your room.

On your writing table you discover a note from her secretary. The note informs you that "Mrs. X will see Mrs. Whatever-your-name-is at 3.30 P. M. for fifteen minutes."

A certain lady visiting this house for the first time and finding a note of the above form went right straight home again. She sent the note back to her hostess's secretary with the following written across it: "Mrs. —— will see Mrs. X for fifteen minutes in about fifteen years."

A NIECE of Somerset Maugham has written one of the best new novels that have appeared this season. She is Kate Mary Bruce, and the name of her book is Duck's Back. (Published by the John Day Company.)

THE hourglass silhouette will be with us again this autumn. Back will come the slim waist, the Cossack-skirted coat, sleeves that bulge to the size of melons between elbow and wrist, collars high and swirling—and, sure as fate, those little pill-box hats. I suppose we will survive this vogue as we have survived so many others.

Black, raspberry red, and dark tropical greens are the coming colors.

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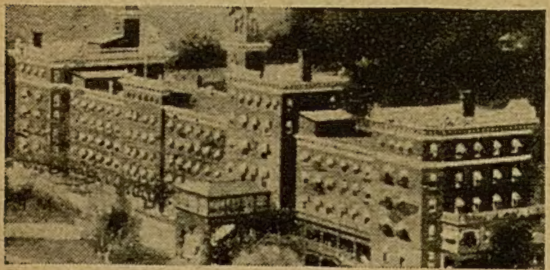

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CONTENTS

Together Again . . . . MABELL S. C. SMITH 3
A backward glance at one of the world's great romances—How the discoverers of radium, reunited in death, found each other in life

Editorial 4

This Racket Called Tennis . . . . ELLSWORTH VINES, JR. 7
A former champion speaks his mind on favoritism and the money angle in what, he says, "has laughingly been called a Simon-pure game"

What, No Harem?—*A story* . . . . PHILIP WYLIE 12

Twenty Questions 18

China Talks Back . . . . SAO-KE ALFRED SZE 19
An authoritative, outspoken, and revealing reply to the claims of Japan as recently presented by Yosuke Matsuoka and others in the pages of this magazine

Wild Wings—*Part II*
BOGART ROGERS and FRANK M. DAZEY 22

Bicycles and Safety . . . . TOM A. BURKE 28

Miss Wilkes-Barre—*A short short story* . . COREY FORD 31

Cross Word Puzzle 34

Songbird, Siren, Buccaneer—*Movie reviews*
BEVERLY HILLS 35

The Whipsaw—*A story* . . . . JAMES EDWARD GRANT 38

$2,000 Historical Picture Game 46

The Case of the Curious Bride—*Part VI*
ERLE STANLEY GARDNER 48

Sixty Centuries from Adam
DONALD FURTHMAN WICKETS 55
What will life be like in the year 2335? This look into the future is not mere fantasy. Every word of it is based on the scientific experiments and predictions of today

Good Books . . . . OLIVER SWIFT 57

Vox Pop 58

From Hollywood . . . To the Ladies!
PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN 60

Cover by NELL MOTT

★ ★ ★ **NEXT WEEK** ★ ★ ★

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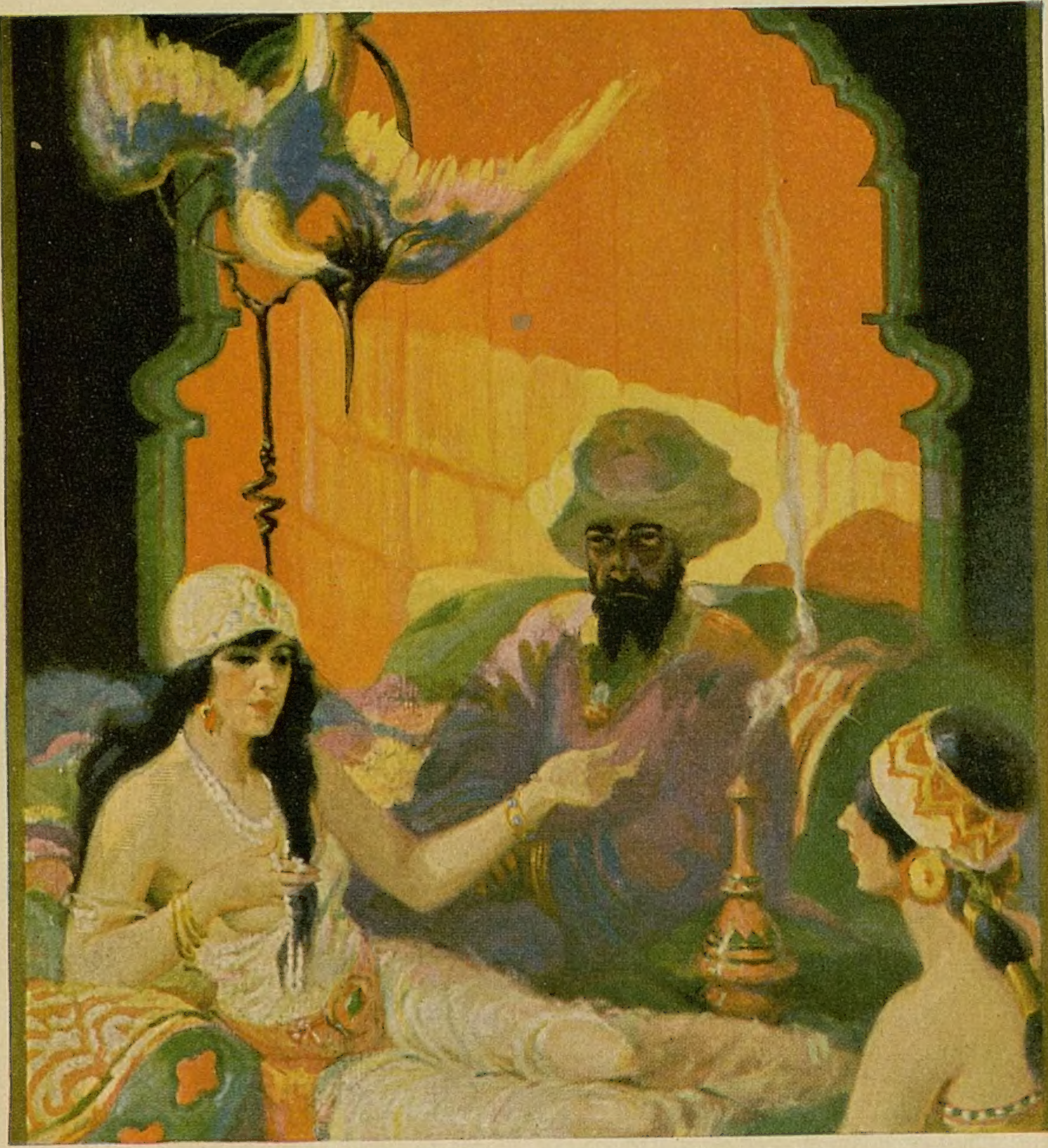

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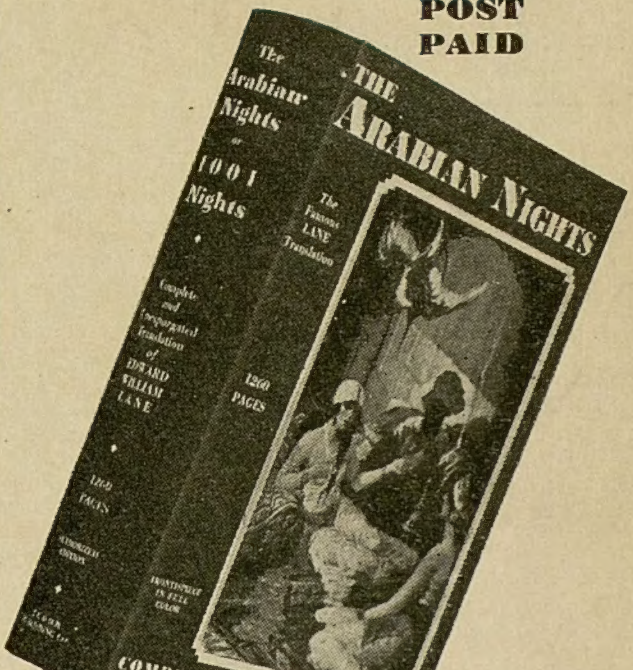
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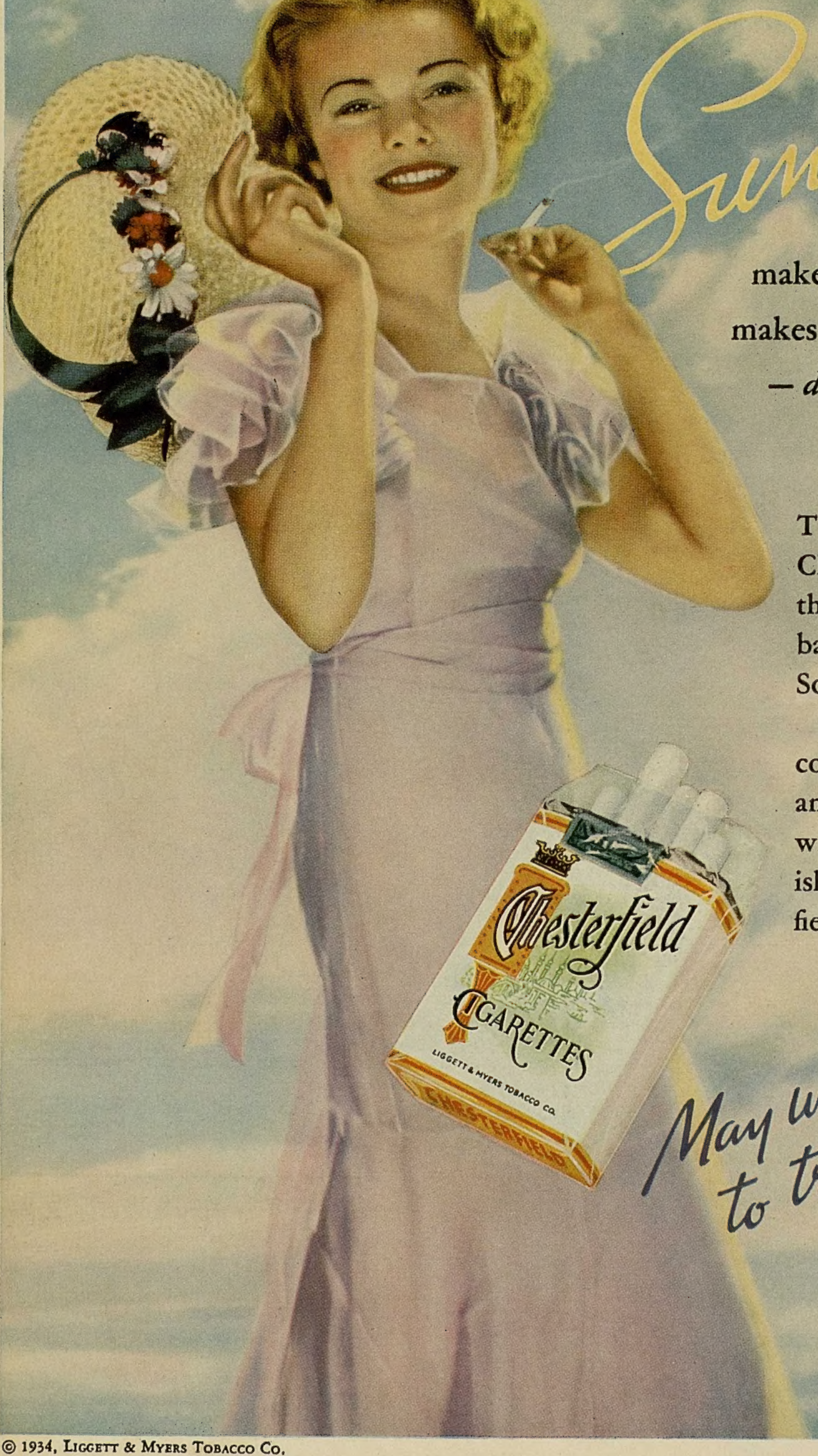
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